

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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1. A Gendarme.—2. "Eccellenza, this Village is Suspish." "Confound it, how do they know I'm English?"—3, 5, 7, 8. Types of the Natives.—4. A Holiday Costume.—6. A Mountain Road.—9. Cloisters and Sacred Fountain, Monreale, near Palermo.—10. Giovanni to Guiseppe: "Strange fish, these English." John to Joe: "Rum Beggars, these I-talions."

NOTES AT PALERMO AND ITS ENVIRONS

Topics of the Week

MR. PARNELL ON PARÔLE.—The Government ought at once to have notified the precise nature of Mr. Parnell's release. People fancied that a new leaf in that wondrous volume entitled "The Government Policy towards Ireland" had been turned over, and that the notorious failure of the Land Act and the increase of lawlessness and outrage were to be met by further acts of conciliation. Possibly the Government were not sorry to deceive the public for some twenty-four hours or so, as it afforded some chance of testing public opinion. However, it has since been officially stated that all surmises of a change of policy founded on this incident are baseless, and that Mr. Parnell has merely been temporarily released from prison on *parole*; the motive for his release being business caused by a domestic bereavement. It is not likely that Mr. Parnell will break his *parole*. He is a gentleman, and presumably a man of honour. And, apart from principle, interest alone would induce him to keep to the letter of his bond. Any breach of faith on his part would lower him in the eyes of his many thousand worshippers, whereas if he returns to gaol as quietly as he quitted it he will seem to them a greater martyr than ever. His self-constraint in this respect has already been evinced by the manner in which he gave his would-be worshippers the slip at Willesden. But the whole of this affair makes one perceive more clearly than ever what a blundering remedy is this locking-up of untried men on suspicion. If the Government dared chop their heads off, as Robespierre would have done, there might be some sense in arresting them. But in this case a time must come when they will be allowed to go. In prison, they are a power among the Irish people; released, they will be a greater power than ever. And the mistake of the Government is the more inexcusable because the most important of these suspects were arrested, not for preaching rebellion, but because they had a plan of their own for testing the Government Land Act. Mr. Gladstone could not brook such unparalleled insolence and ingratitude, and so he thrust them into prison. We are not asserting that Mr. Parnell and his associates are undeserving of punishment, but we do assert that no crimes have been publicly proved against them, and that the Government policy in this respect savours rather of the Star Chamber than of the usages of a free country.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TORIES.—The Radicals complain bitterly of the manner in which Mr. Gladstone is frequently attacked by his political opponents. The other day Sir Wilfrid Lawson declared that if Lord Salisbury were to counsel the younger Tory orators his advice would be, "Don't talk politics, don't discuss any future measures; but keep firing away, and abusing William Ewart Gladstone." Now, it must be admitted that there is far too much personal abuse in the speeches of several prominent Conservatives; but it is amusing to find this condemned by the Radicals, who are certainly not very particular in their choice of the epithets which they apply to Lord Salisbury. He is accused of every offence of which an English statesman can be guilty; and sometimes the charges against him relate to offences (such as deliberate falsehood) of which we may hope that English statesmen are incapable. The Radicals are apt to forget not only their own present methods of conducting political controversy, but the tone of the long series of orations which preceded Mr. Gladstone's accession to office. The wildest Tory harangues are mild compared with the Midlothian speeches, in which the Liberal leader poured forth a torrent of passion that may almost be said to have surprised the whole civilised world. Mr. Gladstone was frequently warned at the time that his extravagance would be fiercely resented, and events have proved that the warning was correct. The Tories were as willing as their party had been on former occasions to accept defeat, but they could not forgive the means by which their defeat was accomplished. In the treatment of so terrible a crisis as that which confronts us in Ireland, it would, no doubt, be well if all parties thought only of the national welfare; but the Radicals have no right to expect the Tories to exhibit a virtue in which they themselves and their chief have been so conspicuously deficient.

THE PORTSMOUTH REVIEW.—In several ways the Volunteer Review was a success. The fine weather made it brilliant as a spectacle: military big-wigs ungrudgingly praised the men's soldierly bearing; while Portsmouth citizens bore equally hearty testimony to their excellent behaviour as visitors. For these testimonials the Volunteers may be justly proud, and their relations and friends (which means pretty nearly all England) may also be proud of these citizen soldiers, who have certainly learnt something of the art of war, whose patriotism exceeds their love of personal ease, and who will assuredly do their best, should the Battle of Dorking ever be fought, to make it an English victory. At the same time, it must be confessed that after these Easter Reviews there is usually heard a chorus of criticism which, though less pleasant to hear, is not altogether without justification. It is somewhat to this effect:—"If the aim of you Volunteers is simply to gratify a crowd of sightseers by rapid evolutions and a liberal expenditure of cartridges, verily you have your reward. But, if you aim at being

really useful soldiers in case of invasion, you have still much to learn. Many of your movements are worse than useless; they are positively misleading. You place yourselves where, in a real fight, you would be simply annihilated." There is sense in this, no doubt, but it is not fair to lay all the blame on the shoulders of the Volunteers. It would be beneficial if the Autumn Manœuvres of the French and German armies were more closely followed, and if military instruction rather than effectiveness of display were the prime consideration. For this the Volunteers are quite ready. These men are citizen soldiers, who come to this gathering at no small personal inconvenience, not because they consider it a pleasant outing, but because they wish it to be converted into a severe scientific lesson in war. It may be suspected that the very best-arranged military manœuvres in the world are, in the absence of shot and shell, about as much like real war as "the Marchioness's" orange-peel and water were like the true juice of the grape, but it is the plain duty of the War Office authorities to give the Volunteers all they demand, and to sacrifice altogether the spectacular part of the proceedings to the practical.

EGYPT.—The dangers ahead in Egypt were once more recalled to the minds of politicians this week by the intelligence that a plot against the life of Arabi Pasha had been discovered. Unfortunately, the "Egyptian Question" seems to be as complicated, and surrounded by as many difficulties, at the present moment as at any previous time. According to Sir William Gregory, Arabi Pasha has no other aim than to promote the welfare of his country; but he is evidently the representative of social and political forces which he is incompetent to control. The officers by whose aid he was raised to power not only clamour for promotion, but demand that the resources of the nation shall be drained in order to increase the strength of the army. There is also an agitation for the dismissal of all European officials employed in the public service, although it is well known that many of them are doing work which could not possibly be accomplished by natives. Arabi Pasha may be anxious to pursue a moderate policy; but it depends upon his supporters whether he will be permitted to carry out what are supposed to be his good intentions. As for the Khedive, he can scarcely be said to have any real influence on the course of Egyptian politics. Had England and France persisted in the determination to maintain him in power, he might have succeeded in satisfying the aspirations of the Nationalists without violent innovations; but his subjects have ceased to believe that the Western Powers would make any sacrifice on his behalf. He is, therefore, compelled to do the bidding of the dominant party, and nobody supposes that he would be able to overcome, or even to check, a revolutionary movement. Besides the internal sources of trouble, the Sultan has never ceased to intrigue among the malcontents, and it is by no means certain that mischief is not being secretly done by the ex-Khedive, who is confident that he has a mission to act as the saviour of Egyptian society. It would be satisfactory to know whether the British Government have any definite theory as to the true policy of England in the midst of these perplexities. So far as at present appears, they are merely "letting things drift," in the hope that serious calamities will somehow be averted.

UNEMPLOYED PERSONS AND EMIGRATION.—A gathering of unemployed workmen for the purpose of making their wants publicly known comes as an especially touching incident on Easter Monday, a day upon which the humblest who have money in their pockets are in some way or other keeping holiday. Some writers have expressed surprise that, at a time when there has been a certain revival of commercial activity, there should be any respectable men vainly seeking employment. The real fact, however, is, that in a complicated society like that of ours, whether trade generally be brisk or slack, there are always a number of people whose services are not greatly in demand. Numerous handicrafts, for example, are gradually being killed off by mechanical inventions. These trades, however, die hard, because those who follow them, being probably too old to learn a new business, will work at semi-starvation wages, and thus compete with the machine-made article. There is much misery of this kind, caused by no moral or physical defect, hidden away out of public sight. But, besides this, there are a number of persons who are not very skilful in their own trades, or whose tempers are perhaps unaccommodating, and who, therefore, are especially liable to be thrown out of work, and when once a man gets into the habit of being thrown out, he rarely finds permanent employment. Emigration is a perilous remedy, unless it can be shown that these persons can do some sort of work which the colonists want done. Too often they are like the woman from the Black Country who could do nothing but pack files, and who found that in America (in those days) they only wanted to unpack files. It would be well, before hastily shovelling unemployed persons out of the country, to establish a farm and workshop where men's capabilities could be tested, and where they could be taught the rudiments of some of those trades, such as blacksmithing and carpentering, which are in perennial demand in the Colonies.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.—The retirement of Prince Gortchakoff has produced, on the whole, a good impression throughout Europe. It cannot be supposed that so old a man, if he had remained in office, would have continued to

exercise much direct influence on international politics. He was, however, the nominal head of the party which looks upon war between "the Slav and the Teuton" as inevitable, whereas his successor, M. de Giers, is known to be friendly to Germany. The change does not afford a perfect guarantee for the maintenance of peace, since there may be influences in Russia more powerful than the Czar; but it is at any rate valuable as an indication of the Czar's personal wishes. The aged statesman who thus vanishes from the political life of the world must reflect rather bitterly on the fact that his disappearance is regarded as a relief by his master. He has played a prominent part in recent history, but he himself must be aware that, notwithstanding many individual triumphs, he has not played it very successfully. The position of Russia is by no means so commanding as when he began his career, and few competent observers are of opinion that it is likely to improve in the near future. This is due rather to the circumstances in which he has been compelled to act than to any defect in his political genius. He could not, if he would, have prevented the late war with Turkey; and the union of Germany, which has entirely altered the conditions of "the balance of power," resulted from causes that necessarily baffled his calculations. Besides, even when Russia seemed to be almost capable of dominating the whole of Europe, there were beneath the surface elements of disturbance which were certain sooner or later to reveal themselves. Prince Gortchakoff cannot fairly be blamed by his countrymen for having failed to assert the pretensions of a nation which has been for many years on the verge of anarchy.

CETEWAYO.—This journal has always consistently maintained that the Zulu War was a blunder. We had far better have left Cetewayo's power alone, if only as a check on the surly Boers of the Transvaal. However, it is of no use crying over spilt milk, so it is more pertinent at the present time to discuss the prospects of Cetewayo's restoration to sovereign power. We can appreciate Lady Florence Dixie's ardent sympathies for the discrowned monarch, nor need we entertain a very lofty opinion of the polygamous John Dunn; but at the same time the benefits obtained ought to be very considerable for the risks run. The petty chiefs would doubtless resent Cetewayo's restoration, civil war would possibly ensue in Zululand, and the colonists, both Dutch and English, warn us that the agitation thus caused might spread over a large part of South Africa. This would be a heavy price to pay for the restoration to power of a man whom, nevertheless, we may freely admit to have been unfairly treated. As for Cetewayo's proposed visit to England, there is little to be said against it. He will probably not enjoy the climate unless he comes during our brief and fitful summer. He will learn, what other semi-civilised visitors have learnt, that the English are a very powerful people, and that they have made various mechanical discoveries—but he will also learn, unless we keep all unpleasant spectacles out of his sight, that Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, and not of the lowest class only, can sink, in spite of the safeguards of civilisation and Christianity, to depths of meanness and degradation beyond the capacity of any untutored savage.

BONAPARTISM.—A lively controversy has been going on between the two Bonapartist journals, the *Napoléon* and the *Pays*. The latter contends that there is a vital difference of opinion between Prince Napoléon and his son, Prince Victor, while the former denies that any such difference exists, and urges the Bonapartists to maintain their loyalty to the recognised head of the party. The controversy seems to be followed with considerable interest in France; but it is remarkable that nobody attaches much practical importance to it. Even the Bonapartists themselves regard the dispute as one that cannot in any way affect French politics, and the Republicans attend to it merely as they would attend to any other controversy about persons with whose names they are familiar. There could hardly be a more decisive indication of the decay of the Imperial cause. Even after the Franco-German War there was for some time a chance that the Napoleonic dynasty would be restored; at any rate the Bonapartists would not admit that they had been finally defeated. Now they have apparently no hope of overthrowing the Republic, and most of them are influenced rather by sentiment than by reason in upholding the traditions of their party. It is improbable that the striking change which has passed over French opinion is due to the unpopularity of the Bonapartes. It appears rather to spring from the conviction of "the masses" that an Imperial system, no matter by what family it might be represented, would necessarily be attended by political corruption, and would, therefore, in the end lead to disaster. If this be the true explanation, Prince Napoléon and his son, like the Comte de Chambord, can have no higher claim to honour either now or hereafter than that they happen to inherit a great historic name.

JUMBO IN AMERICA.—Barnum's proclamation on the occasion of the arrival at New York of this world-renowned pachyderm is worthy of a Past-Master in the peculiarly Transatlantic art of bunkum. The whole British nation, headed by Queen Victoria, is represented as clinging tearfully to Jumbo's tail, vowing that they will never be separated from their Jumbo. But the Mighty Showman appears, waving the irresistible Stars and Stripes, whereupon Jumbo consents to be led to the Paradise of the West. With all this there are

skilfully interlarded descriptions of Jumbo's gigantic stature. The American elephants are depicted as pigmies by his side. There can be little doubt, then, that if he survives the effect of the passage and the change of climate, he will be interviewed by tens of thousands of American citizens, young and old, during the coming summer. And then in November our Jumbo is to be once more among us! Joyful news! Accompanied by the famous Baby Elephant! We wonder whether Jumbo will trumpet with a nasal twang, out of compliment to the citizens of his new country? Worse still, will he come back with a red trunk, the mucous membrane having become inflamed by copious alcoholic potations? For it is a sad fact that on the voyage out, instead of joining the Blue Ribbon Army like a steady, well-conducted elephant, Jumbo developed a great fondness for whisky. Let us hope that the whisky was only taken as a prophylactic against sea-sickness, and that on shore he has returned to unadulterated Adam's ale.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT OF EIGHT PAGES, containing ILLUSTRATIONS of the VOLUNTEERS at PORTSMOUTH, with Descriptive Letterpress.—The two Half-sheets, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding as indicated by their pagination.

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NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

The above Exhibition will OPEN in the WALKER ART GALLERY, on MONDAY, 4th September. The dates for receiving pictures are from the 1st to the 12th of August, both inclusive.

Forms, cards of particulars, and all information may be obtained on application to Mr. Charles Dyll, curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to whom all works of art, intended for exhibition, should be addressed.

London Agent, Mr. James Bourlet, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital. JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk, Honorary Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The 29th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Artists of the Continental Schools is NOW OPEN, and includes the celebrated picture by Bastien Lepage, "Le Mendant," two important works by Professor L. C. Müller, and a collection of Studies from Nature by Carl Heffner.

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INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY Next, the 17th of April. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

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TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from May 1st to the 31st October, 1882. For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.

Derby, April, 1882. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

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NOTES AT PALERMO

THE recent commemoration of the sixth hundredth anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers has revived general interest in the picturesquely-situated capital of Sicily, comparatively little known to the tourist world which rarely advances beyond Naples. And yet Palermo is well worth a visit. It is charmingly surrounded, and no less attractive to the archaeologist than to the lover of scenery, while to the business man it is interesting from the fact that it is a busy seaport, and, next to Rome and Naples, the largest town in the Italian kingdom. The costumes of the natives, also, are more out of the common than those of their compatriots on the mainland, as may be seen in our sketches. The young damsel in No. 4 belongs to the Piana de Greci—an Albanian colony, supposed to have been established in Sicily some 400 years since. Our artist saw several young women thus attired, one being in purple velvet, the bodice embroidered in gold, with a light blue shawl. The other, represented in the sketch, was dressed in silk embroidered in gold (literally "greenery-yallery"), with a silver plate belt ornamented with a large and handsome "George and the Dragon" boss. Her shoulders and her elbows were decorated with green silk crosses. She wore a crimson and gold turban, and the hair of both girls was bound up with horizontal crimson silk bows. The sketches need little further explanation. In No. 2 an Englishman has evidently ventured out of Palermo to visit the neighbourhood, a somewhat dangerous undertaking for a stranger, as brigands infest the district, and may not only rob him, but capture and hold him to ransom. A friendly soldier is warning the adventurous Briton that the village has a suspicious reputation, to which he replies manifestly oblivious of his tourist suit and equipment, "How are they to know I'm English?" The mountain road shows a scene common to all Italian villages, while the cloisters in No. 9 are situated at Monreale, a neighbouring town of some 16,000 inhabitants, and chiefly noteworthy for its cathedral, one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical edifices in Sicily. The cloisters are situated in an old Convent of Benedictine monks. They contain 216 columns of particularly elegant form and moulding.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster H.M.S. *Boscawen*.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

EVERYBODY is saying that something must be done to put an end to the scandalous state of affairs in Ireland, and many and various are the suggestions put forward as to the policy which it would be best to adopt. Meanwhile little appears to be done, and the savage vindictiveness of the "finest peasantry in Europe" seems to grow day by day more intense; attempted murders, outrages against person and property, and threatening notices of the most terrible character being everyday occurrences in many parts of the country. The trial of the two men, Brennan and Martin, for the murder of Mr. Jackson, in Dorset Street, Dublin, has been postponed until the next Commission, owing to an insufficient attendance of jurors. Kinsella, who shot the boy Andrews in Tighe Street, has been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years, Chief Justice Morris remarking, in passing sentence, that the lad had been entrusted to his care, and it was his duty to have protected him; and declaring his belief that the prisoner's protestations of innocence were "mere idle attempts to create further mystery in the case." On Saturday night a young man was wounded in the leg by a spent pistol bullet while walking in Sackville Street, but, though numbers of people were about, no one saw from whence the shot came. It is thought possible that some one carrying a revolver in his pocket may have accidentally touched the trigger, and caused it to go off.

Turning to the sad subjects of our illustrations, we deal first with the murder of Mr. Herbert, which was committed on the 30th ult., as he was walking home alone, from the Petty Sessions Court at Castleisland, a thing which he had only twice done during the past two years, his usual custom being to drive, and to have a man-servant with him. On the fatal evening, however, he left the town on foot, being accompanied by a constable as far as the police barracks. It was about half-a-mile farther along the road that the assassins fired upon him from their ambush behind a hedge, and it is thought that there must have been at least three of them, armed with different weapons, from the nature of the wounds found on the body, the left arm being broken and the right hand completely shattered by small shot, whilst there was a slug wound in the head, and a rifle-bullet wound through the right lung, this last being the immediate cause of death. Mr. Herbert appears to have struggled on for a few yards after the first shot, and to have tried to draw a revolver which he always carried in his breast-pocket, but he then fell forward dead, the body being first discovered by a country woman, who hurried to Castleisland with the news.

The worst feature of the case is that the people of the neighbourhood were shameless enough to openly exhibit their exultation, and that on the very evening of the murder a number of lambs were killed on his lawn. Mr. Herbert, who was about forty-five years of age, was an unmarried man, and the only other occupants of his residence were his mother and a few servants. He was agent for a small estate at Kingwilliamstown, County Cork; and had also some lands of his own near Castleisland. It is stated that previous to the establishment of the Land League he was one of the most popular men in Kerry, but his outspoken condemnation of that movement seems to have long ago brought him into disfavour, and the feeling against him was doubtless increased by some evictions which were recently carried out upon his estate. Some guns have been found near the spot where Mr. Herbert fell, and several persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder, but there is little chance of getting sufficient evidence to convict the guilty parties, although the Government has offered very large rewards for information leading to that desirable result. Mr. Herbert's remains were interred on Monday in the family burial-place at Tralee. The inmates of an adjacent farmhouse refused to supply a rope required to lower the coffin, and it is feared that the grave will be subjected to outrage.

Following so close upon the murder of Mr. Herbert the assassination of Mrs. Henry Smythe has intensified the alarm, horror, and indignation with which all unprejudiced people regard the state of the country. The victim was a lady well known in Dublin society, the wife of Mr. Henry Smythe, J.P., of 33, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin. Being on a visit to her brother-in-law, she on Sunday, the 2nd inst., accompanied him in his carriage, together with Lady Harriet Monck, to church, at Collinstown, near Mullingar, and the party was returning from church when the murder was committed. Between the church and Barbavilla House there is a plantation skirting the side of the road, and here three assassins lay in ambush. So little did they fear detection that they were plainly visible to the coachman. Then faces were blackened, and they were otherwise disguised. As the carriage was passing they fired three shots almost simultaneously, one of which lodged in Mrs. Smythe's head, the left side of which was completely shattered. A few days ago Mr. John Talbot, Mr. Barlow Smythe's agent, resigned, having been threatened with a violent death if he continued in the office. Mr. Barlow

Smythe has been frequently threatened, but with a fearless spirit had stood his ground. He has written to his tenants, informing them that in future their rents must be paid to a non-resident agent, who can make no allowances nor do anything on the property not strictly required by law; and telling them that he regards many of them as guilty of complicity with the crime, and more as accomplices after the fact in their tacit countenance of the murder, which they may indeed regret, because of the mistake (which they, of course, hope to rectify), and as prejudicial to the Land League, but not as a sin against God's command, "Thou shalt do no murder." Mr. Smythe has also written to Mr. Gladstone, laying the guilt at his door, as one result of his practical adhesion to the principle that "Force is no remedy" in the case of Irish savagery, supported as he is in that part of his policy by the "No Rent" M.P.'s, their Press, and some Irish Bishops. He adds, in a postscript, that the terrorism existing under the protection of this policy is so tremendous, that he knows there are few of those who abhor the crime who would venture to denounce the assassins had they seen them, and that were they to do so their lives would be forfeited, while the prisoners would almost as surely escape after the force of a trial by jury. The Premier, in acknowledgment of this letter, simply expresses his deep and heartfelt sympathy with Mr. Smythe, and his confidence that he will readily understand why he does not notice the matters of charge contained in the communication. Another letter has been addressed by Mr. Smythe to Mr. Forster, saying that the murder was reported to the Viceroy, who at once sent a sympathetic reply, for which he is grateful, but complaining that no further notice had been taken by the "nominal executive of Ireland." To this the Chief Secretary responds, expressing his deep sympathy, and assuring him that the authorities have been straining every nerve to discover the perpetrators of the crime; the fact that no reward has been advertised being simply due to the circumstance that four persons are already in custody on remand, charged with the murder. In a letter to the *Dublin Daily Express*, Mr. Smythe publicly offers his mournful thanks to the many friends, acquaintances and strangers, who have sent him letters of condolence and sympathy. The remains of Mrs. Smythe were interred on Wednesday, the 5th inst., at Kilcumney.—Our portraits are from photographs: Mr. Herbert, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; and Mrs. Smythe, by Fritz Borntraeger, Wiesbaden. The views are from sketches by our special artist.

DUCK-SHOOTING AT BELLARY

THIS sketch is from a photograph by Mr. George Breithaupt, of the Bank of Madras, Bellary. Duck-shooting from a punt in India is much the same as similar sport in England, except that the shooter is more likely to suffer from heat than from cold. Bellary, however, is a comparatively cool station, being situated 1,600 feet above the sea, which ensures a certain degree of freshness during the night. It is the chief seat of the judicial and revenue establishments for the district. The fort round which the cantonment is situated stands on a long hill of bare granite, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of 450 feet, and about two miles in circumference.

THE GIANT VELLAR ROCK

THIS engraving is also from a photograph taken by Mr. George Breithaupt, of the Bank of Madras, Bellary. The photograph is the first which has ever been taken of this remarkable rock, which faces Tippoos Sultan's Fort, and which is regarded by all visitors as a curiosity, on account of the resemblance of its outline to a recumbent figure.

The Rock is in Bellary, a military station in the Ceded districts, Madras Presidency. The town derives its name, Bellary, from Vellar, the name of the giant. The rock stands opposite one of the old historical strongholds of Tippoos Sultan, about 1780. The Hindoo legend runs that before Tippoos's time the figure rock was inhabited by demons, and that on Giant Vellar crossing—or, rather, striding—over from Tippoos's Rock, against the advice of his counsellors, he was seized, and slain by the demons, and laid upon his back, where he became petrified. Occasionally a star is seen through the eye towards evening, when the face is very striking. A small house, generally occupied by a Fakir priest, is still to be seen on the rock.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE—I.

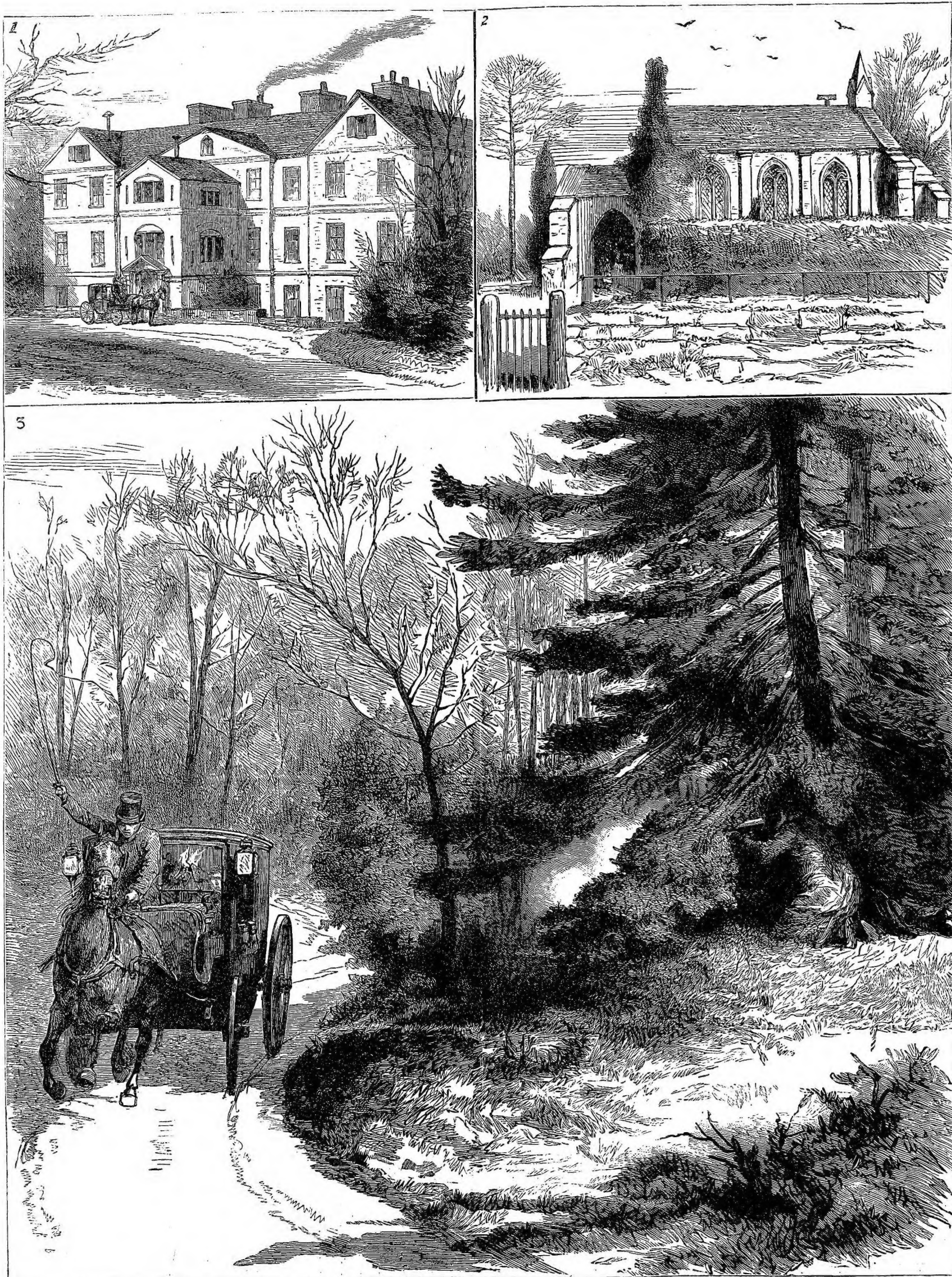
THERE are still plenty of old "Qui-hys" sunning themselves in the quiet avenues of Bath and Cheltenham who can remember when the voyage to India was an affair of six months, performed in a leisurely fashion on board of a roomy, comfortable Indianman, which put in, in the course of her voyage, at Madeira, St. Helena, and the Cape. Then came Lieutenant Waghorn's rediscovery of the Overland Route. For a long time the term "overland" was somewhat of a misnomer, since the trip was entirely by water, the narrow strip across Egypt excepted, and before the railway was made the journey across the rugged Desert road was performed in small two-horse omnibuses, the heavy baggage being transported on camel back.

For some twelve years past this small portion of the long transit has ceased to be performed by land, since the grand undertaking of M. de Lesseps has enabled the largest of steam vessels to pass to and fro between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; but on the other hand, the extension of the Continental system of railways has transformed a large slice of the journey on this side of the Isthmus into a genuine Overland Route. The traveller who is pressed for time, or who desires to see something of the wonders and beauties of Continental Europe before setting foot in what were once the dominions of "John Company," now merely crosses the narrow strip of salt water which separates Dover from Calais, and is not again troubled with qualms arising from the uneven surface of the unstable element until he reaches either Brindisi or Venice.

And the journey is performed in sufficiently luxurious fashion. On a long stretch of railway, like that which unites Calais and Brindisi, it is worth while both to sleep and feed in comfortable fashion. The modern "Qui-hy" accordingly, in his overland trip, disdains a mere snooze in the corner of a railway carriage, or the hasty refreshments furnished at a French or Italian "Mugby Junction." He goes to bed as if he were at home, and dines on Christmas Day as if he were doing anything rather than speeding along at the rate of some thirty miles an hour. Indeed, he seems to have been in a pleasant whirling dream ever since he left the white cliffs of Dover, when one day, after a warm journey down the Red Sea (unless he has had the luck to travel during the winter months), he finds the good ship *Peshawar* abreast of that strange-looking place, Aden. Truly a unique port, with its masses of black, volcanic rock. Here, should he perchance be too lazy to go ashore, he will find plenty of amusement on board, for the decks will be invaded by a detachment of the Children of Israel, who bring ostrich eggs and feathers for sale. These astute vendors, it is averred, will, if they can, pass off an inferior article on the unwary buyer, but should he prudently hold his hand he may be rewarded by purchasing really choice goods, such as will delight the eyes of his lady friends, and will cause him to remember with satisfaction "The Story of a Feather," as performed at black, barren Aden.

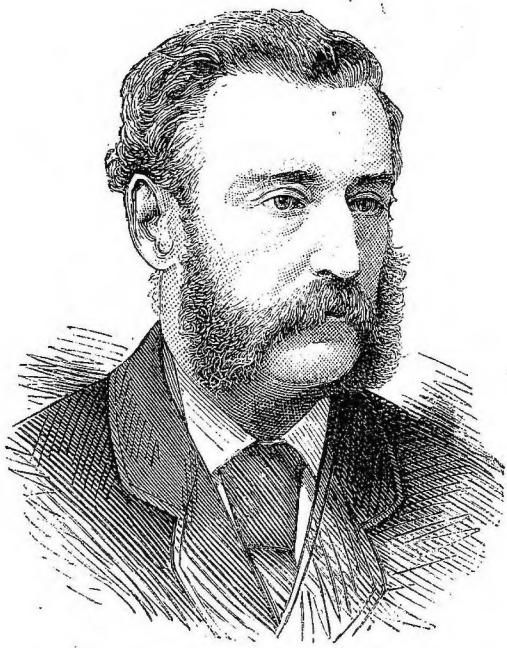
FREMONT PASS, NEW MEXICO

WE have already illustrated and described some of the scenery on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and now illustrate the Fremont Pass, situated on the highest section of the railway, and indeed of any line in North America. This portion, which runs from Malta to



1. Barbavilla House, Westmeath, Residence of Mr. W. Barlow Smythe.—2. Collinstown Church, where Mrs. Henry Smythe had attended Divine Service.—3. The Avenue, Barbavilla House, where the Murder was Committed.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND—THE ASSASSINATION OF MRS. HENRY SMYTHE



MR. A. E. HERBERT, J.P.
Assassinated near Castleisland, Kerry, March 30, 1882



MRS. HENRY SMYTHE
Assassinated at Barbavilla, Westmeath, April 2, 1882

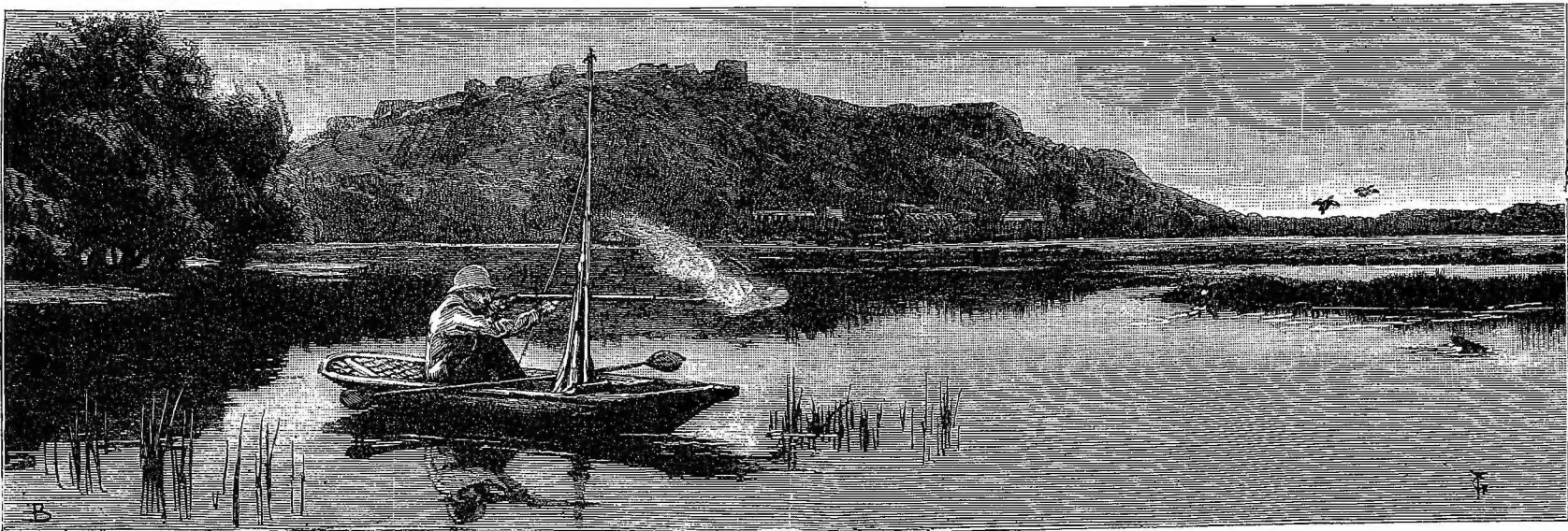
SEEKING BUCCANEERS' TREASURE

MANY exciting and romantic stories are told of the Buccaneers of the 16th and 17th centuries who harassed the Spanish power in the New World by sea and land. The dreadful accounts of their cruelties are only equalled by the semi-fabulous stories of their immense accumulations of booty, hidden away in caves and other secret places difficult of access; and it is the search for one of these treasure caves which is represented in our engraving. The quest was undertaken by a gentleman named Levy, resident at Kingston, Jamaica, in consequence of a story told by a man named Currey, a native of Nassau, Bahamas, who stated that while trading in a small vessel on the Mosquito coast he had landed on the island of Old Prudence to cut wood, and while there had chased a lizard which disappeared suddenly through a hole in the ground, which, upon further search, he found to be the roof of a cave, into which he ultimately made his way, and there saw a quantity of rotten leather pouches, quaint old chests, and earthen jars, all filled with gold and precious stones, the value of which he estimated at fifteen millions of dollars. After filling his pockets with doubloons

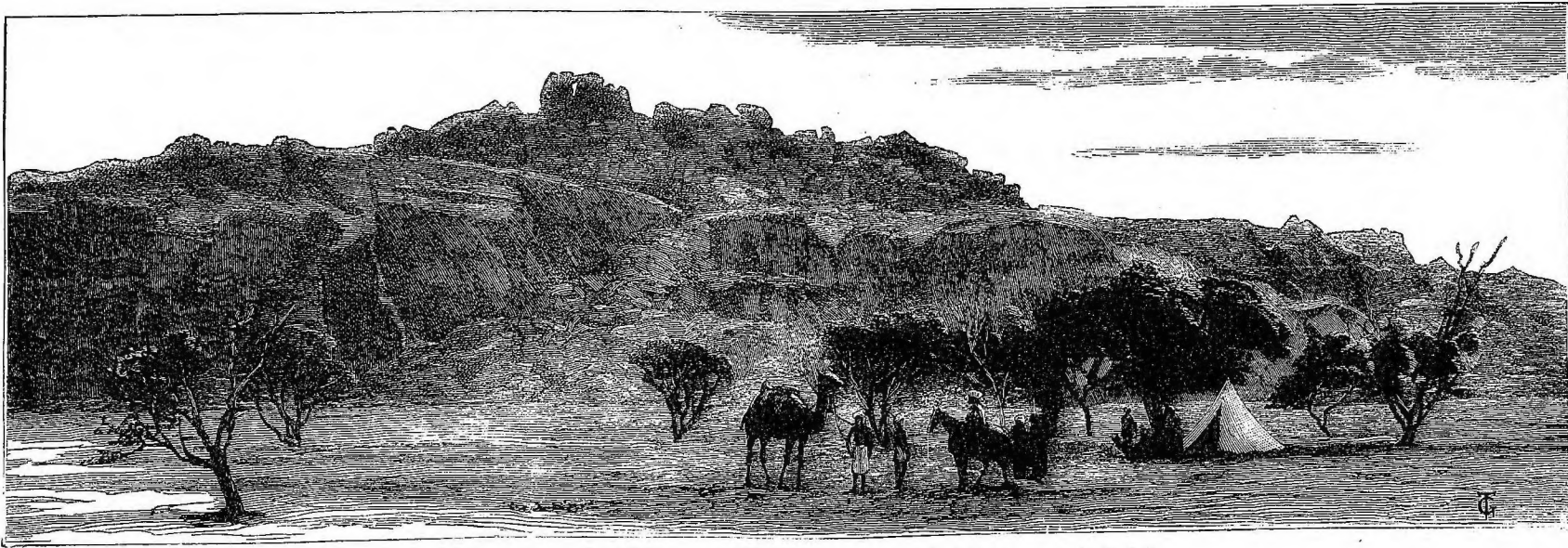


KILLENTIERNA, CO. KERRY, RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. A. E. HERBERT, J.P.
THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

he returned to the outer world, and began negotiations with the authorities for raising the treasure, but, instead of getting help, was cast into prison. This was in 1879, and after obtaining his release he went to Kingston, Jamaica, where his story, backed by the exhibition of some old Spanish doubloons, induced Mr. Levy and some others to advance him large sums of money, and to obtain the protection of the British Government for the search expedition. H.M.S. *Phoenix* and the sloop *Lord Warden* were told off for the duty, and on the 6th December last the expedition reached Old Prudence, and landed near Morgan's Head (so named after Morgan, one of the old pirates). Currey led the way, and on reaching the supposed cave declared that the narrow hole by which he had entered had been blocked up by debris. The explorers at once set to work with spade and pick, but after several hours' labour, the sole result of which was the removal of a quantity of stone and hard clay, they abandoned the task, believing that they had been duped by the man Currey, who however still maintains that the treasure is really there. Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. James Cox, of H.M.S. *Phoenix*.



DUCK SHOOTING IN BELLARY, MADRAS



THE GIANT VELLAR ROCK, BELLARY, MADRAS

Robinson and Kokomo, is built along the Arkansas River some eleven miles to its source in a few small springs. Thirteen miles from Leadville the railway crosses the summit of the mountain range at Fremont Pass at an altitude of 11,540 feet above the sea level. There is a station at this point called The Summit, near which is obtained a magnificent view of the well-known mountain of the Holy Cross. The scenery of the whole district is grand and impressive, and, as it has been truly observed, Americans need not be at the pains to cross the Atlantic for the pleasure of visiting and ascending the mountains of Switzerland when they have far grander ranges at home. It is true that there are no ruins, but of much more interest to the antiquarian and the anthropologist are the strange cave dwellings and cliff houses of the Rio Mancos and of the Upper Rio Grande, which are hung like eagles' nests among the lofty crags—relics of a once populous race lost to history—human fossils whose mode of life can only be surmised by the few remnants which they have left behind.—Our illustrations are from photographs by M. W. Jackson, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

SEEKING BUCCANEERS' TREASURE

See page 361.

THE SCULLING MATCH ON THE TYNE

IN 1876, during the Centennial Regatta on the River Schuylkill at Philadelphia, there came from Toronto, Canada, a young man of twenty-one, named Edward Hanlan, who in the Open Professional Scullers' Race with ease defeated several British and American oarsmen of high reputation. In 1879 he came to England, and easily beat W. Elliott, of Newcastle, for the championship. In 1880 he beat E. Trickett, of New South Wales, and in 1881 E. Laycock, of New South Wales.

Hanlan's style of sculling is, or rather was, peculiar, for it has now become the model for both Tyne and Thames men. Great body swing and comparatively little arm-work are its chief characteristics. This naturally implies a slow stroke, rarely exceeding 32 per minute. Renforth used to strike 40 to 44. Hanlan could get more pace on his boat as low as 21 than the Tyne men tearing away at 36.

R. W. Boyd, of Middlesborough, a great favourite in the North, had never encountered Hanlan until the race of Monday, April 3rd, which is depicted in our engravings. The match was on the Tyne, over the usual course, from the Mansion House to Scotswood, for 500*l.* a side and the Championship of the World.

Intense interest was aroused. Fully a quarter of a million of spectators viewed the contest between the start and the finish.

The race is already engraven on the memories of rowing authorities. The briefest summary will suffice here. After three unsuccessful attempts, a beautiful start was effected. For 100 yards Boyd held a slight lead, but at the end of the next hundred the long strokes of the Canadian had brought him alongside. At 500 yards Boyd began to feel the effects of the pace, his left scull dipped heavily, and it was evident that he was already a beaten man. Gradually Hanlan drew ahead, and finally shot the Suspension Bridge at Scotswood a remarkably easy winner by five lengths. His time for the distance was 21min. 25sec. Boyd's time was 21min. 38sec. Hanlan is now at Putney training for his match with Trickett on the Thames, May 1st.—We have abridged the foregoing from the *Field*. Our sketches need no description.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 369.

A VISIT TO MEXICO

See page 374.

LIFE AT MALTA

LIFE at Malta is a curious mixture of home and foreign customs, of English official routine, and of Roman Catholic processions and ceremonials, of familiar redcoats and blue-jackets, and red-capped, swarthy, fiercely-moustached Southerners, whose animation and gestures plainly intimate their Latin origin. Our sketches, by Colour-Sergeant Thomas Norman, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, show some of the everyday characteristics of the island. No. 1 represents a Maltese grog-shop, the usual sort of man-trap patronised by soldiers and sailors, the chief attraction being a good-looking damsel. These ladies, however, are now prohibited by the authorities, and the profits of the shops have proportionately decreased. No. 2 depicts the Grand Master's Clock in the Governor's Palace, which was erected in 1745. The clock resembles that of Old St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. Quaint Moorish figures strike the quarter-hours with hammers. No. 3 is a spectacle frequently encountered in the Strada Reale. Jack when ashore may be seen in his glory driving down the road in a four-wheeler. It is scarcely necessary to state that he is generally in a state of conviviality. "A Religious Procession" may be seen almost every saint's day, of which in Malta there are some two hundred or so commemorated. Nobody is allowed to break through the procession, and even military detachments have to halt until it has passed. One of the duties of the Order of the Rosary is to collect alms for the repose of the soul of a criminal about to be executed. The members carry a small tin box, and glide about the city applying to persons for money, but never speaking. In No. 6 is represented the main guard at Carnival time, when an extra guard is mounted. The soldiers are almost surrounded by groups of masquers, who throw confetti at them. The figures on the right illustrate the mock ceremony of burying the dead without a coffin—a compulsory custom most unpopular with the Maltese. The Dog's Home, Floriana, was opened in 1880, and contains three separate compartments, each being divided into two portions, one for the day, the other for the night. The dogs found by the police are brought there, and a charge of 2*s.* 6*d.* is made for the first day, and 6*d.* for each day afterwards. Dogs not owned are sold. No. 8 shows the method of burying without a coffin. The law compels all Roman Catholics who are interred in the cemeteries to be buried without a coffin in order to ensure a rapid decay of the body. The graves are hewn out of solid rock, and several persons are buried in each. After some time the graves are emptied, and are ready for fresh occupants. The Dghasia, or native ferry boats, are the chief mode of conveyance between Valetta and the neighbouring points. They carry ten persons.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—XIII., XIV.

MR. C. E. FRIPP, our Special Artist on board the *Ceylon*, thus describes the sketches which he made at Calcutta during his visit there.

"One sketch represents a toddy-hunter climbing a cocoa-nut palm. The juice, called 'toddy,' is procured by cutting off one of the leaves and binding a pot on to the wounded part. From this a juice exudes which ferments rapidly, and which in that condition is called 'arrack.' The climber mounts the long stems of the palms by the simple expedient of a bamboo hoop round his body and the tree, a smaller hoop being used to keep his feet together. Thus armed, he makes his way up and down, like a toy-monkey on a stick. Another sketch shows his assistant at the foot of the tree.

"The cremation of the Hindoo dead needs no explanation. If the relatives of the deceased are sufficiently well off or generous to pay for a proper supply of fuel, the body is covered over with wood, and in some three hours reduced to a heap of ashes, which are then cast into the sacred river. But with the poor, the burning is too

often a mere make-believe, and the bodies, barely singed, are thrown into the Hooghly, there to float about, hideous objects, for days, until devoured by fish, crocodiles, and the feathered scavengers of the air.

"The public letter-writer is an invaluable functionary to poor Indian folk. He not only writes letters for the illiterate, but deals in legal and other lore for the benefit of his customers. He is an Oriental analogue of that omniscient being who indites the 'answers to correspondents' in the columns of some of our journalistic contemporaries.—A tank in England means a mere cistern, in India it implies a large sheet of water, such as we should call a reservoir. The tank in Calcutta called 'Loll Diggee,' is, for example, about as big as Russell Square, and in the early mornings, when crowds of white-robed Hindoos are either bathing or carrying away water in their 'chatties' or their goatskin receptacles, these tanks, with the luxuriant foliage which clothes their margins, are very picturesque objects in the Indian landscape.

"Although the land all the way up to Calcutta is as flat as a pancake, the banks of the Hooghly are exceedingly pretty, thanks to the luxuriant vegetation of that warm moist climate, where the grass (unlike Upper India) is always green. Among the paddy fields, and with graceful palms towering over them, picturesque little villages nestle. Then the river itself is alive with all manner of curious craft. Boats with high sterns, on which thatched huts are built, shoot swiftly down the strong current. One sketch shows the usual passenger boat, on the stern of which there is a curved roof. The rowers sit right forward in the prow on the platform. They pull a short feeble stroke, as the legs have to be put out straight in front without being bent, unless one foot is hung overboard.

"We visited a temple dedicated to Kali, the Hindoo Goddess of Destruction. Here sacrifices of kids were taking place. The kids had their heads cut off. The giver of the sacrifice was decorated with a garland of yellow flowers round his neck. A priest dipped his fingers into the blood of the animal, and marked the forehead of the sacrificer. Kali is not pretty. She has three eyes, and a long tongue of pure gold. The worshippers pressed forward biggedly-piggledly, and were often roughly handled and abused by the priests. The whole scene was a combination of a fair and a slaughter-house.

"Another sketch represents a bit of the Native town in Calcutta. The streets are narrow and dirty, but here rather than among the stucco-fronted mansions of Chowringhee is the place to study native character and costume."

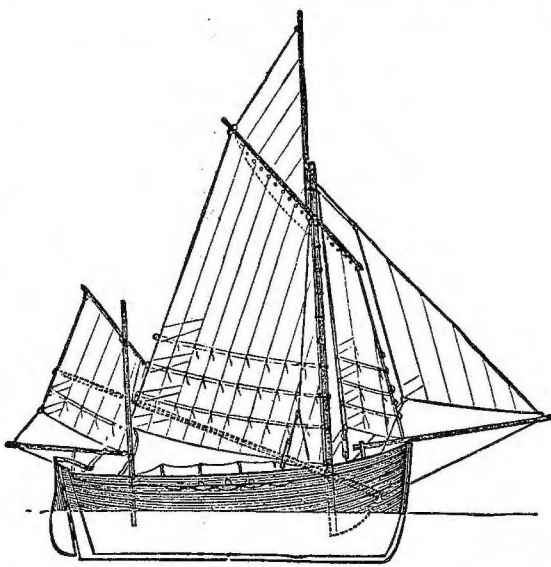
THE VOLUNTEERS AT PORTSMOUTH

See page 378.

PROPOSED NEW RIG FOR FISHING-BOATS ON THE COASTS OF SCOTLAND

SINCE the late very disastrous gales on the coasts of Scotland last year and this year, much attention has been directed to the improvement of the rig of fishing-boats. The old rig, the square lug sail, is often very unmanageable, and though many of the boats were decked, yet, being unprovided with bulwarks, the crews were swept off them, having nothing to hold on by.

Scores of fine hardy men were lost, their families suffered the greatest distress, and valuable property in boats and fishing gear was sacrificed. Mr. William Thompson, of Cloyneford, the scientific and successful vine cultivator, having been brought up in the Hebrides and well acquainted with boats, stated in the *Scotsman* newspaper that he considered the best and safest rig for fishing-boats



was that proposed by Robert M'Leod, Esq., R.N., of Invergordon Castle, Renfrewshire, and I thought if this, the split-lug, were described and figured in the *Graphic*, and adopted when a new fleet of fishing-boats is organised, it might be of great service.

The split lug is a complete rig in itself for all boats specially built for the whole lug.

Jib, gaff-topsail, and mizen are put on to show how they can be added if wished for to assist the boat in light winds.

The mizen, however, should be always on board to be used as a storm-sail or a studding-sail.

The following are the advantages of the proposed new rig:—The split lug sail being very similar to the one in use, and being hoisted by one set of halliards, is familiar to fishermen on the East Coast; boat can stay without dipping; boat can lie to; mast and weight further aft; fore sail does not press the boat's bow down; men can lower sail and reef easier; men can lower sail without its going into the sea; boat can lie to in a gale with mizen set on fore mast, and if necessary a storm jib; men can lower mast, using main halliards hooked to stem; when shipping a sea it does not lie in foot of sail; mast supported by shrouds.

There is one disadvantage, namely, that the yard in one tack lies to windward of mast. Practically this is no great defect. Witness French lugger rig.

During many years service *per mare per terras* I had considerable experience of salt water; I have also navigated in the open and shingle-ballasted boats of the Scotch Islands, and know their danger.

J. E. ALEXANDER, KT., LIEUT.-GEN.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON has received several interesting additions. The most important is a fine portrait of Edmund Burke at the age of forty, one of the earliest of his likenesses painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and known as the Haviland-Burke portrait, from having belonged to the statesman's great nephew, Thomas Haviland Burke. There are also a portrait of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, painted by J. Smibert in 1725; a bust of Rennie, the engineer, by Sir F. Chantrey, and a bronze statuette of Lord Beaconsfield, by Lord Ronald Gower, representing the late Earl seated with folded hands, and wearing the costume of a Cabinet Minister.



THE HOLIDAYS.—The exceptional fine weather was fully appreciated and firmly trusted in by the pleasure-seekers of London, who turned out literally "in their thousands," and crowded every place of out-door amusement and resort both near and far. Railways, road vehicles, and all kinds of river steamers were worked to their utmost capacity, more especially on Monday, and it is gratifying to reflect that very few accidents, and comparatively little misbehaviour, are reported. On Good Friday the Duke of Sutherland, while sailing in a small boat on the lake at Trentham Hall, was upset by a sudden gust of wind, but being a good swimmer was happily able to reach the shore without much difficulty.—At Ventnor on the same day, an excursionist, who had hired a small boat, lost one of his oars, and in this helpless condition drifted out to sea, but was fortunately rescued by a coastguardsman with a powerful telescope, and rescued by a gig manned by volunteer rowers, who, however, had a long and arduous chase. Their return, after night-fall, was welcomed by an excited crowd on shore.—At Inverness more than 100 persons have been made seriously ill by eating hot cross buns, into which some poison had unaccountably found its way.—A fatal accident occurred at Froggatt Edge, near Sheffield, on Monday, when a carriage containing eight persons got into collision with a traction engine and was upset, throwing the whole party out with such violence that two of them were killed, and a third had a leg broken, whilst the rest were more or less injured.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS have by no means been neglected during the Parliamentary recess. An immense number of lengthy letters, written by party men in explanation of their views on the *clôture* and the eternal Irish difficulty, have appeared in the daily Press, to say nothing of elaborate leading articles on the same subjects, and upon the release of Mr. Parnell from Kilmarnock, although every one knows that it can have no possible political significance, seeing that he is only at liberty on *parole* and for a limited period. He himself appears to have taken a correct view of the matter, for, on his journey through London, he took every care to avoid the ill-advised admirers who would have forced themselves upon him, and hurried off at once to Paris to attend the funeral of his nephew, the purpose for which his release was granted. Amongst the speeches of the week is that of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at Wigton, containing some choice specimens of alliteration; those of the Irish members at Bradford and Edinburgh, Mr. Mundella at Sheffield, and Mr. Raikes at Liverpool; but the great political event of the week has been the visit of Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Richard Cross to Lancashire, where they have been welcomed in a most enthusiastic way. On Wednesday the Marquis laid the foundation stone of a new Conservative Club in Liverpool, and the same evening there was a banquet at the Philharmonic Hall, at which his lordship affirmed that the "social revolution" from which Mr. Gladstone had admitted that Ireland was suffering was the result of the neglect of Conservative principles. With a generosity of the Robin Hood kind, one-fourth of the property of one class had been transferred to another, but this tremendous bribe had failed of its effect for the simple reason that the conduct of the Government had taught the people that something more might be obtained if the terror of agitation were continued. The immediate necessity was to restore order; but to get rid of the revolution all idea of further concession must be given up, and an effort must be made to provide the people of Ireland with motives for resisting change. Every Englishman had a right to urge that order should be restored in Ireland. Those who were possessed of confidential and official information should decide as to the means by which that end is to be effected. He was not pressing for an increase or a decrease of coercion, nor did he wish to make any suggestion as to the character or amount of legislation, those things were for the responsible Ministers of the Crown. Radicalism fed upon the discord of classes, and while they regretted that in Ireland its efforts had found such a favourable field that social revolution was all but complete, they must vigilantly watch lest the same efforts to set class against class should involve England in calamities similar to those which now afflict the sister isle. Sir S. Northcote also spoke, contending that it was imperative that the Government should make up their minds what to do, and declaring that if they acted with firmness and intelligence they would receive the cordial support of the Opposition. On Thursday the Marquis and Sir Stafford were to attend a Conference of the Constitutional Association, and address the Liverpool Conservative Working Men's Association at their fourteenth annual meeting; and on Friday (yesterday) another banquet was to be given to them at the Junior Conservative Club in Eberle Street.

ANOTHER BALLOON ASCENT was made on Monday from Ilfracombe by Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, accompanied by two other gentlemen, the intention being to cross the Bristol Channel. The wind, however, was unfavourable, and the voyageurs descended at Swimbridge, after being three hours in the air.

THE UNEMPLOYED OF LONDON and their sympathisers held a meeting in Trafalgar Square on Monday, and passed resolutions thanking the Lord Mayor for the interest he had taken in their cause, and praying him to afford the working men of London an early opportunity of subscribing to an emigration fund for the benefit of the unemployed, of whom it was stated that there were 3,000 ready to have their characters investigated, and to do anything or go anywhere to find employment.

THE BURNS MEMORIAL AT DUMFRIES.—A marble statue of the poet was unveiled last week by the Earl of Rosebery in the presence of a large gathering. His lordship was afterwards entertained at a banquet, and presented with the freedom of the burgh in recognition of his zealous attention to national interests.

THE "NO RENT" POLICY has been adopted by Lord Macdonald's tenantry in the Isle of Skye with as much vigour as at any place in Ireland. For some time past a regular system of watching the holdings by sentinels has been adopted, to give warning of the approach of strangers, and the other day, when the Sheriff's officer and his party made their appearance, the populace were immediately summoned, about 200 responding to the call, and the Sheriff's officer was seized, the summonses taken from him and burned before his eyes, and he was told to return where he came from, or it would be worse for him.

AN INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES' EXHIBITION was opened on Wednesday at Edinburgh, the Lord Provost and magistrates attending in state, and the Earl of Rosebery delivering an address. The exhibits include models of vessels, fishing implements, life-boat apparatus, models of harbours and lighthouses, and a great variety of materials used by fishermen; together with numerous specimens of fish stuffed and modelled, including collections from the Anglers' Associations in London, the Buckland models from South Kensington Museum, and the Gothenburg Museum.

THE NEW KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK, Lord Carlingford, who takes the Ribbon vacated by the late Lord Lurgan, was invested with the insignia of the Order on Tuesday, at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and was afterwards entertained at a banquet by the Lord-Lieutenant, who, in proposing his health, alluded to the anxieties and responsibilities felt by every member of the Government

concerning Ireland, and their determination to shut their ears to obloquy, and to perform the duties in front of them to the best of their ability. Lord Carlingford, in reply, said that though the difficulties and dangers of the Irish Government were greater than they had ever been within his experience, he felt that there was no reason to despair; and he hoped he might say confidently, both with regard to the goodwill among their members as Irishmen, and with an eye to the union between the Island of St. Patrick and the great Empire to which they belonged, "Quis separabit?"

THE EDISON ELECTRIC LIGHT is now in operation on the Holborn Viaduct; in some of the buildings, as well as in the roadway. The 1,027 lamps employed are equal to 37,760 candles, and the light is clear and brilliant, without being dazzling. The question of cost has yet to be ascertained.

THE LOSS OF THE "DOURO" still remains unexplained, although numerous lengthy accounts have been published from survivors and eye-witnesses. The total loss of life is now stated at seventeen, supposing that none of those missing have been picked up by other vessels, of which there may be some slight hope, as telegrams state that, besides the *Hidalgo*, a second steamer and a sailing vessel were in the vicinity. All accounts agree in describing the night as clear and moonlight, and some say that the Spanish ship was seen approaching long before the disaster took place. Although every effort was made to save life, and all on board appear to have acted with coolness and courage, there seems to have been something radically wrong with the management of the boats, all of which were with difficulty released from the lowering gear, while some were cast off without the means of propulsion, and at least one without any but passengers on board.

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths announced this week are those of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter, and Mr. John Francis, who was the first publisher of the *Athenaeum*.



THEATRES

THE management of the COURT Theatre have been fortunate in securing a new and original comedy, in which the story is pleasing, the characters cleverly sketched and diversified, and the merit of the dialogue considerably above the average of that of recent contributions to our stage. The name of the author, Mr. G. W. Godfrey, has hitherto been chiefly known in connection with *The Queen's Shilling*, a clever adaptation—but still only an adaptation—of a French vaudeville; for a piece from his pen, called *Queen Mab*, brought out some years ago, was of no great dramatic value, and, moreover, lacked, both in matter and treatment the freshness of his latest production. No doubt the new piece, which bears the title of *The Parvenu*, presents traces of the inspiration of the late Mr. Robertson's piece; and it may with equal truth be said that its essential features bear some resemblance to those of more than one of Mr. Byron's comedies; but there is still enough of invention, humour, and the rare faculty of depicting character through the mere utterances and doings of its personages to constitute a substantial claim to originality. The "Parvenu," who, as the choice of this designation for the title of the play implies, is the central figure of the action, is a successful projector of joint-stock companies, a vulgar, unlettered, and somewhat ill-mannered person, and yet a good-natured creature, who has expended part of his accumulated wealth in buying an estate next to the ancient ancestral demesne of the Pettigrews. These neighbours, Sir Fulke and Lady Pettigrew, have a pretty daughter, Gwendolen, and being in sore pecuniary straits they endeavour, with success, to bring about an engagement between the young lady and the wealthy newcomer, whom nevertheless they openly despise. Meanwhile, there arrives in the neighbourhood a poor young artist, Claude Glynne, whom accidental circumstances, which appear to be absolutely conclusive, lead Sir Fulke and his scheming wife to believe to be a young nobleman disguising himself under a feigned name and condition of life. Forthwith the "Parvenu" is discarded somewhat rudely, and much to his chagrin, though his anger is directed only against the parents; for the heroine—and this is a very pleasant and fresh point in the story—has even in rejecting his offer of marriage won his respect and affection. As will probably have been foreseen, the final disclosure of Claude Glynne's real state and position is followed by his peremptory dismissal; but what will probably be more unexpected is the resolute determination of Glynne not to renounce his suit because the parents, in consequence of their own blunder, have involved him in an attachment for selfish ends; and the final heroic determination of Mr. Ledger, the parvenu, to refuse the hand of the young lady, now once more offered to him, and to befriend the youthful lovers and bring about their union. All this, however, is very naturally presented, with just the dash of romance and pathetic interest of which comedy may, without violence to its prevailing tone of mirth and satire, be legitimately made the vehicle. That the piece, with its clever incidents and lively dialogue, greatly pleased the audience on the night of its production is beyond a doubt—we had almost said *notwithstanding* that enthusiastic call for the author at the close of the curtain which has signalled the first performance of many a worthless piece. For this happy result the actors, and, above all, the careful preparation bestowed on the whole performance, may fairly claim a considerable share of the praise. From first to last the representation of the comedy proceeded with the perfect smoothness of a play that has been for many weeks in the bills. *The Parvenu* is indeed admirably acted. It has been objected, with reason, that Mr. Anson's portrait of Mr. Ledger (who, by the way, is a Member of Parliament, though of the silent class), is somewhat highly coloured. His vulgarity, in brief, is too vehement and obtrusive; his grammatical heresies rather too glaring. But the part is played with remarkable force and humour; nor does this excellent actor, in spite of his exaggerations, fail to impress upon you by many artistic touches the inherent good-nature and even tenderness of the baronet's blustering and purse-proud neighbour. There are few actresses on our stage, perhaps, who could so cleverly save the intriguing and odious Lady Pettigrew from being repulsive as Miss Larkin does, and something of the same sort of praise is due to Mr. Kemble's impersonation of Sir Fulke, the broken-down but still ostensibly important county baronet. In Mr. Forbes Robertson as Claude Glynne, and Miss Marion Terry as Gwendolen, we have a couple of lovers who conduct their courtship with a degree of taste and feeling that wins unreserved sympathy. With these are very cleverly contrasted a more matter-of-fact but hardly less interesting couple in the persons of Mr. John Clayton and Miss Lottie Venne, who, though mere incidental personages, affecting but in slight degree the main current of the story, are always welcome to the audience in the pleasantly half humorous half sentimental scenes in which they appear. We may here note that the action of the entire three acts takes place in one scene—a pretty bit of woodland, with natural water in the background. *The Parvenu* is clearly destined to count among the genuine successes of the season.

Unfortunately, some other of the Easter novelties at our theatres have been less successful, and, we regret to have to add, deservedly so. Mr. Buchanan's dramatic version of his novel, *The Shadow of*

the Sword, brought out under that title at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday evening, suffered no doubt in a more than common degree from the mechanical and other mishaps which commonly attend first performances at holiday time. Long "waits," moreover, which spun out the representation till half-an-hour after midnight, fairly exhausted the patience of the spectators, a large proportion of whom had left the house before the final fall of the curtain. With all allowance for these untoward circumstances, it must be confessed that the causes of the signal failure of this piece lay deeper. The original story is that of a young Frenchman, who refuses to fight for Napoleon, and, being drawn in a conscription, becomes a hunted fugitive, until the return of the Bourbons puts an end to his troubles. Though the hero's conduct is open to question on patriotic and moral grounds, his adventures undoubtedly afford scope for dramatic treatment; but the author is somewhat wanting in the art which playwrights certainly inferior to him in poetical genius and creative power are often able to display; and his conduct of the story on the stage is confused and wanting in dramatic grasp.

Faults of a different, but equally serious kind, were unhappily discernible in another play by Mr. Buchanan, produced in the afternoon of the same day at the IMPERIAL Theatre. This play, entitled *Lucy Brandon*, is an adaptation of the late Lord Lytton's "Paul Clifford;" but in the task of transferring the novel to the stage the adaptor has contrived to eliminate those elements which gave a relief, however superficial and sophistical, to the career of the criminal hero; and has thus presented us with nothing but the adventures of a contemptible scoundrel, who robs on the highway, and wins the affections of a pure-minded young lady by false pretences, without any better excuse than his frequent reference to a neglected childhood. Neglected as he may have been, Mr. Buchanan's Paul Clifford, in the robust and mature person of Mr. William Rignold, is too obviously intelligent enough, and, as folks say, old enough, to know better. Hence his excuses, together with his occasional evanescent fits of remorse when reminded of his dead mother, produce the very reverse of the effect which the dramatist appears to have expected. The climax of absurdity seems to be reached when a pardon is obtained for this graceless ruffian by a rich peer, who crowns the act by handing over his late bride-elect, a young heiress, with an enormous fortune, to the highwayman who had but lately plundered him on the highway, and all this with the full approbation of her aristocratic guardian. Miss Harriett Jay, a young lady of pleasing person and some talents as an actress, essays in vain to inspire interest in the character of the young heiress referred to, who is indeed a wayward and ill-regulated person, utterly unworthy of the sympathy of right-minded spectators.

The claims of Easter holiday folk have been recognised at the ROYALTY Theatre by a complete change of programme, the new pieces being a burlesque extravaganza on the subject of *Sinbad*, by Mr. F. Green and Mr. F. Musgrave, and a two-act drama, by Mr. Arthur Matthison, which bears the title of *Not Registered*. The Royalty has an efficient company for the performance of burlesques of the showy kind, and the authors of *Sinbad* have taken care to provide Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. F. Newham, Miss Fanny Leslie, and the other leading performers with pleasant allusions to topics of the day of a class which rarely fails to give satisfaction to the not very exacting patrons of pieces of this sort. Mr. Matthison's play, in which Miss Evelyn and Mr. Everill sustain prominent parts, tells an effective love story, with its attendant trials and troubles, with some dramatic skill, and was well received.

The revival of *Babil and Bijou* at the ALHAMBRA under the management of Mr. William Holland is as gorgeous a spectacle as the most ardent lovers of scenic effect could wish. The costumes, and especially those of the armed Amazons in the last act, are simply magnificent, while the ballets are graceful and well danced. The libretto, however, is not any more comprehensible than it was when the piece was first produced at Covent Garden, while the performance, as far as the little acting which is required goes, cannot be said to be as good. Miss Constance Loseby as Mistigris did well, but could not compare with the finish of Mrs. Howard Paul (witness, for instance, the charming song in the last act), Mr. Henry Walsham as Phasillis does not rival Mr. Maas, while Miss Jenny Beaulerc is far too pronounced a comedian of the music-hall type to depict the modest little fairy maiden Bijou with the grace that Madame Annie Sinclair managed to throw into the part. Mr. Harry Paulton is stolidly humorous, as is his wont, as the dethroned idol, and won great applause by his new topical song, "It wants a great deal of believing." To sum up, those who want splendid scenery, well-chosen dresses, tuneful music, and really good dancing, will find *Babil and Bijou* exceedingly entertaining, but the less said of the words and of the acting, pure and simple, the better.

At SADLER'S WELLS the holiday attraction is *Cast Adrift*, a highly spiced sensational melodrama, with a somewhat intricate though ingenious plot. It seemed well suited to the audience, and is fairly acted, the best parts being those of the two villains, one a cool cigarette-smoking scoundrel of polished exterior, cleverly rendered by Mr. E. Dering, and the other a rough passionate blackguard of most repulsive mien, strongly interpreted by Mr. Mat Robson, the lessee. The chief scene is one in which the interior and exterior of a lighthouse are both presented at the same time; and the heroine rescues her lover, whose ship's crew have mutinied and cast him adrift in a boat without oars, compass, or provisions.

At the CRYSTAL PALACE, where on Monday some 69,000 visitors attended, indulging in all kind of extemporised games and pastimes in the open air, the special attraction was a match between Gardiner's Clown Cricketers and an Eleven of the Upper Norwood Club, whilst within the building, in addition to the Electrical Exhibition, there were a new "lyrical-serio-comic spectacle," called *Hap; or, the Monkey of the Nile*, with Mr. C. Lauri, junior, in the title-role; four organ performances; concerts by the bands of the Palace, the Grenadier Guards, and the Scots Guards: two performances by the Paggi Concert Party, and a military and ballad concert.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE programme, which attracted over 80,000 people, included a balloon ascent, a high-rope performance by Blondin, and a multitude of other out-door attractions, one of which was the pleasure of being photographed *en masse* by a number of competing operators, a prize being given for the best instantaneous picture of the crowd. Within the building a shadow pantomime, two theatrical and musical performances, and at night a display of aquatic fireworks.

A rather elaborate romantic domestic drama, written by Mr. G. L. Gordon and Mr. Joseph Mackay, and entitled *Night Birds*, was produced at the PHILHARMONIC Theatre on Saturday evening, and favourably received.—A drama of the same class entitled *Humanity; or, a Passage in the Life of Grace Darling*, was on Monday evening brought out at the NATIONAL STANDARD Theatre with equal success. Its authors are Mr. Hugh Marston and Mr. Lennard Rae.

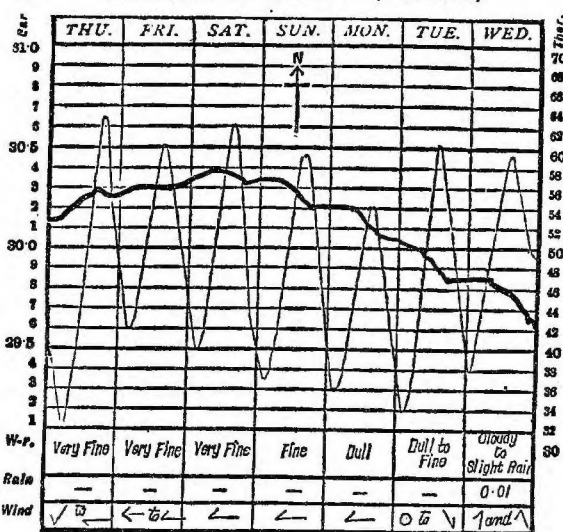
The version of M. Sardou's *Odette*, which has long been in preparation at the HAYMARKET Theatre, will be produced on Tuesday, the 25th inst. The principal parts will be sustained by Madame Modjeska, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Conway, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Measor, Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Brookfield.

There is to be again this year a series of performances—chiefly of Shakespearian plays—in the pretty little Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. They will commence on the 24th inst., under the direction of Mr. Edward Compton.

The STRAND Theatre is to be reconstructed and enlarged. It will reopen in its new form in the autumn.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM APRIL 6 TO APRIL 12 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The spell of fine dry weather which commenced as long ago as the 1st of last month continued well into the present week, the days being brilliantly clear, with a rather high temperature, while the nights were equally bright, with a low thermometer. On Thursday (6th inst.), in the early morning, the reading was only 32°, but in the course of the day the thermometer in the shade went up to 63°. On Sunday (9th inst.) the weather in all parts of the country began to show signs of a gradual change. The area of high barometric pressure which had been lying over Scandinavia and our own northern districts became slowly dissipated, and with its partial collapse the easterly wind also died down, so that by Tuesday (11th inst.) the barometer was falling generally, and calms or variable north-westerly winds were experienced, with a good deal of cloud. On Wednesday (12th inst.) the change had become more decided, and the weather of the United Kingdom was beginning to be influenced by a series of definite depressions which were passing along outside our western coasts. In London south-easterly and southerly winds had sprung up, and the sky became entirely overcast, with a little drizzling rain in the latter part of the day. The change of wind is likely to bring a softer and more genial weather, and it is probable that the next few days will be changeable, with occasional rain. The barometer was highest (30.37 inches) on Saturday (8th inst.); lowest (29.62 inches) on Wednesday (12th inst.); range, 0.75 inches. Temperature was highest (63°) on Thursday (6th inst.); lowest (32°) on Thursday (6th inst.); range, 31°. Rain fell on one day only, to the amount of 0.01 inch.

A NEWSPAPER EXHIBITION is being held at Dresden, containing over 1,500 journals in 55 different languages. Germany heads the list with 291, and England claims 124, while 75 are published in Asiatic tongues.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR IS SO UNPUNCTUAL that he has been nicknamed "The Great Late" in social circles at Washington. He is invariably behind-hand in keeping engagements, likes late hours, and gets up very late in the morning.

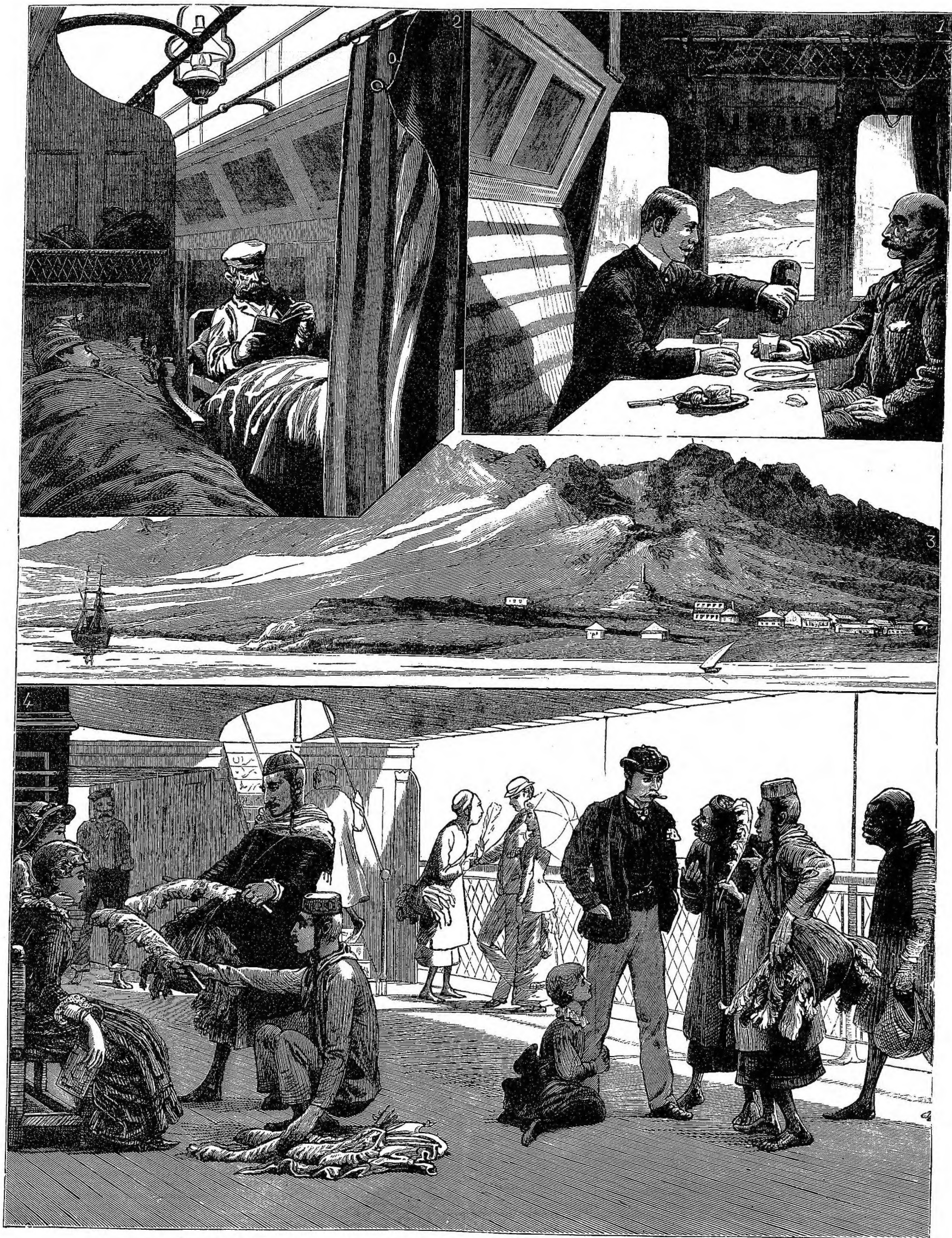
A PLAGUE OF MICE HAS OVER-RUN SOUTH-EASTERN SIBERIA, the creatures having come, it is supposed, from India. The march of the invaders has been clearly traced across the provinces of Fergana and Semiretchensk and in the direction of Lake Balkasch, and the mice have chiefly preferred to devour wheat, having completely cleared out the granaries along their path.

THE LATE MR. F. J. SKILL.—The remaining works, and the collection of this artist, who was for many years on the staff of this journal, will be disposed of at Christie's on Monday, together with other interesting pictures, drawings, and engravings. Besides nearly 200 sketches by Mr. Skill, there is an attractive series of works in black and white by such able men as H. S. Marks, R.A., Du Maurier, Charles Keene, Seymour Lucas, L'Hermitte, H. Herkomer, A.R.A., H. Johnson, E. K. Johnson, R. C. Caldecott, J. C. Dollman, E. F. Brentnall, Towneley and Charles Green, W. L. Thomas, A. Hopkins, Luke Fildes, A.R.A., H. W. Brewer, J. R. Brown, and others, and pictures by W. L. Wyllie, Frank Holl, A.R.A., H. Woods, A.R.A., Jules Breton, and other painters of note. The series of water-colours by Mr. Skill, however, is of some attraction. He possessed an admirable gift for sketching, and even his slightest notes are marked by a quiet fidelity and simple picturesqueness full of charm.

THE LATE MR. E. C. BARNES, another well-known artist, recently deceased, has left a widow and seven young children entirely unprovided for. A fund is being raised which, it is hoped, will support them for a few years, and enable a small house to be furnished. Private subscriptions may be paid into the London and South-western Bank (Kilburn Branch) to the "E. C. Barnes Fund;" whilst a subscription has also been opened at the Savage Club, where contributions from members and others will be received by W. B. Tegetmeier, Esq., or John Radcliff, Esq.

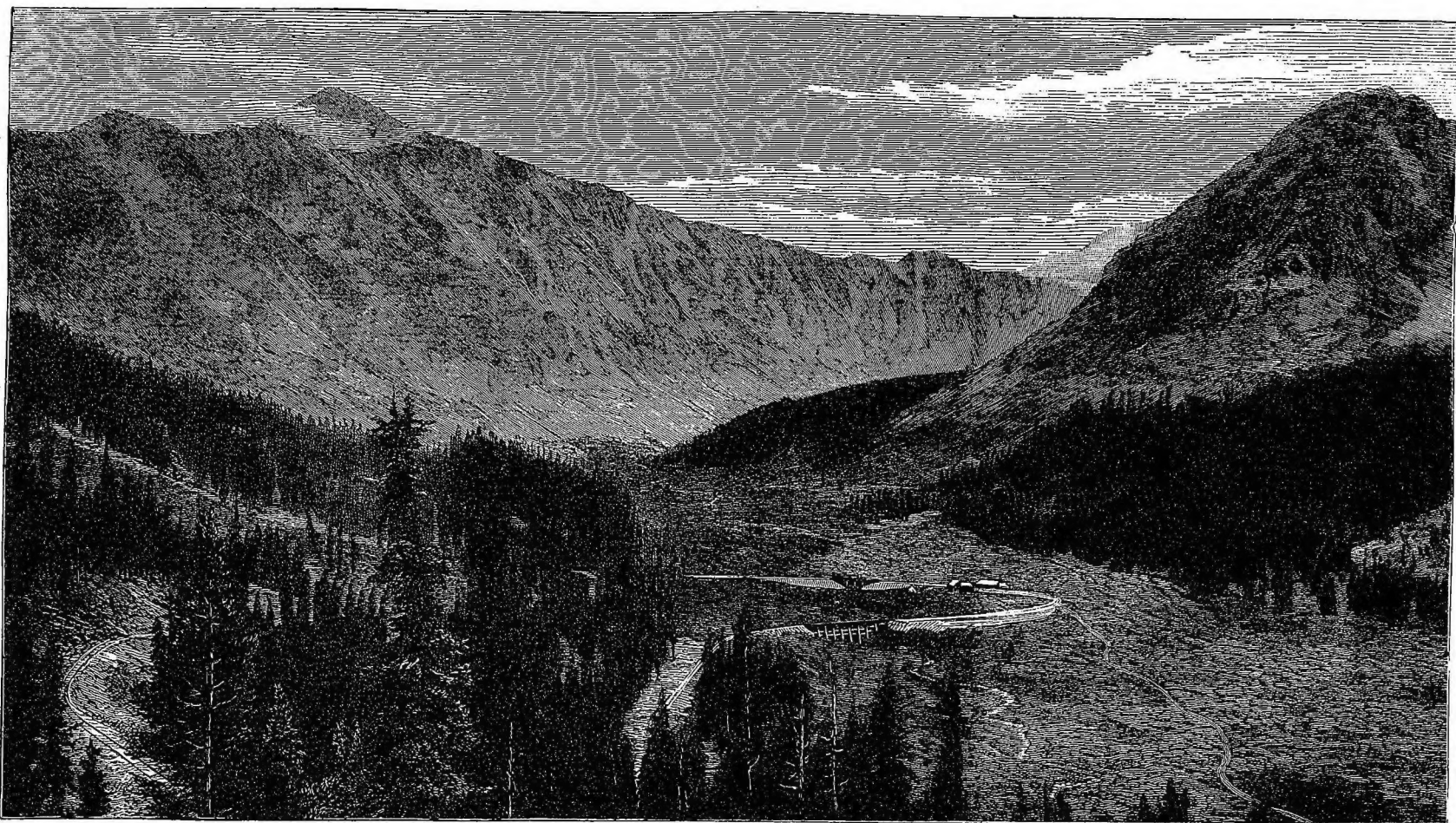
EMPEROR WILLIAM'S WARDROBE must require considerable space, to judge by the description given by the *American Register*. He possesses a uniform of each of the regiments of the Guard and of the body regiments, besides Baden, Bavarian, Saxon, and Wurtemberg complete military costumes; and, in order to do honour to any particular foreign guests, has Russian, Austrian, &c., uniforms. His hunting suits are particularly old and shabby, on the theory that the older the more comfortable; while the same principle prevails with regard to the Emperor's brownish-grey overcoat, which he has worn for twenty-five years while out driving in spring and autumn. Such pieces of attire as have been of historical interest have mostly gone to museums; but the Emperor carefully preserves the suit he wore on the day of Nobling's attempt. One luxurious article is entirely lacking—a dressing-gown, as Emperor William never appears *en deshabille*.

NAVAL AND SUBMARINE ENGINEERING EXHIBITION.—The British public have, we believe, never had such an opportunity as this exhibition affords them to study the various industries that combine to produce a modern vessel, from the row-boat to the vast ironclad. The whole of the space, which is considerable, contained in the area and galleries of the Agricultural Hall is filled with, so to speak, an exhibition of the industry of all nations and marine trades connected with navigation; wood-shaping machinery; rope-making; pumps and pumping-engines; steam-steering apparatus; diving dresses, and divers at work, to be seen through windows let into a glass tank: all this machinery in practical operation. What will be found of special interest are the various builds of lifeboats and life-saving appliances, which in most cases were being explained by attendants to a throng of spectators. The effect of the whole viewed from the gallery of the Hall is exceedingly gay and lively. A series of lectures takes place in an adjoining room for the advantage of practical men. In line, Mr. Samson Barnett, jun., to whom the public owe the whole affair, appears to have left nothing wanting to make it complete, and afford the dwellers of this great insular city the opportunity of analysing and making themselves acquainted with the vast combination of industry, energy, and invention which renders our country the foremost in all sea-going industries.

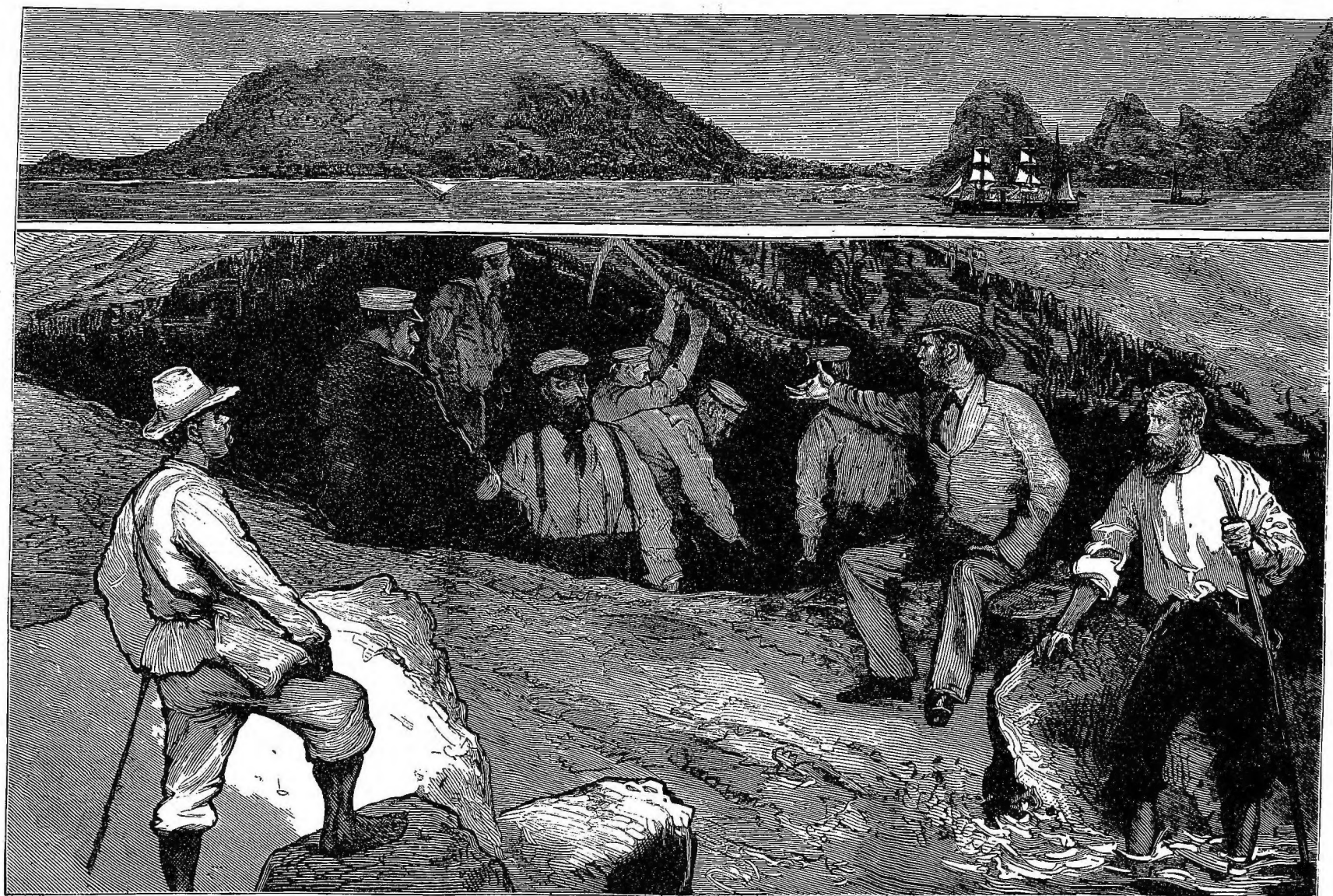


1. A Christmas Dinner in the "Wagon Lit."—2. Tucked Up for the Night.—3. Aden.—4. Jew Feather Sellers on Board the S.S. *Peshawur* at Aden.

A JOURNEY BY THE OVERLAND ROUTE, I.



THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY, NEW MEXICO—THE FREMONT PASS, HEADWATER OF THE ARKANSAS



1. H.M.S. *Phoenix* and *Lord Warden* off the Island of St. Catalina—the Exploring Party Going Ashore.—2. Digging in the Cave where “Currey” states the Treasure is Concealed.

TREASURE SEEKING IN THE HAUNTS OF THE OLD BUCCANEERS, WEST INDIES



FOREIGN

FRANCE.—A curious quarrel amongst the Bonapartists has been the chief sensation of the week. Prince Napoléon has never been liked by the main body of the Imperialists, both on account of his Democratic opinions and his anti-Clericalism. Thus when the Prince Imperial died, and by his will nominated Prince Victor, the eldest son of Prince Napoléon, to be his successor, there was a general feeling of relief expressed by the majority of the party, as it was hoped that the son, who had received a careful religious training, would prove a better "Catholic Emperor" than his father would have been. Still, a certain number rallied round Prince Napoléon, and the two factions have frequently indulged in journalistic snarls, while this want of harmony has undoubtedly done much to weaken the Napoleonic cause, and render the Bonapartists far less formidable opponents than before the death of the Prince Imperial. Indeed, only thirteen out of the forty Bonapartist Deputies signed Bishop Freppel's protest against the Secular Education Act—a fact which drew down an article from the *Petit Caporal* on the decadence of the Bonapartist party. Upon this M. de Cassagnac, in the *Pays*, declared that it was a marvel that the party existed at all, as it had been in the hands of a Prince "who seemed to aim at destroying it." After asserting that the Bonapartists owed their continued existence to the "heroic and saintly martyr who died in Africa," he launched forth into a panegyric on Prince Victor, who is "entitled to our full confidence and love; and who is growing up and making himself known and loved, while the Republic is destroying itself and rotting by its own heat." The *Napoléon*, the organ of Prince Napoléon, replied by declaring the conclusions of the *Pays* to be false. "The Napoleonic cause represented by Prince Napoléon and his children has no dissensions to fear." Upon this M. de Cassagnac retorted by a violent polemic against the *Napoléon*, "an organ which nobody reads," and Prince Napoléon, "a leader whom nobody visits," and repeated to Prince Victor the prophecy in *Macbeth*, "Thou shalt be king." The Republican papers are highly amused at the controversy, while the Legitimists invite the "Catholic" portion of the Bonapartist party to go over to their camp. Another newspaper topic has been the anti-Channel Tunnel movement in England, and we have been freely chaffed by our neighbours for our invasion panic. The *République Française* recommends the British Custom House officers to search all the luggage of French tourists for cannon, and exclaims, "What a curious people are the English. They repulsed Philip of Spain, and Napoléon, and are now afraid of M. Perrichon," who, we should explain, is the impersonation of a harmless Gallic tourist.

There is little political news proper. M. Grévy has been taking his holidays in the country, and M. Gambetta has been spending Easter with M. Menier at Noisiel. The proposed Mayoral Bill for Paris is attracting much attention. If this is carried Paris will have a triennial Mayor, chosen by the Municipal Councillors of five great wards, which will replace the twenty arrondissements of the city now in existence. Paris itself has been besieged by a large army of British tourists, who have flocked thither this year literally in their thousands to spend their Easter holidays. The fine weather has given the city an even more lively aspect than usual, and the streets have been thronged with eager sight-seers and devout church-goers, for it should be said that, despite the much-talked-of spread of infidelity, the churches have been densely thronged. There has been a highly successful horse show in the ever-useful Palais de l'Industrie, and two first dramatic representations, *aféerie-opérette*, *Madame de Diable*, at the Renaissance, by MM. Henri Meilhac and Arnold Mortier, with music by M. Gaston Serpette, and a popular drama at the Théâtre des Nations, *Les Foulards Rouges*, by M. Jules Dornay. The death is announced of Madame de Balzac, the widow of the great novelist. The new Hotel de Ville is to be opened on July 14, now the great festival day of the French Republic.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Matters in EGYPT do not look very promising. A conspiracy has been discovered to assassinate Arabi Bey, and sixteen Circassian officers, who are stated to be implicated in the plot, have been arrested. The cause of discontent is due to the exclusive "national" policy which Arabi is steadily pursuing. He has promoted five hundred of his own officers, but the unfortunate "foreigners" are being left in the cold, and, when possible, elbowed out of their posts. The civilian officials are similarly treated, and while the Europeans are not dismissed from fear of the Powers, they are given as little to do as possible. The Khedive is utterly helpless, and there is a significant discussion about Ismail being restored to the throne, as it is thought far from improbable that he will pose as the only man able to restore order in the country. Meanwhile the Ministry have refused permission to the ex-Khedive's daughter to land in Egypt, notwithstanding the Sultan's orders to the contrary. The lady in question brought with her a large number of attendants, and it was thought that her household would become a dangerous centre of political intrigue.

In the HERZEGOVINA and the CRIVOSCIA there has been more fighting, and on the 4th inst. another insurgent stronghold, the Biela Gora plateau was captured by storm, and its occupants pursued to the Montenegrin frontier. The insurgent leader, Hamsic Beg, was taken prisoner. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is now stated to have summoned the principal chiefs to Cettinge to induce them to accept his mediation with the Austrian Government.

From TURKEY proper there is no noteworthy news save that the Russian War indemnity negotiations are still at a deadlock, Mr. Foster not having yet succeeded in bringing about an understanding. Mr. Foster at last appealed to the Sultan personally, and appears to have spoken out very plainly, and to have made some impression, as the Sultan asked him not to leave Constantinople until the difficulty was settled.—The preliminary proceedings for the trial of the alleged murderers of Captain Selby were begun on Thursday.

RUSSIA.—Prince Gortchakoff, after serving his country for sixty-five years, has at last been permitted by the Czar to retire from active duty. By an Imperial rescript the Czar thanks the Minister for "the glorious services which, during your career, you have rendered to the Throne and the Fatherland. They have often been recognised and solemnly acknowledged by the rescripts of my father of imperishable memory, and I appreciate them as highly. They have gained for you the respect and gratitude of your fellow-countrymen, and have set your name in the annals of history." The document was endorsed by the Emperor "with sincere esteem, your grateful Alexander." Prince Gortchakoff still retains the post of Chancellor, but is relieved of the onerous post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which, to the delight and relief of all Europe, he is succeeded by M. de Giers. At first there was no small apprehension that the new Foreign Minister would be General Ignatieff, but that statesman's star now seems somewhat on the decline, and the advocates of a more peaceful and tranquil policy appear to be gaining influence over the Czar. That M. de Giers is of German origin is also a rebuff for the Pan-Slavists, who have apparently been losing Imperial favour ever since General Skobelev set all Teutonic Europe in an uproar by his violent tirades at Paris. M. de Giers is himself succeeded by Count Adlerberg.

In both GERMANY and AUSTRIA the retirement of Prince Gortchakoff and the appointment of M. de Giers have been hailed with

great satisfaction. The *North German Gazette* remarks that M. de Giers "enjoys the well-founded confidence of Europe as a sincere promoter of national peace and of the friendly relations of the Russian Empire to its powerful neighbours." The *National Zeitung*, however, while stating that the Czar has "now given significant expression of his intention to preserve the peace of Europe," doubts the permanence of the Czar's present sympathies, and dreads the arrival of the day when General Ignatieff succeeds M. de Giers. The Austrian Press equally greets the change as a welcome symptom of the policy of the Russian Court being diverted "towards the maintenance and consolidation of peace." There is a manifest undercurrent of feeling, however, that the Czar is by no means unlikely to change his mind once again, and that M. de Giers' tenure of office under an absolute monarch is by no means as secure as could be wished.

ITALY.—The corner-stone of the new English Church of All Saints, in the Via Babuino, Rome, was laid on Sunday afternoon by Sir Augustus Paget, the British Ambassador. The whole Anglican community assembled to witness the ceremony, and a service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Wasse, his curate, Mr. Pickance, Canon Lonsdale, and a number of other English and American ministers. The church is expected to be open for service next Easter.

The new Army Bill, which has been approved by the Parliamentary Commission, provides for the organisation of twelve army corps of 427,000 men present in the field, 20,000 Alpine Chasseurs, and 190,000 men of the moveable Militia, ready to support the army of the first line. The 8,000,000*l.* asked for by the Minister of War are declared insufficient, and the country is told that "it will yet have to make great sacrifices."

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The Ameer appears determined to visit Herat. He has sent a lakh of rupees there for the payment of the troops, and has written a letter assuring the Heratis of his intention to go there in the spring. He will not be able, however, to leave Cabul until May, when all the roads may be expected to be open, and will probably travel by way of Candahar, and subsequently visit Turkestan. Abdul Kudas Khan, the present governor of Herat, is now stated to be perfectly ready to receive and acknowledge the Ameer.

The Embassy from the King of Burmah to the Viceroy left Mandalay on the 2nd inst., and, travelling as far as Rangoon on a steamer of the Flotilla Company, were received there, the correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphing, with all due honour by the Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, the heads of departments, and numerous merchants. The Chief Ambassador is said to have privately intimated that the slave question will probably cause no difficulty, but that an armed Residency is distasteful to the King, and would block negotiations if pressed. The Burmese intend to undertake the development of the protection of the Western China trade route.

A serious rising has taken place amongst the Khonds of Kalahundi, who have risen against the Kultas, who for years past have been settling in that district, and by dint of hard work and careful cultivation have been gradually gaining the ascendancy and obtaining possession of the Khond villages. One hundred and forty-two villages have been looted, the amount of property plundered being estimated at over a lac of rupees.

UNITED STATES.—The arrival of Jumbo is the chief incident of the week. He appears to have had a pleasant voyage, although slightly sea-sick during the first few days. He was a great pet with the passengers, and has developed a great liking for whisky, but will have nothing to say to rum. The *Assyrian Monarch* reached New York on Sunday, and at night Jumbo was landed. There was considerable difficulty at first in dragging the car through the streets, the sixteen horses provided not proving sufficient. Finally, two of Mr. Barnum's elephants were attached, and Jumbo was duly taken to his quarters. Here, however, the correspondent of the *Daily News* tells us, there was no door large enough to admit him, so he stayed out of doors till the morning. The car was backed up to the open door, the boards at the end of the box were removed, and Jumbo was invited to step out. He refused to move, and trumpeted violently his determination to remain. Scott enticed him with buns and hay. Jumbo put forth his foot and hastily withdrew it. He put out his trunk and pounded the ground. After half an hour of enticing he stepped out, and entered the garden, trumpeting and flapping his ears. He was led across the garden and chained in a large pen next to a baby elephant and mother. He was welcomed by the other elephants in a grand chorus of trumpeting, and by roars from the lions, tigers, hyenas, and other animals.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN the disorders in the Catalan towns have been repressed, and the malcontents are adopting the more peaceable method of sending deputations to the Government to protest against the new treaties, and of holding meetings to advocate a staunchly Protectionist policy.—In AUSTRIA and HUNGARY there has been a sharp snap of cold. Snow has fallen at Vienna, and great damage has been done to fruit trees and vines in the provinces.—In SWITZERLAND two small boats have been lost on the Lake of Geneva, and eight students drowned.—In TUNIS the French troops are continuing their operations against the insurgents, who are now taking refuge in Tripoli. The Quergh Ama tribe, it is stated, have petitioned for permission to lay down their arms.



THE COURT

The Queen was expected to arrive in England last (Friday) night. Her Majesty's last days at Mentone were occupied by excursions in the neighbourhood, and by receiving visitors, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Queen's grandson, having lunched at the Châlet, while the Marchioness of Camden and Captain Green, and Drs. Frank and Bright were also received by Her Majesty. On Good Friday, after attending Divine Service at the Châlet, where the Rev. Canon Anson officiated, the Queen and Princess Beatrice went to Mentone and witnessed the Good Friday procession from the balcony of the British Vice-Consulate. On Saturday the Princess visited the British ironclad *Inflexible*, where some torpedo practice took place. Divine Service was performed at the Châlet before the Royal party on Sunday, and next day the Queen and Princess drove towards Nice, while on Tuesday they visited Prince Leopold at the Hôtel Bellevue. On Wednesday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left Mentone and travelled direct to Cherbourg, where they embarked on board the *Victoria and Albert* for Portsmouth, and from thence the Royal party would come straight to Windsor. The Queen is in excellent health, having derived great benefit from her visit.—The ancient charity of the Royal Maundy was distributed at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, last week, to sixty-three old men and sixty-three old women, the number corresponding with the age of the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales spent Good Friday at Sandringham, where with their daughters they attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene. On Saturday the Prince left for Portsmouth to witness the Easter Volunteer Review, and stayed with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar at Government House, being

present shortly after his arrival at a concert given by the Minnesingers Club. The Prince attended Church Parade on Governor's Green on Sunday, wearing a Volunteer blue and silver uniform, and next day joined in the Review, marching past the saluting point at the close of the proceedings at the head of his regiment, the 12th Middlesex (Civil Service Rifles). On Tuesday he inspected the ironclad *Minotaur*, and visited the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar Lodge of Freemasons, leaving in the afternoon for town. The Prince rejoined his wife and daughters at Sandringham on Wednesday, when the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duke and Duchess of Teck also arrived on a visit.—Princes Albert Victor and George spent Easter at Jerusalem, being present at part of the Passover services in the house of the Chief Rabbi, when a hymn was sung, composed in their honour. The Princes were to leave Jaffa on Thursday for Beyrouth.

The Duchess of Edinburgh attended the Midnight mass at the Russian Chapel, Welbeck Street, on Saturday night—that day closing the Lenten fast in the Greek Church—and subsequently was present at the customary supper given by the Russian Ambassador. On Monday the Duke and Duchess left on a short visit to Paris, sending their children to stay with Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. The Duke and Duchess will visit Great Yarmouth in the *Lively* on the occasion of the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit there in Whitsun week, in order that the Duke may inspect the new Coastguard Station.—The Duke has been elected member of the Empire Club.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected home from Biarritz at the close of next week. The Duchess is much better for the change, and has been able to join in several picnics.

Prince Leopold is decidedly better, and is expected home on Saturday. He has been able to go out daily at Mentone, taking a short sea trip on Tuesday in the gun boat *Cygnel*. His recent illness commenced when at Arolsen, through his stumbling against the root of a tree and injuring his right knee-joint, which had several times previously given him trouble. The knee was still weak on his arrival at Mentone, when he slipped on a piece of orange-peel in the street, and brought on severe pain. Meanwhile, the preparations for the Royal Marriage on the 27th inst. are being energetically carried on. St. George's, Windsor, being closed on Tuesday night. Princess Helen of Waldeck, with her father and mother, will arrive early in the week after next, while the King and Queen of Holland and the Grand Duke of Hesse and his two elder daughters will be among the chief guests. Wedding presents will be very numerous from Windsor and the neighbourhood. The Tapestry Works, of which Prince Leopold is President, give him a handsome Louis XVI. armchair, covered with delicate tapestry, the back being adorned with the monogram "L.H.," and a coronet, and the seat having a view of Windsor Castle from the Thames, surrounded by orange blossoms and the Prince's favourite flowers, violets and roses; from the Stained Glass Works will come a window bearing the Duke's escutcheon; and the village of Esher—which intends to give the bride and bridegroom a hearty welcome on their way to Claremont—will present a bust of Princess Helen.

King Charles of Wurtemberg is said to have gone over to the Roman Catholic Church.—The Marquis of Lorne has been visiting the Falls of Niagara.



CHURCH NEWS

THE GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES at the various Metropolitan places of worship were well attended. On Good Friday the morning preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral was the Rev. J. H. Coward, in the afternoon Prebendary Dyne, and in the evening the Rev. W. H. Hutchings. At Westminster Abbey the preachers were Canons Prothero and Dean Bradley, while at Holy Trinity, Clapham Common, the Bishop of Rochester conducted the Three Hours' Service, being the first English Bishop, the Bishop of Lichfield excepted, who has thus given his formal approval to the observance. On Easter Day many of the churches were beautifully decorated with flowers, and there were celebrations of the Holy Communion from early morn to midday, followed by full choral services. At St. Paul's the preachers were Dean Church and Canon Liddon, and at Westminster Abbey Dean Bradley and the Bishop of Ely.

THE SALVATION ARMY were actively engaged on Good Friday and Easter Sunday both in London and the provinces, and at most places their demonstrations passed off without serious disturbances; but at Scarborough, Filey, and Crediton the processionists were attacked and badly treated by the roughs. At Gateshead "General" Booth told a meeting that he had reason to believe that an application for holding a Salvation Army service in St. Paul's Cathedral would meet with favourable consideration.

AN EXTRAORDINARY COMPLAINT has just been issued in view of the Easter Vestry meeting by the Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Liverpool, to his parishioners, in which he says that threats and promises have been freely used to induce him to surrender what he believes to be the simple and faithful worship of the Reformed Church of England, to adopt a hymn-book, "Ancient and Modern," which in his opinion teaches amongst other questionable doctrines transubstantiation and the worship of the Virgin Mary; and to make the service less and less congregational. For peace sake he has reluctantly conceded a part of the request (that the curate should be allowed to intone), but in other matters he has firmly refused to yield.

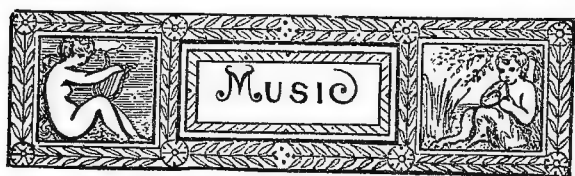
THE DEAN STANLEY MEMORIAL.—The American admirers of the late Dean Stanley have sent over a contribution of 1,064*l.* for one of the windows of the Westminster Chapter House. The list of subscribers numbered 300, and included the names of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson, Whittier, and the late H. W. Longfellow. Independent of the American contributions the total sum as yet collected amounts to 4,000*l.*, of which 2,000*l.* will be required for the monument, so that about 1,500*l.* more is still needed to make up the amount necessary for the completion of the entire work of restoring the windows of the Chapter House. Contributions may be sent direct to the Dean, or to Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand.

THE BORDESLEY RITUAL CASE.—The parishioners of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, at their Easter Vestry, on Monday, passed resolutions (with only one dissentient) repudiating all proceedings in connection with the prosecution of their Vicar, the Rev. R. W. Enraght, condemning the prosecution and its promoters; and expressing their determination to use all legitimate means to prevent his eviction, and to appeal to the proper authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, to disallow further action against him. Copies of the resolutions were ordered to be sent to the Queen, to the Bishop of the diocese and the Proctors in Convocations for the diocese, to the Archbishops and the other Bishops and clergy of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, to the Prime Minister, to the Home Secretary, and to the patrons of the benefice.

THE REV. S. F. GREEN'S IMPRISONMENT was last week made the subject of a question by Mr. Hubbard in the House of Commons, in reply to which Mr. Gladstone said that there was really no way

of effecting the rev. gentleman's release so long as he continued contumacious, and that legislative intervention must be left to the "high authorities" answerable for the Public Worship Act. The *Guardian* considers the reply disappointing, for it can hardly be contended that the Government is free from all obligations to attempt to redress a grievance because they themselves when in Opposition had nothing to do with imposing it. Meanwhile, what is to be done, who can move, who ought to move in the matter? It suggests that if the Archbishops can do little in the way of legislative proposal they might take action otherwise. They can hardly allow the challenge of the Prime Minister to remain unnoticed. But if they come forward as mediators, the contending parties must show some disposition to accept mediation, and to make such sacrifices as this acceptance demands. The Church Association might even from their own point of view be satisfied with the heavy penalty, and allow Mr. Green to be set free. Yet they make no sign, and allow events to move on to an end, which all except themselves see to be likely to be fatal to their avowed object and principles. "But," continues the *Guardian*, "we feel bound also in and out to avow once more that we cannot absolve Mr. Green and those who support him from their share of responsibility. It is, we suppose, certain that his imprisonment would long ago have been at an end had he consented to submit to Episcopal authority, and to accept a standard of Ritual established under that authority."

THE BISHOP OF SYDNEY and Metropolitan of Australia, the Most Rev. Frederick Barker, died at San Remo on the 6th inst., at the age of seventy-four.



DONIZETTI'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA.—*Il Duca d'Alba* is in rehearsal at the San Carlo, Naples. That it will be given at every musical town in Italy may be taken for granted; as also that the vast majority of opera-goers—who love music for itself, and who (pace the "advanced" school) are by no means inclined to believe that Italian opera is dead, or even dying; that we are never more to listen to the flowing melodies of Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Auber (as much influenced by Mozart and Rossini as Rossini was influenced by Haydn and Mozart), together with other minstrels to whom song came as a natural utterance, and whose melodies, issuing from the primeval source, must live for ever—will have an ardent desire to hear it as soon as possible in England. For this result, devoutly to be wished, we must look to Mr. Gye, whose great establishment, since the beginning, five-and-thirty years ago, has owed so much of its success to certain operas by the distinguished Bergamese composer, and so many of whose most esteemed *prime donne* have earned their fame as representatives of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

NEW YORK (Correspondence).—The *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, with Madame Minnie Hauk as Selika, has achieved an extraordinary success at the New York Academy of Music, and brought Mr. Mapleson's spring season to a successful termination. The critics are unanimous in their eulogies of the magnificent "getting up," and the general merits of the performance, conducted by Signor Arditi. There seems just now to be some doubt whether, after all, the projected new Opera House in New York will be erected. Differences, it would appear, have arisen among the managing directors, Mr. Vanderbilt and one or two other "millionaires" feeling inclined to withdraw from the undertaking, although a vast deal of money has already been thrown into it. The ultimate expenditure threatens, I hear, to double, if not nearly triple that at first contemplated. To build a new grand Opera House without any State "subvention," as, for example, in Paris, is a matter of some peril. The late Mr. Frederick Gye is the only instance to be recorded of such an enterprise on the part of a private individual. When Covent Garden Theatre was burnt down (1856), he built the new Royal Italian Opera House, at his own risk, and opened it in the spring of 1858, on the very day he had announced. He himself did not witness the first performance (the *Huguenots* was selected for the occasion), being prostrate with illness, caused by over-fatigue and incessant anxiety; but he kept his pledge to the public; and the fact must always be recorded, to his honour, as one of the most interesting and remarkable in the history of opera in England.

WAIFS.—We hear from Berlin that Madame Pauline Lucca, being indisposed, is obliged to postpone her engagement at the Royal Opera, and has gone on a short visit to Italy, in the hope of recruiting her health.—The projected performance of Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*, by the "St. Cecilia" Society in Berlin, has been deferred to a later occasion.—The Spanish violinist, Señor Sarasate, has been giving concerts at Milan, exhibiting his talent with equal success as a solo player and leader of quartets, in the latter of which capacities he has yet to be judged by London amateurs and professors of the fiddle.—Señor Gayarre, Mr. Gye's recalcitrant Iberian tenor, has gone to fulfil an engagement at Bilbao. Where will Rome and Donizetti's unearthed *Duca d'Alba* find his substitute?—Bizet's *Carmen*, owing, as we learn from a correspondent in Florence, to the worse than mediocrity of the performance, has not been attractive at the Pagliano. So much the worse for the Pagliano and the Florentines, always the last to understand the merits of anything in the operatic way that, by accident, oversteps the boundaries of their somewhat limited faculty of appreciation.—The Festival at Rome in honour of the dramatic poet Metastasio is postponed till next year. The monument will be erected in the Piazza San Silvestro.—The theatres in Madrid, without exception, are to undergo supervision, with a view to such alterations and modifications as may ensure, in a greater or lesser degree, the safety of the public in case of fire. The catastrophe at the Ring Theatre in Vienna, lamentable as it was, would seem to have made an impression so deep and universal that much good is likely to come of it.—The library of the theatre in Algiers, recently destroyed by fire, was insured for upwards of 200,000 francs.—Tamberlik, the famous Russian tenor, is singing, with his company, at Valladolid.



THE TURF.—Of late years lessees of race courses in all directions have been in the habit of liberally providing for holiday-makers, recognising the undoubted fact that for a very large proportion of the masses there is no attraction greater than that of racing. Hence close upon thirty meetings, including those of local hunts, have been held in various parts of the kingdom during Easter week. To get some idea of the popularity the sport has attained one had only to be present at Kempton Park on Monday last, where, perhaps, the largest crowd assembled ever seen on a suburban racecourse, and on as lovely a day as Easter holiday-makers could desire. But of course the only meeting of any real importance during the week has

been the Craven, at Newmarket, which many old-fashioned racegoers still hold to be the legitimate opening of the season. On the opening day backers of favourites and followers of recent form met with a severe blow when, in the Double Trial Plate, Petticoat, the recent Brocklesby winner, with 2 to 1 on her, notwithstanding her 5lb. penalty, was beaten by Pebble, whom she beat in that race easily. As much as 20 to 1 might have been had against the winner. The important Biennial Stakes were looked on as a match between Kingdom and Lord Falmouth's Little Sister, the latter being made favourite. The filly, however, was easily beaten, and Kingdom, who was considered to have "won like a racehorse," came from 12 to 8 to 1 for the Derby, Little Sister naturally going back many points. In a match Mowerina failed to give Golden Eye 1st. 3lbs.; but this will not damage her reputation as a stud matron, which she is now about to become. On the second day the Newmarket Handicap only produced six runners, last year's winner being made the favourite, with Archer up. However, he could not even get a place, and the race was won by Springtide, the second favourite. The Column Produce Stakes was perhaps the most interesting race of the day, as Little Sister was again called on to perform. In the betting St. Marguerite was preferred to her, but could only get third in a field of five, and Little Sister was not placed. The winner turned up in Paragon, who started at 4 to 1. The poor performance of Little Sister had the effect of sending back Kingdom, who beat her the day before, two points in the Derby betting. Altogether the Craven Meeting was flat, the fields ruling very meagre in themselves, and especially so considering the enormous number of horses in training at Newmarket.—The very serious illness of Lord Stamford has caused much genuine sympathy among Turf circles, and among his sporting friends generally.

BICYCLING.—The fourth race for the Hundred Miles' Championship of the World was run at Leicester on Saturday last. F. Lees, of Sheffield, was the winner, doing the distance in 6 hours 49 min. 20 sec., and beating F. Wood, of Leicester, and twelve other competitors by five laps of the ground.

FOOTBALL.—The final tie in the Welsh Association Challenge Cup was won on Saturday last, at Wrexham, by the Druids, who beat Northwick by five goals to nothing.—The Edinburgh Hibernians have played a drawn game (Association) with the Blackburn Olympic; but the latter have been beaten by Notts Forest.—The Glasgow Rangers have inflicted a hollow defeat on Aston Villa (Birmingham).—The famous Vale of Leven team, who are still on their Easter tour, have met the Blackburn Rovers and beaten them by two goals to nil.

LACROSSE.—At Huddersfield, where the game excited a good deal of interest, being comparatively unknown in that district, two teams of twelve a-side, representing North and South of England, have played a match, which after a very close struggle resulted in a victory for the North.

CRICKET.—The season may be said to have commenced with the Colts Match at Nottingham, which ended in a draw. For the Eleven, Gunn—of whom great things were expected last year—began well by putting together 66.—Another report of "tall" scoring has come to hand from Australia, where the Richmond Eleven, in a match with St. Kilda, scored 647 for eight wickets in their first innings, of which S. Morris contributed 280.

AQUATICS.—Hanlan has got into hard work again on the Thames for his coming match with Trickett, and though it seems any odds on him, he evidently does not intend to be "caught napping." A large number of persons are attracted every day to the river-side to obtain if only a glimpse at the famous sculler.

ANGLING.—The trout season, which in the Devonshire and some few early streams began some weeks ago, has now become pretty general, though we must wait till next month for most of the waters which hold the larger varieties of *Salmo fario*. The Thames trout season opened as usual on the first of this month, a day appropriate enough for the purpose, as those who took advantage of it for endeavouring to capture this fish, which is one *sui generis*, and the most beautiful fish in the world, found that they had indeed been on a fool's errand. Since then hardly one of any size has been taken, the east wind having been much against the big fish showing themselves, or at least being moved to take either the spinning or live bait. The reports from different districts however, are satisfactory as to the supply of these spotted beauties, though as all who are in the habit of fishing for them know they are few and far between. The result of the endeavours of Mr. Forbes to stock the Thames with trout from his breeding establishment has not been satisfactory, for, with exception of the High Wycombe breed, the common brown trout does not seem to take kindly to the Thames. We understand, however, that for the last two years Mr. Forbes has been breeding from ova obtained from Thames trout themselves; and this we think is likely to bring forth better fruit. Some anglers would like to make the Thames entirely a trout river, while others advocate the destruction of the jack in it as far as possible. But these are more or less selfish and exclusive views. The Thames is not only a great national and especially metropolitan playground, but it has been for generations essentially a free angling river for all classes, and particularly for the poorer classes of Londoners. And so it should remain, and as regards the kind of fish to be preserved and caught in it, the more kinds in it the better, from the salmon (if we ever get it back there) to the stickleback, so that there is something to be had at almost all times by all classes. It is a remarkable fact that the Thames actually does contain a larger number of species of fish than any river in the United Kingdom, and, as far as we know, in the world.

RACQUETS.—The Inter-University matches have resulted in favour of Cambridge, in the Double-Handed Game Cobbold and Lucas of Cambridge beating Leslie and Kemp of Oxford, and in the Single C. A. Studd, of Cambridge, beat Lucas. Of the Double Matches each University has now won thirteen, and of the Single the Dark Blues have won fifteen and the Light eleven.

THE INFLUENCE AND PROSPECTS OF THE "PRE-RAPHAELITE" SCHOOL.—The death of Mr. Dante G. Rossetti makes yet another breach in the lines of a movement which has certainly left a strong mark on modern Art and Literature. Whether that movement has been in the right direction, whether it has improved Art and elevated the public mind, are interesting questions, which at the present time may not, perhaps, be very satisfactorily answered. It has undoubtedly brought with it some benefits, some good; but we cannot help feeling that in the main its tendency has been distinctly wrong. Its chief characteristic is a certain pardonable shrinking from the facts—the ugly facts—of modern life, and a seeking for relief from them in the revival of the heroic abstract symbolism of mediæval thought. This, it seems to us, is the main idea with which the "school" started; in itself commendable, and in some measure necessary. It is, after all, but natural to seek refuge from the horrors of an iron mechanism, such as distinguishes our times, in the fervent singleness of spirit, the noble aspirations, the simplicity, and the mystic romance of the Middle Ages. So far, so good. But the modern mediævals forgot the spirit in the letter. They meant well, but instead of appropriating the undercurrent of strong, true feeling, which alone makes mediæval Art worthy, and turning it into modern channels to revivify and ennoble modern life, they have, with rare exceptions, given us nothing but reproductions and imitations of mediæval crudities of manner and imperfection of means. The result is that for the most part their work is "not understood of the people," can, indeed, be understood only of the very few.

The mistake lies wholly in the determined shutting out of the present. To ignore the present is by no means to do away with it. We may shut ourselves up with our books and our canvasses, and revel in every sort of imaginative mysticism, but for all that the inexorable present, with its ugliness and harshness, remains—stares us in the face, in spite of ourselves. The simple truth is that for any man, be he painter, or poet, or what not, who perceives the chaotic and deadly condition of things nowadays, to do anything in the way of helping his fellows to something higher and better, he must face matters as they are, and pick out the true from the sham, the lovely from the unlovely, and the gentle and the reverent from the brutal and the mocking. He must catch the fervour and overpowering earnestness of mediæval times, but he must express it in modern forms; he must touch men's hearts with healthy, vigorous sentiment, rather than their intellects with morbid imaginings or the dry archaisms of a dead era.

MADNESS AND CRIME.—The plea of insanity is nowadays so frequently set up on behalf of persons accused of murder either at the trial or subsequent to it, that it seems to be a matter of pressing necessity that some definite principle should be agreed upon with regard to its value as a defence, both in a moral and a legal sense. The Lamson case, still under consideration, will naturally occur to the reader, but it happens that there are at this moment other cases of a somewhat similar nature awaiting decision. One is that of an undoubted lunatic, an inmate of Colney Hatch Asylum, who, the other day, suddenly attacked a fellow inmate with a spade, and killed him before the attendant had time to interfere; and another the case of Prince de Looz, in Belgium, who, having quarrelled with one M. Charles about the payment of the trifling sum of five francs for legal expenses, deliberately drew a revolver, and shot him in the breast. We seem to have got into the bad habit of assuming that whenever a person of education and culture takes, or attempts, the life of a fellow creature, he must of necessity be insane, and forthwith active search is made amongst his family records for evidence of eccentricity on the part of some relative or ancestor, near or remote. On the other hand, the offences committed by men and women in the lower ranks of society seem to be regarded as the natural outcome of their mental and social condition, and the plea of madness is seldom raised on their behalf except in cases of infanticide by unfortunate women who have been led astray from the paths of virtue. It is curious too that this plea so frequently urged in murder cases is very rarely set up in reply to charges of less enormity, and we cannot help thinking that in our natural repugnance to capital punishment lies the explanation of this fact. Had Lamson been convicted of forgery or fraud, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment or penal servitude, we greatly doubt whether any mercy would have been sued for on the ground of insanity, and yet if the general plea is good in the one case, why should it not be so in the other? It is well known that there are many different phases of madness, and that very few of the many lunatics now in our asylums are regarded as "dangerous," that is as having homicidal tendencies, these being very properly kept under strict restraint, whilst the others are allowed comparative liberty of action. In the interest of public safety it is necessary that the plea of insanity, in murder cases at all events, should be most jealously examined and tested, each individual case being of course settled according to its particular circumstances; no acquittal being permitted, unless it be clearly shown that the accused was really afflicted with some one of well-known forms of homicidal mania.

A CULINARY CONGRESS is to be held at Leipsic next February by the German Hotel-Keepers' Association.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS, NEXT DECEMBER, is to be observed by eight French expeditions, four in the Northern and four in the Southern Hemisphere.

GERMANY IS PREPARING A REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.—The first volume has just been published at Carlsruhe, and has met with general approbation.

BABY ALLIGATORS AS PETS are being introduced across the Atlantic, and one Florida merchant advertises for 10,000 infant saurians to supply fashionable circles in the Northern States.

AN ATTEMPT TO REAR TROUT IN CEYLON is now being made. A supply of ova has been lodged in large tanks, and the fish when hatched are to be turned into the Nuwara Eliya lake.

THE LATE CZAR'S WIDOW, Princess Dolgorouki, has removed her immense fortune from Russia, and placed it in the care of the German Imperial Bank, where she also intends to deposit her jewellery.

A CURIOUS LUTHER COLLECTION has been bought by Berlin. There are nearly 5,000 pieces, comprising portraits of the great Reformer at all times of his life, pictures of his family, chief followers, adversaries, &c.—a complete pictorial history of the Reformation, some of the drawings being very rare and ancient.

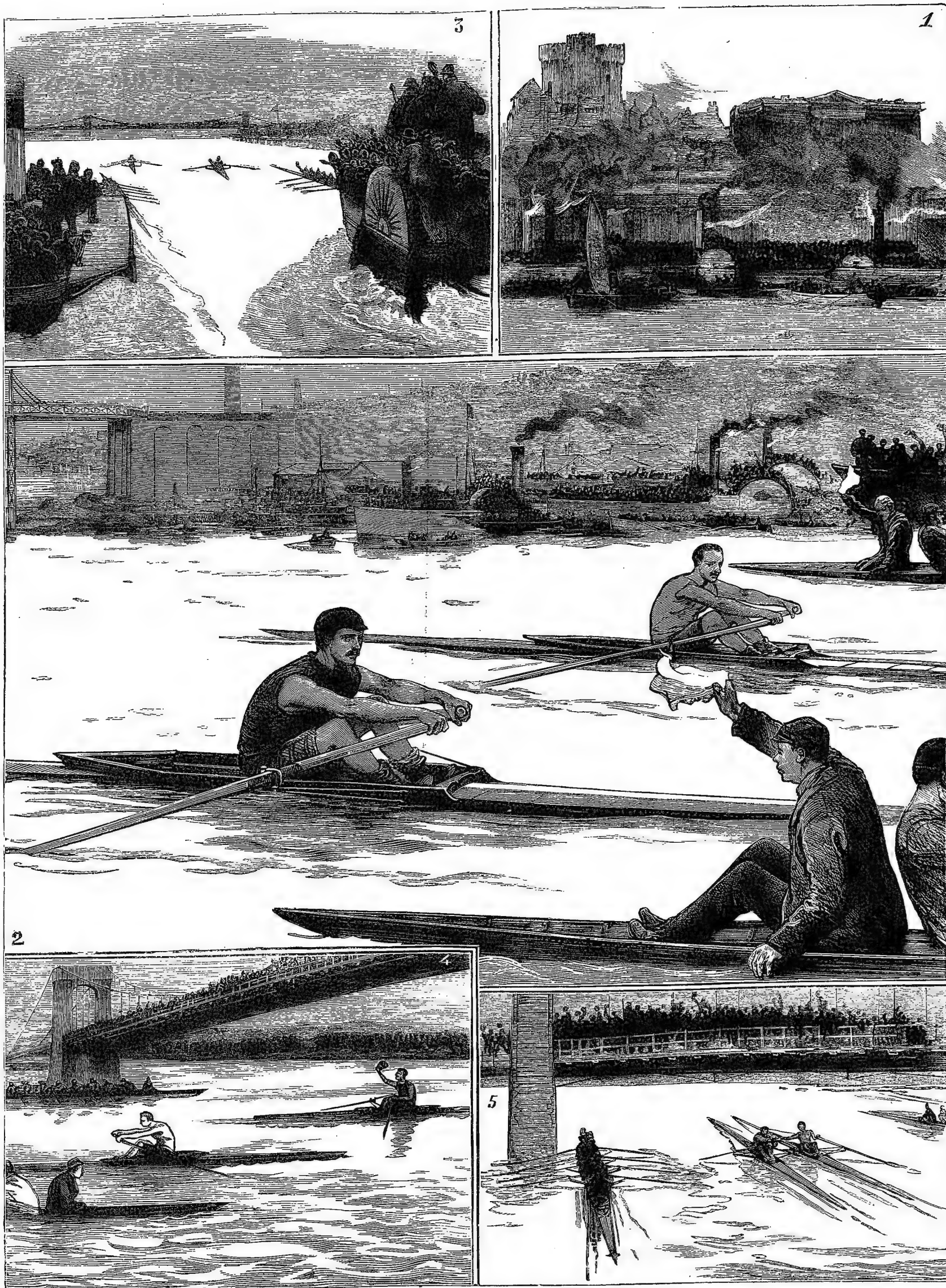
A PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY IN PENNSYLVANIA is suffering complete quarantine just now. So severe a small-pox epidemic is raging at South Bethlehem that the city is cut off from the outside world, schools are closed, the factories are empty, and deaths are constant. Not one of the suffering inhabitants had been vaccinated, so far as is known.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS IN PARIS are beginning to weary even the artistic world, who estimate that in four months they will have been called upon to inspect over 6,000 paintings. During February and March alone twelve exhibitions were opened; this month has been equally fruitful, and next month there will be the Salon with its 2,500 works, besides minor displays. This art-plethora has already had some effect in bringing down prices. Returning to the Salon, over 1,500 pieces of sculpture have been sent in, chiefly busts.

A ROSETTE CZARY is the newest entertainment introduced in San Francisco as a variety of the every-day society dances. Each lady wears a dress in imitation of a satin rosette, and during the evening a huge coloured rosette is brought in, round the edges of which are placed numbered slips of paper. The ladies and gentlemen drawing corresponding numbers become partners, and the holders of two slips inscribed "Prize" are named King and Queen of the evening, the King taking from the apex of the rosette a Crown of Beauty for the Queen and a bag of gold dollars for himself.

THOSE DAINY TASTEFUL PASTEBOARD EASTER EGGS filled with toys which have this week delighted the children are manufactured in Paris out of the very commonest materials, the Paris *Figaro* tells us. The paste of which they are composed is made of old dirty rags, which smell terribly strong when put into the egg-shaped plaster moulds. When cast the eggs are sent to the shops at the cost of 2d. apiece, and given to men to paint and tint some delicate hue, finally passing into the hands of women to receive their finishing touches, and to be filled with dolls, leaden soldiers, &c., and being sold at high prices.

AN INGENIOUS BEGGAR has lately been swindling charitable people in New York. A gentleman walking along, according to the New York *Christian Union*, recently saw a shabby-genteel man spring forward, seize a crust from the gutter, and begin to devour it ravenously. This proof of hunger was so strong, that the gentleman gave the poor fellow a considerable sum of money. He then stepped into a neighbouring shop, where he detailed the pitiful case, only to be told that the beggar carried a crust with him which he alternately threw down and picked up, the fraud being so successful that he earned from 17. to 27. daily.



1. Before the Start.—2. "Neck and Neck;" A Minute After the Start.—3. In Sight of the Chain Bridge.—4. The End of the Race.—5. After the Finish: Shaking Hands.
THE SCULLING MATCH ON THE TYNE BETWEEN HANLAN AND BOYD FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

She had turned towards him, and was sitting before him with her face looking into his, when suddenly he had her in his arms.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XLI.

FALSE TIDINGS

BUT there was another household which the false tidings of Lord Hampstead's death reached that same night. The feelings excited at Trafford had been very keen,—parental agony, maternal hope, disappointment, and revenge; but in that other household there was suffering quite as great. Mr. Fay himself did not devote much time during the day either to the morning or the evening newspapers. Had he been alone at Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird's he would have heard nothing of the false tidings. But sitting in his inner room, Mr. Pogson read the third edition of the *Evening Advertiser*, and then saw the statement, given with many details. "We," said the statement, "have sent over to the office of our contemporary, and have corroborated the facts." Then the story was repeated. Pushing his way through a gate at Gimberley Green Lord Hampstead's horse had tumbled down, and all the field had ridden over him. He had been picked up dead, and his body had been carried home to Gorse Hall. Now Lord Hampstead's name had become familiar in King's Court. Tribbledale had told how the young lord had become enamoured of Zachary Fay's daughter, and was ready to marry her at a moment's notice. The tale had been repeated to old Littlebird by young Littlebird, and at last even to Mr. Pogson himself. There had been, of course, much doubt in King's Court as to the very improbable story. But some inquiries had been made, and there was now a general belief in its truth. When Mr. Pogson read the account of

the sad tragedy he paused a moment to think what he would do, then opened his door, and called for Zachary Fay. They who had known the Quaker long always called him Zachary, or Friend Zachary, or Zachary Fay. "My friend," said Mr. Pogson, "have you read this yet?" and he handed him the paper.

"I never have much time for the newspaper till I get home at night," said the clerk, taking the sheet that was offered him.

"You had better read it, perhaps, as I have heard your name mentioned, I know not how properly, with that of the young lord." Then the Quaker, bringing his spectacles down from his forehead over his eyes, slowly read the paragraph. As he did so Mr. Pogson looked at him carefully. But the Quaker showed very little emotion by his face. "Does it concern you, Zachary?"

"I know the young man, Mr. Pogson. Though he be much out of my own rank, circumstances have brought him to my notice. I shall be grieved if this be true. With thy permission, Mr. Pogson, I will lock up my desk and return home at once." To this Mr. Pogson of course assented, recommending the Quaker to put the newspaper into his pocket.

Zachary Fay, as he walked to the spot where he was wont to find the omnibus, considered much as to what he might best do when he reached home. Should he tell the sad tidings to his girl, or should he leave her to hear it when further time should have confirmed the truth? To Zachary himself it seemed too probable that it should be true. Hunting to him, in his absolute ignorance of what hunting meant, seemed to be an occupation so full of danger that the wonder

was that the hunting world had not already been exterminated. And then there was present to him a feeling, as there is to so many of us, that the grand thing which Fortune seemed to offer him was too good to be true. It could hardly be that he should live to see his daughter the mother of a future British peer! He had tried to school himself not to wish it, telling himself that such wishes were vain, and such longings wicked; he had said much to himself as to the dangers of rank and titles and wealth for those who were not born to them. He had said something also of that family tragedy which had robbed his own life of most of its joys, and which seemed to have laid so heavy a burden on his girl's spirit. Going backwards and forwards morning and evening to his work, he had endeavoured to make his own heart acknowledge that the marriage was not desirable; but he had failed;—and had endeavoured to reconcile the failure to his conscience by telling himself falsely that he as a father had been anxious only for the welfare of his child. Now he felt the blow terribly on her account, feeling sure that his girl's heart had been given to the young man; but he felt it also on his own. It might be, nevertheless, that the report would prove untrue. Had the matter been one in which he was not himself so deeply interested, he would certainly have believed it to be untrue, he being a man by his nature not prone to easy belief. It would, however, be wiser, he said to himself as he left the omnibus at the "Duchess of Edinburgh," to say nothing as yet to Marion. Then he put the paper carefully into his breast coat pocket, and considered how he might best hide his feelings as to the sad news. But all this was in vain.

The story had already found its way down to Paradise Row. Mrs. Demijohn was as greedy of news as her neighbours, and would generally send round the corner for a halfpenny evening journal. On this occasion she did so, and within two minutes of the time in which the paper had been put into her hands exclaimed to her niece almost with ecstasy, "Clara, what do you think? That young lord who comes here to see Marion Fay has gone and got himself killed out hunting."

"Lord Hampstead!" shouted Clara. "Got himself killed! Laws, aunt, I can't believe it!" In her tone, also, there was something almost of exultation. The glory that had been supposed to be awaiting Marion Fay was almost too much for the endurance of any neighbour. Since it had become an ascertained fact that Lord Hampstead had admired the girl, Marion's popularity in the Row had certainly decreased. Mrs. Duffer believed her no longer to be handsome; Clara had always thought her to be pert; Mrs. Demijohn had expressed her opinion that the man was an idiot; and the landlady at the "Duchess of Edinburgh" had wittily asserted that "young marquises were not to be caught with chaff." There was no doubt a sense of relief in Clara Demijohn's mind when she heard that this special young marquis had been trampled to death in the hunting field, and carried home a corpse.

"I must go and tell the poor girl," said Clara, immediately. "Leave it alone," said the old woman. "There will be plenty to tell her, let alone you." But such occasions occur so rarely that it does not do not to take advantage of them. In ordinary life events are so unfrequent, and when they do arrive they give such a flavour of salt to hours which are generally tedious, that sudden misfortunes come as godsend, almost even when they happen to ourselves. Even a funeral gives a tasteful break to the monotony of our usual occupations, and small-pox in the next street is a gratifying excitement. Clara soon got possession of the newspaper, and with it in her hand ran across the street to No. 17. Miss Fay was at home, and in a minute or two came down to Miss Demijohn in the parlour.

It was only during the minute or two that Clara began to think how she should break the tidings to her friend, or in any way to realise the fact that the "tidings" would require breaking. She had rushed across the street with the important paper in her hand, proud of the fact that she had something great to tell. But during that minute or two it did occur to her that a choice of words was needed for such an occasion. "Oh, Miss Fay," she said, "have you heard?"

"Heard what?" asked Marion. "I do not know how to tell you, it is so terrible! I have only just seen it in the newspaper, and have thought it best to run over and let you know."

"Has anything happened to my father?" asked the girl. "It isn't your father. This is almost more dreadful, because he is so young." Then that bright pink hue spread itself over Marion's face; but she stood speechless with her features almost hardened by the resolution which she had already formed within her not to betray the feelings of her heart before this other girl. The news, let it be what it might, must be of him! There was no one else "so young," of whom it was probable that this young woman would speak to her after this fashion. She stood silent, motionless, conveying nothing of her feelings by her face, unless one might have read something from the deep flush of her complexion. "I don't know how to say it," said Clara Demijohn. "There; you had better take the paper and read for yourself. It's in the last column but one near the bottom. 'A Fatal Accident in the Field!' You'll see it."

Marion took the paper, and read the words without faltering or moving a limb. Why would not the cruel young woman go and leave her to her sorrow? Why did she stand there looking at her, as though desirous to probe to the bottom the sad secret of her bosom? She kept her eyes still fixed upon the paper, not knowing where else to turn them,—for she would not look into her tormentor's face for pity. "Ain't it sad?" said Clara Demijohn.

Then there came a deep sigh. "Sad," she said, repeating the word; "sad! Yes, it's sad. I think, if you don't mind, I'll ask you to leave me now. Oh, yes; there's the newspaper."

"Perhaps you'd like to keep it for your father." Here Marion shook her head. "Then I'll take it back to aunt. She's hardly looked at it yet. When she came to the paragraph, of course, she read it out; and I wouldn't let her have any peace till she gave it me to bring over."

"I wish you'd leave me," said Marion Fay.

Then with a look of mingled surprise and anger she left the room, and returned across the street to No. 10. "She doesn't seem to me to care a straw about it," said the niece to her aunt; "but she got up just as highly tighty as usual and asked me to go away."

When the Quaker came to the door, and opened it with his latch-key, Marion was in the passage ready to receive him. Till she had heard the sound of the lock she had not moved from the room, hardly from the position, in which the other girl had left her. She had sunk into a chair which had been ready for her, and there she had remained thinking over it. "Father," she said, laying her hand upon his arm as she went to meet him, and looking up into his face;—"father?"

"My child!"

"Have you heard any tidings in the City?"

"Have you heard any, Marion?"

"Is it true then?" she said, seizing both his arms as though to support her.

"Who knows? Who can say that it be true till further tidings shall come? Come in, Marion. It is not well that we should discuss it here."

"It is true? Oh, father;—oh, father; it will kill me."

"Nay, Marion, not that. After all, the lad was little more than a stranger to thee."

"A stranger?"

"How many weeks is it since first thou sawst him? And how often? But two or three times. I am sorry for him;—if it be true; if it be true! I liked him well."

"But I have loved him."

"Nay, Marion, nay; you should moderate yourself."

"I will not moderate myself." Then she disengaged herself from his arm. "I loved him,—with all my heart, and all my strength; nay, with my whole soul. If it be so as that paper says, then I must die too. Oh, father, is it true, think you?"

He paused a while before he answered, examining himself what it might be best that he should say as to her welfare. As for himself, he hardly knew what he believed. These papers were always in search of paragraphs, and would put in the false and true alike,—the false perhaps the sooner, so as to please the taste of their readers. But if it were true, then how bad would it be to give her false hopes! "There need be no ground to despair," he said, "till we shall hear again in the morning."

"I know he is dead."

"Not so, Marion. You can know nothing. If thou wilt bear thyself like a strong-hearted girl, as thou art, I will do this for thee. I will go across to the young lord's house at Hendon at once, and inquire there as to his safety. They will surely know if aught of ill has happened to their master."

So it was done. The poor old man, after his long day's labour, without waiting for his evening meal, taking only a crust with him in his pocket, got into a cab on that cold November evening, and had himself driven by suburban streets and lanes to Hendon Hall. Here the servants were much surprised and startled by the inquiries made. They had heard nothing. Lord Hampstead and his sister

were expected home on the following day. Dinner was to be prepared for them, and fires had already been lighted in the rooms. "Dead!" "Killed out hunting!" "Trodden to death in the field!" Not a word of it had reached Hendon Hall. Nevertheless the housekeeper, when the paragraph was shown to her, believed every word of it. And the servants believed it. Thus the poor Quaker returned home with but very little comfort.

Marion's condition during that night was very sad, though she struggled to bear up against her sorrow in compliance with her father's instructions. There was almost nothing said as she sat by him while he ate his supper. On the next morning, too, she rose to give him his breakfast, having fallen asleep through weariness a hundred times during the night, to wake again within a minute or two to the full sense of her sorrow. "Shall I know soon?" she said, as he left the house.

"Surely some one will know," he said; "and I will send thee word."

But as he left the house the real facts had already been made known at the "Duchess of Edinburgh." One of the morning papers had a full, circumstantial, and fairly true account of the whole matter. "It was not his lordship at all," said the good-natured landlady coming out to him as he passed the door.

"Not Lord Hampstead?"

"Not at all."

"He was not killed?"

"It wasn't him as was hurt, Mr. Fay. It was another of them young men,—one Mr. Walker; only son of Watson, Walker, and Warren. And whether he be dead or alive nobody knows; but they do say there wasn't a whole bone left in his body. It's all here, and I was a going to bring it you. I suppose Miss Fay did take it badly?"

"I knew the young man," said the Quaker, hurrying back to his own house with the paper,—anxious if possible not to declare to the neighbourhood that the young lord was in truth a suitor for his daughter's hand. "And I thank thee, Mrs. Grimley, for thy care. The suddenness of it all frightened my poor girl."

"That'll comfort her up," said Mrs. Grimley cheerily. "From all we hear, Mr. Fay, she do have reason to be anxious for this young lord. I hope he'll be spared to her, Mr. Fay, and show himself a true man."

Then the Quaker returned with his news,—which was accepted by him and by them all as trustworthy. "Now my girl will be happy again?"

"Yes, father."

"But my child has told the truth to her old father at last."

"Had I told you any untruth?"

"No, indeed, Marion."

"I said that I am not fit to be his wife, and I am not. Nothing is changed in all that. But when I heard that he was— But, father, we will not talk of it now. How good you have been to me, I shall never forget,—and how tender!"

"Who should be soft-hearted if not a father?"

"They are not all like you. But you have been always good and gentle to your girl. How good and how gentle we cannot always see;—can we? But I have seen it now, father."

As he went into the City, about an hour after his proper time, he allowed his heart to rejoice at the future prospects of his girl. He did not believe that there would be a marriage between her and her noble lover. She had declared her love to him,—to him, her father, and after that she would surely do as they would have her. Something had reached even his ears of the coyness of girls, and it was not displeasing to him that his girl had not been at once ready to give herself with her easy promise to her lover. How strong she had looked, even in the midst of her sufferings, on the previous evening! That she should be weaker this morning, less able to restrain her tears, more prone to tremble as he spoke to her, was but natural. The shock of the grief will often come after the sorrow is over. He knew that, and told himself that there need be nothing,—need not at least be much,—to fear.

But it was not so with Marion as she lay all the morning convulsed almost with the violence of her emotions. Her own weakness was palpable to herself, as she struggled to regain her breath, struggled to repress her sobs, struggled to move about the house, and be as might be any other girl. "Better just lie thee down till thy father return, and leave me to bustle through the work," said the old Quaker woman who had lived with them through all their troubles. Then Marion yielded, and laid herself on the bed till the hour had come in which her father might be expected.

CHAPTER XLII.

NEVER, NEVER, TO COME AGAIN

THE trouble to Hampstead occasioned by the accident was considerable, as was also for the first twenty-four hours his anxiety and that of his sister as to the young man's fate. He got back to Gorse Hall early in the day, as there was no more hunting after the killing of that fast fox. There had been a consultation as to the young man, and it had been held to be best to have him taken to the inn at which he had been living, as there would be room there for any of his friends who might come to look after him. But during the whole of that day inquiries were made at Gorse Hall after Lord Hampstead himself, so general had been the belief that he was the victim. From all the towns around, from Peterborough, Oundle, Siltton, and Thrapstone, there came mounted messengers, with expressions of hope and condolence as to the young lord's broken bones.

And then the condition of their poor neighbour was so critical that they found it to be impossible to leave Gorse Hall on the next day, as they had intended. He had become intimate with them, and had breakfasted at Gorse Hall on that very morning. In one way Hampstead felt that he was responsible, as, had he not been in the way, poor Walker's horse would have been next to the gate, and would not have attempted the impossible jump. They were compelled to put off the journey till the Monday. "Will go by the 9:30 train," said Hampstead, who, in spite of poor Walker's mangled body, was still determined to see Marion on that day. On the Saturday morning it became known to him and his sister that the false report had been in the London newspapers, and then they had found themselves compelled to send telegrams to every one who knew them, to the Marquis, and to the lawyer in London, to Mr. Roberts, and to the housekeeper at Hendon Hall. Telegrams were also sent by Lady Amaldina to Lady Persiflage, and especially to Lord Llwddylthw. Vivian sent others to the Civil Service generally. Hautboy was very eager to let everybody know the truth at the Pandemonium. Never before had so many telegrams been sent from the little office at Gimberley. But there was one for which Hampstead demanded priority, writing it himself, and himself giving it into the hands of the despatching young lady, the daughter of the Gimberley grocer, who no doubt understood the occasion perfectly.

"To Marion Fay, 17, Paradise Row, Holloway.

"It was not I who was hurt. Shall be at No. 17 by three on Monday."

"I wonder whether they heard it down at Trafford," said Lady Amaldina to Lady Frances. On this subject they were informed before the day was over, as a long message came from Mr. Roberts in compliance with the instructions from the Marquis. "Because if they did what a terrible disappointment my aunt will have to bear."

"Do not say anything so horrible," said Lady Frances.

"I always look upon Aunt Clara as though she were not quite in her right senses about her own children. She thinks a great injury is done her because her son is not the heir. Now for a moment she will have believed that it was so." This, however, was a view of the matter which Lady Frances found herself unable to discuss.

"He's going to get well after all," said Hautboy that evening, just before dinner. He had been running over to the inn every hour to ask after the condition of poor Walker. At first the tidings had been gloomy enough. The doctor had only been able to say that he needn't die because of his broken bones. Then late in the afternoon there arrived a surgeon from London who gave something of a stronger hope. The young man's consciousness had come back to him, and he had expressed an appreciation for brandy and water. It was this fact which had seemed so promising to young Lord Hautboy. On the Saturday there came Mrs. Walker and Miss Walker, and before the Sunday evening it was told how the patient had signified his intention of hunting again on the first possible opportunity. "I always knew he was a brick," said Hautboy, as he repeated the story, "because he always would ride at everything."

"I don't think he'll ever ride again at the fence just out of Gimberley Wood," said Lord Hampstead. They were all able to start on the Monday morning without serious concern, as the accounts from the injured man's bedroom were still satisfactory. That he had broken three ribs, a collar-bone, and an arm seemed to be accounted as nothing. Nor was there much made of the scalp wound on his head, which had come from a kick the horse had given him in the struggle. As his brains were still there, that did not much matter. His cheek had been cut open by a stake on which he fell, but the scar, it was thought, would only add to his glories. It was the pressure of the horse which had fallen across his body which the doctors feared. But Hautboy very rightly argued that there couldn't be much danger, seeing that he had recovered his taste for brandy and water. "If it wasn't for that," said Hautboy, "I don't think I'd have gone away and left him."

Lord Hampstead found, when he reached home on the Monday morning that his troubles were not yet over. The housekeeper came out and wept, almost with her arms round his neck. The groom, and the footman, and the gardener, even the cowboy himself, flocked about him, telling stories of the terrible condition in which they had been left after the coming of the Quaker on the Friday evening. "I didn't never think I'd see my lord again," said the cook solemnly. "I didn't a'most hope it," said the housemaid, "after hearing the Quaker gentleman read it all out of the newspaper." Lord Hampstead shook hands with them all, and laughed at the misfortune of the false telegram, and endeavoured to be well pleased with everything, but it occurred to him to think what must have been the condition of Mr. Fay's house that night, when he had come across from Holloway through the darkness and rain to find out for his girl what might be the truth or falsehood of the report which had reached him.

At 3.0 punctually he was in Paradise Row. Perhaps it was not unnatural that even then his advent should create emotion. As he turned down from the main road the very potboy from "The Duchess" rushed up to him, and congratulated him on his escape. "I have had nothing to escape," said Lord Hampstead, trying to pass on. But Mrs. Grimley saw him, and came out to him. "Oh, my lord, we are so thankful;—indeed, we are."

"You are very good, ma'am," said the lord.

"And now, Lord Ampstead, mind and be true to that dear young lady who was well-nigh heart-broke when she heard as it were you who was smashed up."

He was hurrying on, finding it impossible to make any reply to this, when Miss Demijohn, seeing that Mrs. Grimley had been bold enough to address the noble visitor to their humble street, remembering how much she had personally done in the matter, having her mind full of the important fact that she had been the first to give information on the subject to the Row generally, thinking that no such appropriate occasion as this would ever again occur for making personal acquaintance with the lord, rushed out from her own house, and seized the young man's hand before he was able to defend himself. "My lord," she said, "my lord, we were all so depressed when we heard of it."

"Were you, indeed?"

"All the Row was depressed, my lord. But I was the first who knew it. It was I who communicated the sad tidings to Miss Fay. I was, indeed, my lord. I saw it in the *Evening Tell-Tale*, and went across with the paper at once."

"That was very good of you."

"Thank'ee, my lord. And, therefore, seeing you and knowing you,—for we all know you now in Paradise Row—"

"Do you now?"

"Every one of us, my lord. Therefore I thought I'd just make bold to come out and introduce myself. Here's Mrs. Duffer. I hope you'll let me introduce you to Mrs. Duffer of No. 17. Mrs. Duffer, Lord Hampstead. And, oh my lord, it will be such an honour to the Row if anything of that kind should happen."

Lord Hampstead, having with his best grace gone through the ceremony of shaking hands with Mrs. Duffer, who had come up to him and Clara just at the step of the Quaker's house, was at last allowed to knock at the door. Miss Fay would be with him in a minute, said the old woman as she showed him into the sitting-room upstairs.

Marion, as soon as she heard the knock, ran for a moment to her own bed-room. Was it not much to her that he was with her again, not only alive but uninjured, that she should again hear his voice, and see the light of his countenance, and become aware once more of a certain almost heavenly glory which seemed to surround her when she was in his presence? She was aware that on such occasions she felt herself to be lifted out of her ordinarily prosaic life, and to be for a time floating, as it were, in some upper air; among the clouds, indeed;—alas, yes; but among clouds which were silver-lined; in a heaven which could never be her own, but in which she could dwell, though it were but for an hour or two, in ecstasy,—if only he would allow her to do so without troubling her with further prayer. Then there came across her a thought that if only she could so begin this interview with him that it might seem to be an occasion of special joy,—as though it were a thanksgiving because he had come back to her safe,—she might, at any rate for this day, avoid words from him which might drive her again to refuse his great request. He already knew that she loved him, must know of what value to her must be his life, must understand how this had come at first a terrible, crushing, killing sorrow, and then a relief which by the excess of its joy must have been almost too much for her. Could she not let all that be a thing acknowledged between them, which might be spoken of as between dearest friends, without any allusion for the present to that request which could never be granted?

But he, as he waited there a minute or two, was minded to make quite another use of the interview. He was burning to take her in his arms as his own, to press his lips to hers and know that she returned his caress, to have the one word spoken which would alone suffice to satisfy the dominating spirit of the man within him. Had she acceded to his request, then his demand would have been that she should at once become his wife, and he would not have rested at peace till he had reduced her months to weeks. He desired to have it all his own way. He had drawn her into his presence as soon almost as he had seen her. He had forced upon her his love. He had driven her to give him her heart, and to acknowledge that it was so. Of course he must go on with his triumph over her. She

must be his altogether, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet,—and that without delay. His hunting and his yacht, his politics and his friendships, were nothing to him without Marion Fay. When she came into the room, his heart was in sympathy with her, but by no means his mind.

"My lord," she said, letting her hand lie willingly between the pressure of his two, "you may guess what we suffered when we heard the report, and how we felt when we learnt the truth."

"You got my telegram? I sent it as soon as I began to understand how foolish the people had been."

"Oh yes, my lord. It was so good of you!"

"Marion, will you do something for me?"

"What shall I do, my lord?"

"Don't call me 'my lord.'"

"But it is proper."

"It is most improper, and abominable, and unnatural."

"Lord Hampstead!"

"I hate it. You and I can understand each other, at any rate."

"I hope so."

"I hate it from everybody. I can't tell the servants not to do it. They wouldn't understand me. But from you! It seems always as though you were laughing at me."

"Laugh at you!"

"You may if you like it. What is it you may not do with me? If it were really a joke, if you were quizzing, I shouldn't mind it." He held her hand the whole time, and she did not attempt to withdraw it. What did her hand signify? If she could only so manage with him on that day that he should be satisfied to be happy, and not trouble her with any request. "Marion," he said, drawing her towards him.

"Sit down, my lord. Well. I won't. You shan't be called my lord to-day, because I am so happy to see you;—because you have had so great an escape."

"But I didn't have any escape."

If only she could keep him in this way! If he would only talk to her about anything but his passion! "It seemed to me so, of course. Father was broken-hearted about it. He was as bad as I. Think of father going down without his tea to Hendon Hall, and driving the poor people there all out of their wits."

"Everybody was out of his wits."

"I was," she said, bobbing her head at him. She was just so far from him, she thought, as to be safe from any impetuous movement. "And Hannah was nearly as bad." Hannah was the old woman. "You may imagine we had a wretched night of it."

"And all about nothing," said he, falling into her mood in the moment. "But think of poor Walker."

"Yes, indeed! I suppose he has friends, too, who loved him, as—as some people love you. But he is not going to die?"

"I hope not. Who is that young woman opposite who rushed out to me in the street? She says she brought you the news first."

"Miss Demijohn."

"Is she a friend of yours?"

"No," said Marion, blushing as she spoke the word very firmly.

"I am rather glad of that, because I didn't fall in love with her. She introduced me to ever so many of the neighbours. The landlady of the public-house was one, I think."

"I am afraid they have offended you among them."

"Not in the least. I never take offence except when I think people mean it. But now, Marion, say one word to me."

"I have said many words. Have I not said nice words?"

"Every word out of your mouth is like music to me. But there is one word which I am dying to hear."

"What word?" she said. She knew that she should not have asked the question, but it was so necessary for her to put off the evil if it were only for a moment.

"It is whatever word you may choose to use when you speak to me as my wife. My mother used to call me John; the children call me Jack; my friends call me Hampstead. Invent something sweet for yourself. I always call you Marion because I love the sound so dearly."

"Every one calls me Marion."

"No! I never did so till I had told myself that, if possible, you should be my own. Do you remember when you poked the fire for me at Hendon Hall?"

"I do;—I do. It was wrong of me; was it not;—when I hardly knew you?"

"It was beyond measure good of you; but I did not dare to call you Marion then, though I knew your name as well as I do now, Marion! I have it here, written all round my heart." What could she say to a man who spoke to her after this fashion? It was as though an angel from heaven were courting her! If only she could have gone on listening so that nothing further should come of it! "Find some name for me, and tell me that it shall be written round your heart."

"Indeed it is. You know it is, Lord Hampstead."

"But what name?"

"Your friend;—your friend of friends."

"It will not do. It is cold."

"Then it is untrue to her from whom it comes. Do you think that my friendship is cold for you?"

She had turned towards him and was sitting before him with her face looking into his, with her hands clasped as though in assurance of her truth;—when suddenly he had her in his arms and had pressed his lips to hers. In a moment she was standing in the middle of the room. Though he was strong, her strength was sufficient for her. "My lord!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, you are angry with me?"

"My lord, my lord,—I did not think you would treat me like that."

"But, Marion: do you not love me?"

"Have I not told you that I do? Have I not been true and honest to you? Do you not know it all?" But in truth he did not know it all. "And now I must bid you never, never to come again."

"But I shall come. I will come. I will come always. You will not cease to love me?"

"No;—not that—I cannot do that. But you must not come. You have done that which makes me ashamed of myself." At that moment the door was opened, and Mrs. Roden came into the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DI CRINOLA

THE reader must submit to have himself carried back some weeks, —to those days early in January, when Mrs. Roden called upon her son to accompany her to Italy. Indeed, he must be carried back a long way beyond that; but the time during which he need be so detained shall be short. A few paragraphs will suffice to tell so much of the early life of this lady as will be necessary to account for her residence in Paradise Row.

Mary Roden, the lady whom we have known as Mrs. Roden, was left an orphan at the age of fifteen, her mother having died when she was little more than an infant. Her father was an Irish clergyman with no means of his own but what he secured from a small living; but his wife had inherited money amounting to about eight thousand pounds, and this had descended to Mary when her father died. The girl was then taken in charge by a cousin of her own, a lady ten

years her senior, who had lately married, and whom we have since met as Mrs. Vincent, living at Wimbledon. Mr. Vincent had been well connected and well-to-do in the world, and till he died the household in which Mary Roden had been brought up had been luxurious as well as comfortable. Nor did Mr. Vincent die till after his wife's cousin had found a husband for herself. Soon afterwards he was gathered to his fathers, leaving to his widow a comfortable, but not more than a comfortable, income.

The year before his death he and his wife had gone into Italy, rather on account of his health than for pleasure, and had then settled themselves at Verona for a winter—a winter which eventually stretched itself into nearly a year, at the close of which Mr. Vincent died. But before that event took place Mary Roden had become a wife.

At Verona, at first at the house of her own cousin,—which was of course her own home—and afterwards in the society of the place to which the Vincents had been made welcome—Mary met a young man who was known to all the world as the Duke di Crinola. No young man more beautiful to look at, more charming in manners, more ready in conversation was then known in those parts of Italy than this young nobleman. In addition to these good gifts he was supposed to have in his veins the very best blood in all Europe. It was declared on his behalf that he was related to the Bourbons and to the Hapsburg family. Indeed there was very little of the best blood which Europe had produced in the last dozen centuries of which some small proportion was not running in his veins. He was too the eldest son of his father, who, though he possessed the most magnificent palace in Verona, had another equally magnificent in Venice, in which it suited him to live with his Duchess. As the old nobleman did not come often to Verona, and as the young nobleman never went to Venice, the father and son did not see much of each other, an arrangement which was supposed to have its own comforts, as the young man was not disturbed in the possession of his hotel, and as the old man was reported in Verona generally to be arbitrary, hot-tempered, and tyrannical. It was therefore said of the young Duke by his friends that he was nearly as well off as though he had no father at all.

But there were other things in the history of the young Duke which, as they became known to the Vincents, did not seem to be altogether so charming. Though of all the palaces in Verona that in which he lived was by far the most beautiful to look at from the outside, it was not supposed to be furnished in a manner conformable to its external appearance. It was, indeed, declared that the rooms were for the most part bare; and the young Duke never gave the lie to these assertions by throwing them open to his friends. It was said of him also that his income was so small and so precarious that it amounted almost to nothing, that the cross old Duke at Venice never allowed him a shilling and that he had done everything in his power to destroy the hopes of a future inheritance. Nevertheless, he was beautiful to look at in regard to his outward attire, and could hardly have been better dressed had he been able to pay his tailor and shirt-maker quarterly. And he was a man of great accomplishments, who could talk various languages, who could paint, and model, and write sonnets, and dance to perfection. And he could talk of virtue, and in some sort seem to believe in it—though he would sometimes confess of himself that Nature had not endowed him with the strength necessary for the performance of all the good things which he so thoroughly appreciated.

Such as he was he entirely gained the affection of Mary Roden. It is unnecessary here to tell the efforts that were made by Mrs. Vincent to prevent the marriage. Had she been less austere she might, perhaps, have prevailed with the girl. But as she began by pointing out to her cousin the horror of giving herself, who had been born and bred a Protestant, to a Roman Catholic,—and also of bestowing her English money upon an Italian—all that she said was without effect. The state of Mr. Vincent's health made it impossible for them to move, or Mary might perhaps have been carried back to England. When she was told that the man was poor, she declared that there was so much the more reason why her money should be given to relieve the wants of the man she loved. It ended in their being married, and all that Mr. Vincent was able to accomplish was to see that the marriage ceremony should be performed after the fashion both of the Church of England and of the Church of Rome. Mary at the time was more than twenty-one, and was thus able with all the romance of girlhood, to pour her eight thousand pounds into the open hands of her thrice-noble and thrice-beautiful lover.

The Duchino with his young Duchessina went their way rejoicing, and left poor Mr. Vincent to die at Verona. Twelve months afterwards the widow had settled herself at the house at Wimbledon, from which she had in latter years paid her weekly visits to Paradise Row, and tidings had come from the young wife which were not altogether satisfactory. The news, indeed, which declared that a young little Duke had been born to her was accompanied by expressions of joy which the other surrounding incidents of her life were not permitted at the moment altogether to embitter. Her baby, her well-born beautiful baby, was for a few months allowed to be a joy to her, even though things were otherwise very sorrowful. But things were very sorrowful. The old Duke and the old Duchess would not acknowledge her. Then she learned that the quarrel between the father and son had been carried to such a pitch that no hope of reconciliation remained. Whatever was left of family property was gone as far as any inheritance on the part of the elder son was concerned. He had himself assisted in making over to a second brother all right that he possessed in the property belonging to the family. Then horror of horrors accumulated themselves upon her and her baby. Then came tidings that her husband had been already married when he first met her,—which tidings did not reach her till he had left her alone, somewhere up among the Lakes, for an intended absence of three days. After that day she never saw him again. The next she heard of him was from Italy, from whence he wrote to her to tell her that she was an angel, and that he, devil as he was, was not fit to appear in her presence. Other things had occurred during the fifteen months in which they had lived together to make her believe at any rate the truth of this last statement. It was not that she ceased to love him, but that she knew that he was not fit to be loved. When a woman is bad a man can generally get quit of her from his heartstrings;—but a woman has no such remedy. She can continue to love the dishonoured one without dishonour to herself,—and does so.

Among other misfortunes was the loss of all her money. There she was, in the little villa on the side of the lake, with no income,—and with statements floating about her that she had not, and never had had, a husband. It might well be that after that she should caution Marion Fay as to the imprudence of an exalted marriage. But there came to her assistance, if not friendship and love, in the midst of her misfortunes. Her brother-in-law,—if she had a husband or a brother-in-law,—came to her from the old Duke with terms of surrender; and there came also a man of business, a lawyer, from Venice, to make good the terms if they should be accepted. Though money was very scarce with the family, or the power of raising money, still such was the feeling of the old nobleman in her misfortunes that the entire sum which had been given up to his eldest son should be restored to trustees for her use and for the benefit of her baby, on condition that she should leave Italy, and consent to drop the title of the Di Crinola family. As to that question of a former marriage, the old lawyer declared that he was unable to give any certain information. The reprobate had no doubt gone through some form of a ceremony with a girl of low birth at Venice. It very probably was not a marriage. The young

Duchino, the brother, declared his belief that there had been no such marriage. But she, should she cling to the name, could not make her title good to it without obtaining proofs which they had not been able to find. No doubt she could call herself Duchess. Had she means at command she might probably cause herself to be received as such. But no property would thus be affected,—nor would it rob him, the younger son, of his right to call himself also by the title. The offer made to her was not ungenerous. The family owed her nothing, but were willing to sacrifice nearly half of all they had with the object of restoring to her the money of which the profligate had robbed her,—which he had been enabled to take from her by her own folly and credulity. In this terrible emergency of her life, Mrs. Vincent sent over to her a solicitor from London, between whom and the Italian man of business a bargain was struck. The young wife undertook to drop her husband's name, and to drop it also on behalf of her boy. Then the eight thousand pounds was repaid, and Mrs. Roden, as she afterwards called herself, went back to Wimbledon and to England with her baby.

So far the life of George Roden's mother had been most unfortunate. After that, for a period of sixteen years time went with her, if not altogether happily, at least quietly and comfortably. Then there came a subject of disruption. George Roden took upon himself to have opinions of his own; and would not hold his peace in the presence of Mrs. Vincent, to whom those opinions were most unacceptable. And they were the more unacceptable because the mother's tone of mind had always taken something of the bent which appeared so strongly afterwards in her son. George at any rate could not be induced to be silent; nor,—which was worse,—could he after reaching his twentieth year be made to go to church with that regularity which was necessary for the elder lady's peace of mind. He at this time had achieved for himself a place in the office ruled over by our friend Sir Boreas, and had in this way become so much of a man as to be entitled to judge for himself. In this way there had been no quarrel between Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Roden, but there had come a condition of things in which it had been thought expedient that they should live apart. Mrs. Roden had therefore taken for herself a house in Paradise Row, and those weekly inter-visitations had been commenced between her and her cousin.

Such had been the story of Mrs. Roden's life, till tidings were received in England that her husband was dead. The information had been sent to Mrs. Vincent by the younger son of the late old Duke, who was now a nobleman well known in the political life of his own country. He had stated that, to the best of his belief, his brother's first union had not been a legal marriage. He thought it right, he had said, to make this statement, and to say that as far as he was concerned he was willing to withdraw that compact upon which his father had insisted. If his sister-in-law wished to call herself by the name and title of Di Crinola, she might do so. Or if the young man of whom he spoke as his nephew wished to be known as Duca di Crinola he would raise no objection. But it must be remembered that he had nothing to offer to his relative but the barren offer of the name. He himself had succeeded to but very little, and that which he possessed had not been taken from his brother.

Then there were sundry meetings between Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Roden, at which it was decided that Mrs. Roden should go to Italy with her son. Her brother-in-law had been courteous to her, and had offered to receive her if she would come. Should she wish to use the name of Di Crinola, he had promised that she should be called by it in his house; so that the world around might know that she was recognised by him and his wife and children. She determined that she would at any rate make the journey, and that she would take her son with her.

George Roden had hitherto learnt nothing of his father or his family. In the many consultations held between his mother and Mrs. Vincent it had been decided that it would be better to keep him in the dark. Why fill his young imagination with the glory of a great title in order that he might learn at last, as might too probably be the case, that he had no right to the name,—no right to consider himself even to be his father's son? She, by her folly,—so she herself acknowledged,—had done all that was possible to annihilate herself as a woman. There was no name which she could give to her son as certainly as her own. This, which had been hers before she had been allured into a mock marriage, would at any rate not be disputed. And thus he had been kept in ignorance of his mother's story. Of course he had asked. It was no more than natural that he should ask. But when told that it was for his mother's comfort that he should ask no more, he had assented with that reticence which was peculiar to him. Then chance had thrown him into friendship with the young English nobleman, and the love of Lady Frances Trafford had followed.

His mother, when he consented to accompany her, had almost promised him that all mysteries should be cleared up between them before their return. In the train, before they reached Paris, a question was asked and an answer given which served to tell much of the truth. As they came down to breakfast that morning early, in the dark January morning, he observed that his mother was dressed in deep mourning. It had always been her custom to wear black raiment. He could not remember that he had ever seen on her a coloured dress, or even a bright ribbon. And she was not dressed quite as a widow immediately on the death of her husband. It was now a quarter of a century since she had seen the man who had so ill-used her. According to the account which she had received it was twelve months at least since he had died in one of the Grecian islands. The full weeds of a mourning widow would ill have befitted her condition of mind, or her immediate purpose. But yet there was a speciality of blackness in her garments which told him that she had dressed herself with a purpose as of mourning. "Mother," he said to her in the train, "you are in mourning,—as for a friend?" Then when she paused he asked again. "May I not be told for whom it is done? Am I not right in saying that it is so?"

"It is so, George."

"For whom then?"

They two were alone in the carriage, and why should his question not be answered now? But it had come to pass that there was a horror to her in mentioning the name of his father to him. "George," she said, "it is more than twenty-five years since I saw your father."

"Is he dead,—only now?"

"It is only now,—only the other day,—that I have heard of his death."

"Why should not I also be in black?"

"I had not thought of it. But you never saw him since he had you in his arms as a baby. You cannot mourn for him in heart."

"Do you?"

"It is hard to say for what we mourn sometimes. Of course I loved him once. There is still present to me a memory of what I loved,—of the man who won my heart by such gifts as belonged to him; and for that I mourn. He was beautiful and clever, and he charmed me. It is hard to say sometimes for what we mourn."

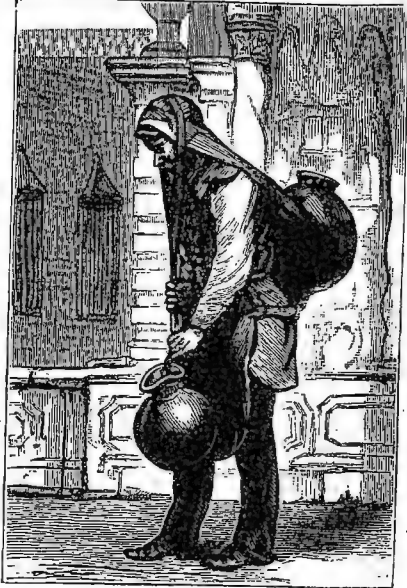
"Was he a foreigner, mother?"

"Yes, George. He was an Italian. You shall know it all soon now. But do not you mourn. To you no memories are left. Were it not for the necessity of the present moment no idea of a father should ever be presented to you." She vouchsafed to tell him no more at that moment, and he pressed her with no further questions.

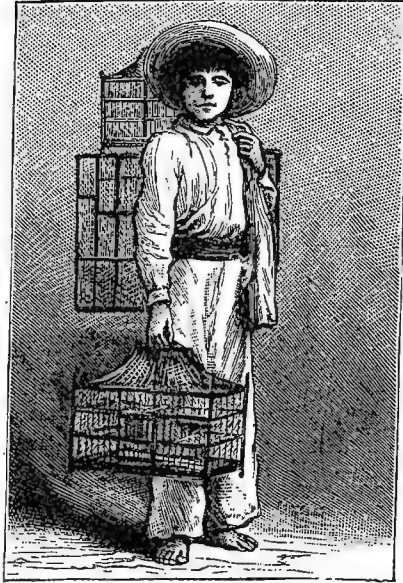
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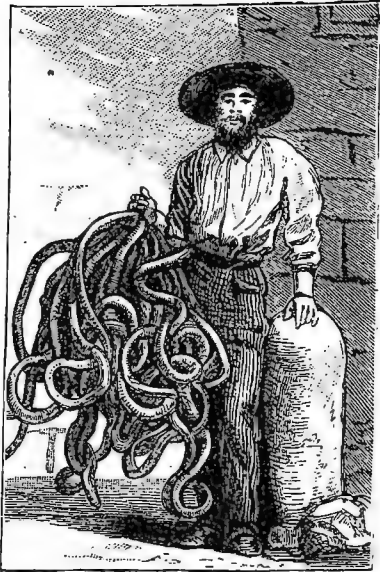
GUITAR-SELLER



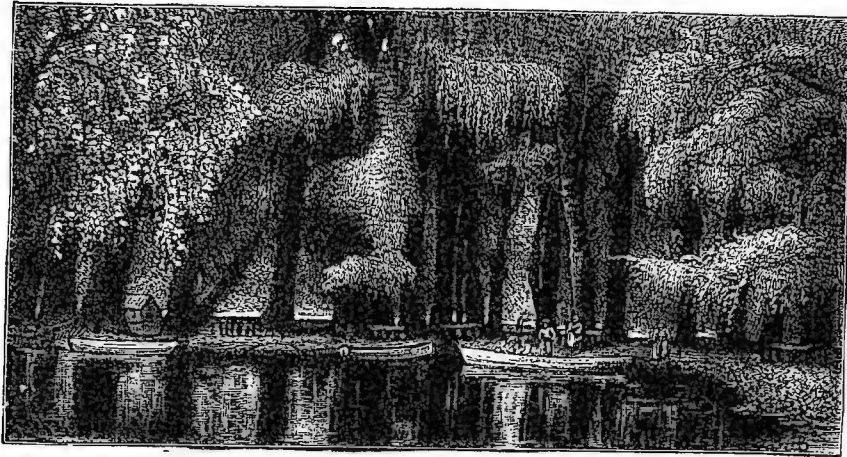
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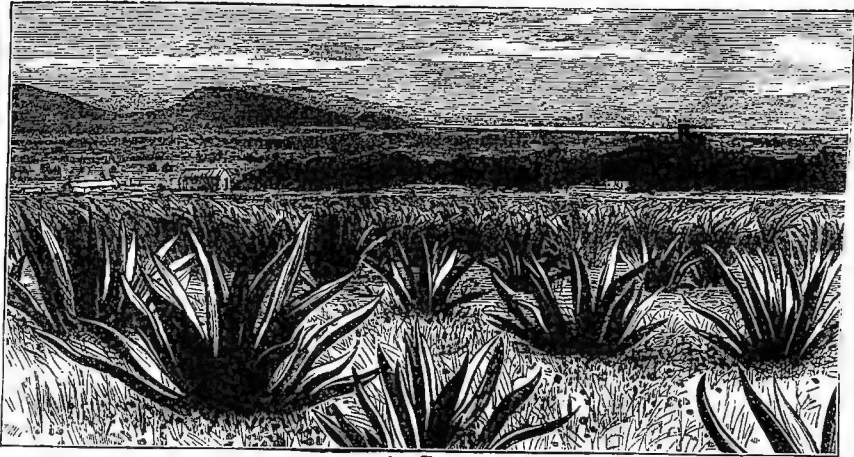
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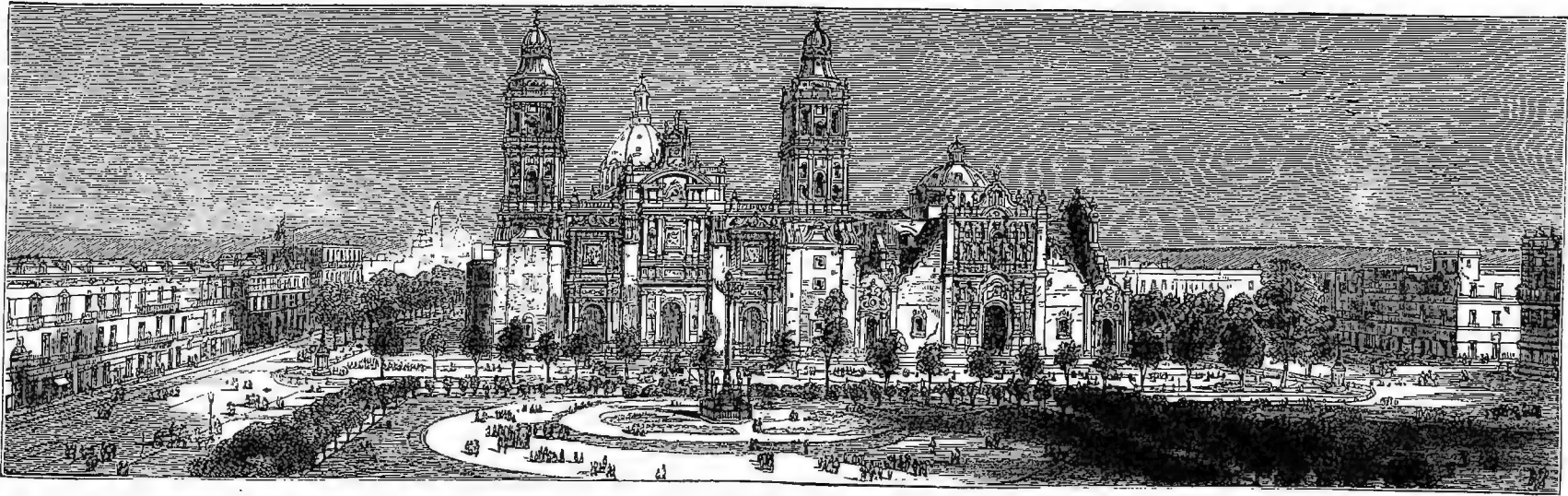
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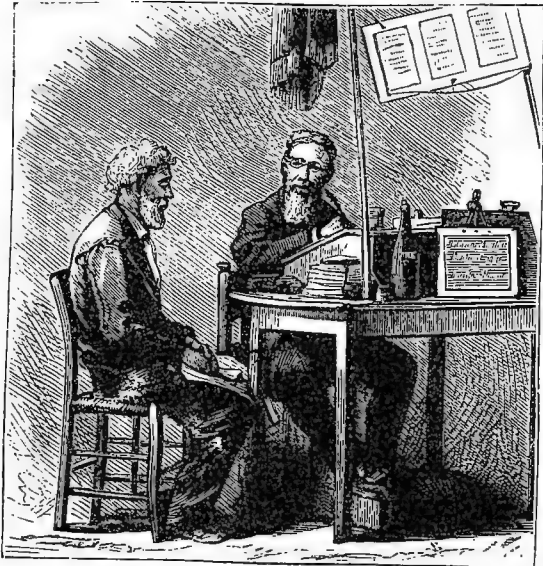
THE CYPRESS TREES AT CHAPULTEPEC



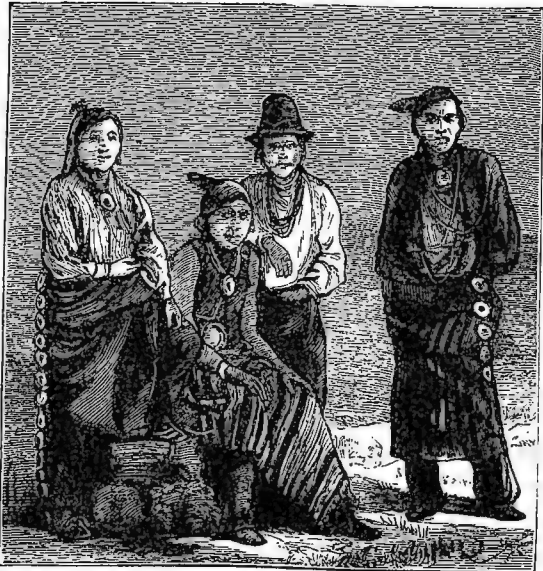
MAGUEY PLANTATION



THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO



PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER



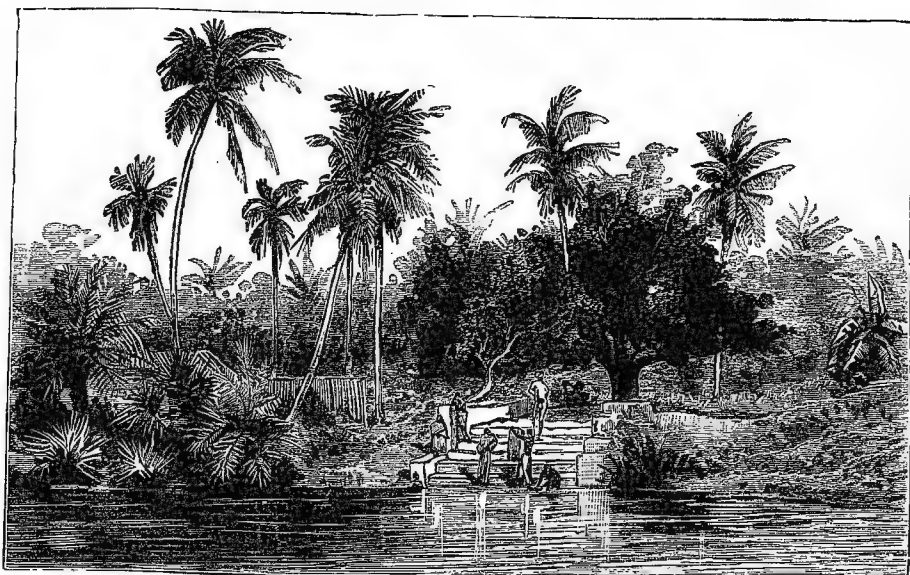
GROUP OF APACHE INDIANS



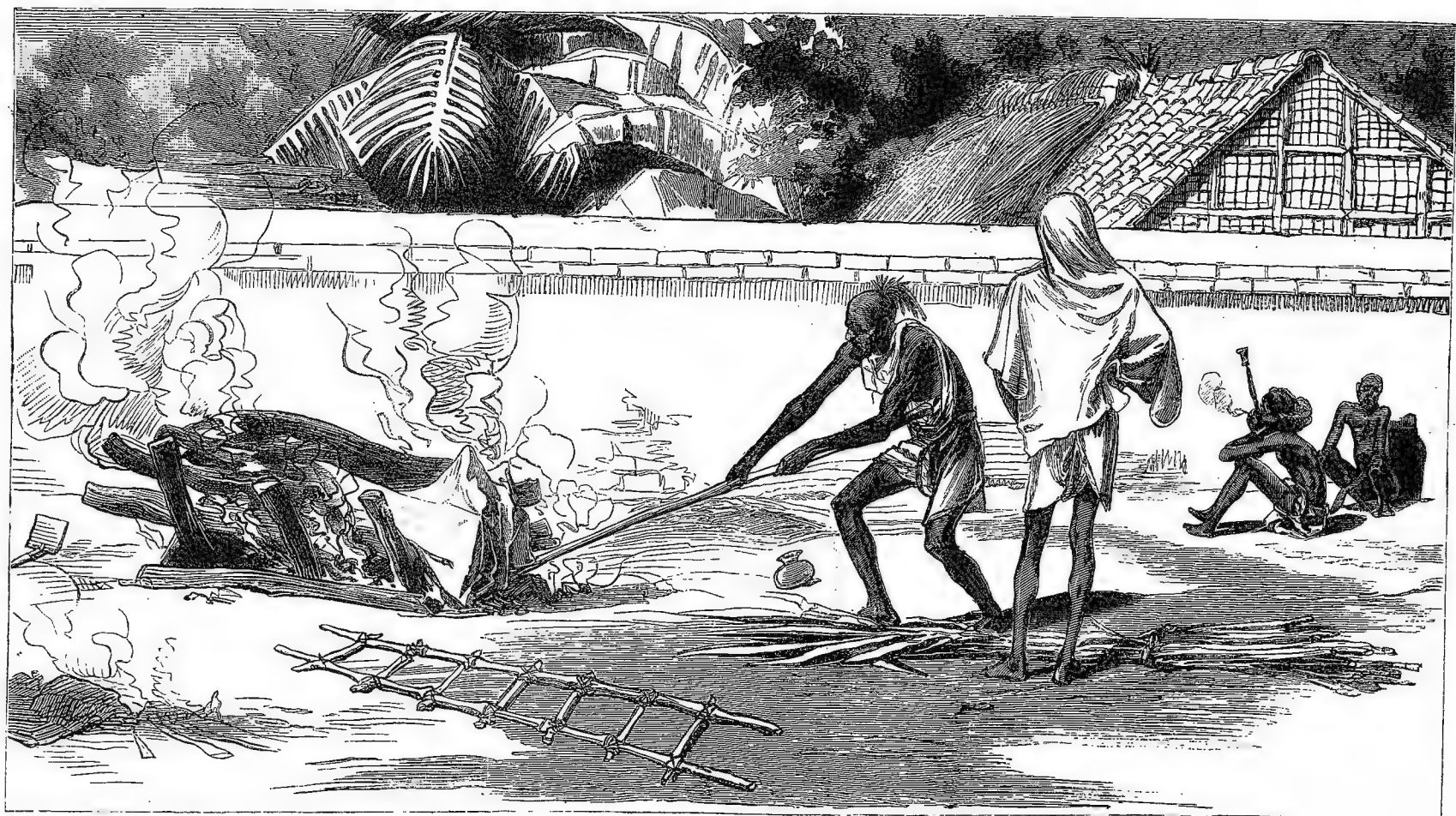
BREAD-MAKING



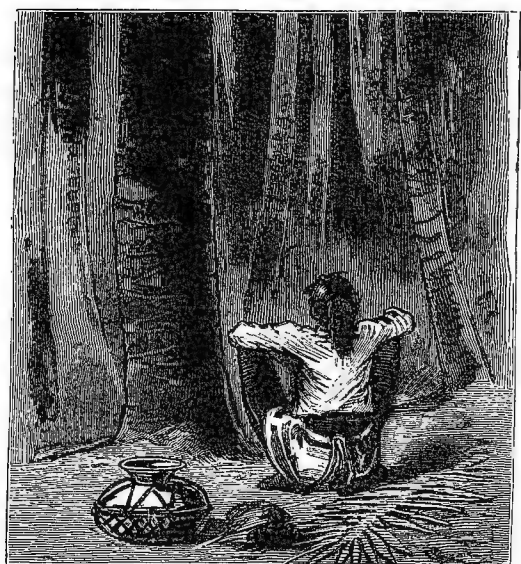
CLIMBING THE TODDY PALM



A TANK



CREMATION



AT THE FOOT OF THE TODDY PALM



A PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," XIII.—CALCUTTA

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



THE READER

We advise all visitors to the southern shore of the Mediterranean to follow Mr. Edgar Barclay's track, and, leaving the dusty French settlements and the capital that everybody knows by heart, to take to "Mountain Life in Algeria" (Kegan Paul). If they could learn the language first, so as to hold converse with the Kabyle damsels, of whom, in their various occupations, he gives us such bewitching pictures, so much the better. Some of these pictures are a triumph of photo-engraving; and they are well matched with woodcuts, such as "Olive Gathering," "Meeting," &c. His natives, too, were (thanks to the instantaneous process), caught "unbeknown to themselves," and if the Berber race is as comely as most of his "subjects," artists may well turn to Kabylia for something good as well as new. The costumes, too, are so classical, that "A Market," looks like the Forum. We have not space to do justice to Mr. Barclay's letterpress. It is bright and full of information, though he fails to throw much light on the vexed question of how far Berber speech is the old Punic. Of French cruelty he gives us hints enough. "Comme elles sont méchantes les femmes Kabyles; c'est inroyable," said the old soldier who was telling him how a wife rushed in front of her husband during a razzia and received the bayonet thrust that was meant for him, thus defrauding the Gaul of a captive. We recommend the book not for its admirable illustrations only.

Of "Familiar Garden Flowers" (Cassell) we have the second series, in which, as in the former volume, Mr. Shirley Hibberd's letterpress is uniformly interesting and full of out-of-the-way facts, while Mr. F. E. Hulme's coloured plates are unequal. The drawing is always beyond praise, and in a good many the colours are perfect; but some of his blues look as if he had copied from his *Hortus siccas* instead of from Nature. This is not his fault, however. The book is an ornament to the drawing-room table, and is also a good practical guide to amateurs. In the third series of "Familiar Wild Flowers" (Cassell), both plates and letterpress are by Mr. F. E. Hulme. The general excellence of the former makes us think that wild flowers lend themselves more readily than do garden flowers to this kind of illustration. The very interesting descriptions show what a wealth of literature has gathered round our wild flora.

"Griffin Ahoy" (Hurst and Blackett) records the adventures, not of a freshman in India, but of a yacht in the Levant, and tells very pleasantly how General S. H. Maxwell and his wife and friends saw Jerusalem and Damascus, and the wonders of Egypt, and all that travellers in those parts are bound to see. The book brings the scenes before us in a new and lively way, at the same time introducing us every now and then to things and places which are generally left unnoticed. Such a good observer as General Maxwell is sure to find something fresh even along the best-trodden route. His account of the American missionaries near Antioch is very interesting; so is his description of the French Company's ostrich farm near Heliopolis. Most of his names are so correct that we are all the more surprised to read of lawn-tennis played by two British youths near the *Ilysus*. Such *apropos* de la chose as: "Several marble columns surround the court; but the Christian sects quarrel terribly" help to enliven the style.

In his "New History of the English Stage" (Tinsley) Mr. Percy Fitzgerald claims to have embodied almost every document of importance relating to his subject. He has had full access to the Lord Chamberlain's office, and has thus been enabled to publish a great deal which is wholly new to the general reader. His aim is to trace in official papers the growth of the stage as a social element, just as local historians trace the varying fortunes of a town by studying its archives. Naturally, he does not, in two large volumes, confine himself to State records. Beginning with the Restoration and ending with the dismal story of "the shipwreck of the patent houses," in spite of Macready's efforts to galvanise Drury Lane into prosperity, he has plenty to say about actors and actresses; and, if much that he says has been said before, it is amusing enough to bear repetition. One never tires of reading how Peeps kissed Mistress Nell (taking care to shelter himself behind the fact that "my wife kissed her too"); how Sedley caned Kynaston for personating him off as well as on the stage, and was chaffed for "getting a caning" by those who pretended to believe that the actor was the real Simon Pure; how staid Sir John Coventry threatened to slit an actor's nose for the same offence, and had his own nose slit by the King's braves. Mr. Fitzgerald thinks comedy ought to be broad, and duly appreciates "The Plain Dealer" and "The Beau's Stratagem." At the same time he is too hard on the Merry Monarch, and quotes approvingly Lord Macaulay's comparison of Jeremy Collier to Pascal. Let no one, therefore, think that by aiming at historical accuracy Mr. Fitzgerald has achieved dullness. His subject forbids that. Handsome Barry and his wife grumbling at and disappointing Garrick; the Irish party ("Junius" Francis was one of them) getting up the Half-Price Riots, and coming under the lash of Churchill; George III. taking refuge from a shower in Weymouth Theatre, and falling asleep in the Royal box;—stories like these are always readable, and Mr. Fitzgerald tells them capitally. But we wish he would take care of his proper names. It is distracting to find Archbishop Tenison transmuted into "Fennison."

Of the "Foreign Countries" series (Sampson Low) we have "Spain," by the Rev. Wentworth Webster, and "Sweden and Norway," by the Rev. F. H. Woods. Both are quite worthy of this eminently useful series. Mr. Webster goes into the ethnology of Spain, reminding us that the antiquity of the Basque is proved by its names for articles in civilised use being borrowed. Thus, while the undoubtedly native words for cutting instruments all have their root from words signifying stone, all such words which imply the use of metal are from other tongues. He thinks Spain has been kept back, not so much through the causes alleged by Mr. Buckle as by the fact that here physical geography gave the chief power to the cruel Castilians, "at all times among the least civilised of her people." The book goes thoroughly into history, politics, and education, and has a chapter on mining by an expert who thinks Spanish mines a by no means bad investment. Our only quarrel with the author is that (like other Oxford M.A.'s) he now and then writes Thucydidean instead of grammatical English. The passage about the Castilians is a case in point. Mr. Wood's illustrations are much better than those in the companion volume; the capitals, &c., in Lund Cathedral and elsewhere show how Romanesque spread even to the far North. The exteriors are wholly unaffected by foreign influence, and are often strikingly Chinese in appearance. The whole volume is a delightful one, full of pleasant information about plants, language (the Norse *kjöping*, for instance, is our "chipping," and is pronounced just the same), mines (the Swedish iron ore is always black, never red), and also about the strong yet cowardly Lapps, with their curious drum-oracles, some with Christian emblems. There are many good hints for travellers—the best (alas! that it should be needed) is not to abuse the abounding courtesy and hospitality of this most democratic of peoples.

"Schiller" in the "Foreign Classics" series (Blackwood), and "Charles Lamb" in "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan), are both very good volumes. Mr. J. Sime rates Schiller higher than we are disposed to do; to us he seems less grand than grandiose, but then it is his misfortune always to be over-shadowed by his colossal friend Goethe. Mr. Sime tells his life prettily and fully, having at hand much matter to which Carlyle years ago had not access. His analysis of the

poet's early works, "The Robbers," "Love and Intrigue," and others of the *Sturm und Drang* period is very interesting; and his partiality by no means blinds his judgement. He insists that Schiller must be estimated as an artist, not as a "prophet"; yet surely his early plays were a protest against social tyranny so galling that one wonders the French Revolution was not preceded by one in Germany. No poet has ever felt less scruple in tampering with facts: his "Maid of Orleans" is even more unhistorical than his "Mary Stuart." Mr. Ainger is happy in having such a delightful subject as Charles Lamb. Carlyle's cruel and unfair "Reminiscences" have told against Elia in the opinion of those who know no better; and we hope this little volume will be largely read by way of antidote. It is written with the affectionate feeling which is almost sure to take hold of all who write about him to whose surname every contemporary lovingly prefixed his Christian name. He is full of loving insight into his author's nature; he tells, from the latest "memorials," the sad facts of his life; and while he is tender (as who but a Chelsea philosopher could fail to be?) to his weakness, he does not underrate its ill effects. Lamb was two men, according to the company he was in; and, while with friends drink unlocked the treasures of his mind, with unsympathetic people it made him more than ever cross-grained and "contrary."

We strongly recommend "Confessions of a Medium" (Griffith and Farran) to Dr. Crookes, the Hon. Roden Noel, and any others who still believe in Spiritualism. There is a peculiar fitness in the "Confessions" being published by a firm which deals largely in children's books. Spiritualism is conjuring, and often (as Maske-lyne and Cooke proved) very childish conjuring into the bargain. Unhappily, to its childishness it adds a deal of unctuous and offensive blasphemy, which may, however, be easily separated from the sure plan for making tables float, getting out of sealed bags and padlocked cages, evoking "spirits of light" and "the double form," and such-like feats of legerdemain. Our author has a grievance; his confederate went off and left him to pay the bill in a Belgian hotel. But that is no reason for discrediting his revelations. The thing is a swindle from beginning to end. As to the "mysteries" which some scientific men accept as incontrovertible proofs, "a person who does nothing but mediumship, in time becomes clever enough to deceive any one"; while, if at a *séance* you are worried with a sceptic, bonnet him with the guitar and say the spirits did it. What gives these impostors such vogue is that "people believe more in the hereafter than they do in the present," and that most of us prefer exploring the hereafter along our own lines. The author confesses that his faith in Christ and the Bible was rapidly undermined as he "developed"; and this, despite all assertions to the contrary, we take to be the inevitable result of such a career. To put forward Spiritualism as an ally of Christianity is as monstrous as it is impudent.

A VISIT TO MEXICO—I.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO

Is situated on the *Plaza Mayor*, or principal square, of the City, and comprehends in the same structure the chief parish church of the town, which is, nevertheless, distinct in the interior. The Cathedral occupies the exact position where formerly stood the Aztec Teocalli, or Temple, which was dedicated to the Mexican god, Huitzelopostli. The edifice was begun in 1573 and finished in 1667, and cost about 440,000*l.* of our money. It was founded by Charles V. and by a Bull of Pope Clement VII. in 1530. Its length from north to south, in which direction it stands, is given as 426 feet, its breadth, from east to west, as 200 feet, and the height of its towers as 200 feet also. It has five naves, fourteen chapels, and six altars, the principal one being dedicated to the Kings. This altar and the choir, which is central, are surrounded with a heavy metal balustrade. The interior is lofty and imposing. The space in front of the Cathedral is planted; but we have left it open, for the purpose of showing the building to the most advantage.

THE CYPRESS TREES OF CHAPULTEPEC

Are of great magnitude, and constitute a grand feature of the spot. These trees are said to have been already old in Montezuma's time. They are covered with a long grey hanging moss, called "Barba Española," or Spanish Beard, which adds considerably to their dignity and venerable appearance. A beautiful spring of water rises under them, which is pumped into an aqueduct for the drinking supply of Mexico.

PLANTATION OF THE ALOE OR MAGUEY

These plantations are most extensive, and a great many of them lie in the neighbourhood of the English railway, which derives a very large annual income from the freight of the produce of these plants, known as pulque. It is a national drink, and as essential among the people in Mexico as beer is among the English, perhaps even more so, as the drink is sometimes taken medicinally.

MEXICAN STREET-TYPES

The streets of the City of Mexico are very wide and regular, in almost every instance traversing in an unbroken line the whole extent of the town. The types of character visible in the streets recall impressions of Old Spain, the Indian element notwithstanding. For example, the Evangelista, or public letter-writer, is a recognised Peninsular institution, as also is the water-carrier, with his pair of jars balancing each other back and front. To see a Mexican crowd, one should enter the Portales. Here the traveller finds the people huddled into an apparently confused, yet well-ordered mass. Here petty vendors of all kinds of wares abound, and there is a constantly moving procession of priests, monks, officers, Indians, ladies, Europeans, and beggars.



SOME day, when less important matters have been settled, the Lunacy Laws will, in many particulars, have to be reformed. Meanwhile, novelists who consider that fiction has uses beyond the chronicling of flirtations and other small beer, may do somewhat to stimulate public interest in a subject of infinite concern to all who are or who may become insane—that is to say to all the inhabitants of the world. "Gehenna: or Havens of Unrest," by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is an earnest, evidently authoritative, and, on the whole, powerful description of what is possible with regard to private lunatic asylums, both as to the ease of getting into them, the treatment when there, and the difficulty of getting out again. Whether the power given by law to the relatives of rich people is often abused, whether careless or unscrupulous practitioners can always be procured to certify anything at a moment's notice, whether the Commissioners in Lunacy form an incompetent tribunal, and how far private madhouses in general approach to the character of the infernal regions, no novelist must be allowed to decide. Mr. Wingfield's opinions on these subjects are obviously exceedingly strong, and he is therefore bound to state them as strongly as he holds them. If fiction proves, and can prove, nothing, and is by its nature open to suspicion, he may fairly answer that fiction enters where evidence and argument find barred doors. It is therefore singularly

unfortunate that he should have mixed up what, in a novel, has to do duty for evidence and argument with a grossly improbable plot acted by characters so exceptional as make the reader object that no system of law can possibly be contrived to meet all cases, and that if the present only affords a loophole to ladies like Brunhilde and to persons like Nathaniel Bodfish, an infinitesimal amount of harm is done. Mr. Wingfield should have shown the evil results of the present machinery when exercised by ordinary people, or at any rate its capacities for evil. Altogether, the leading fault of the novel is excessive eccentricity. But it ought to be read and considered by all who take the faintest interest in the condition of the insane, and in the position of those who are liable, from interested motives, to be reputed insane. On other grounds the story is neither attractive nor interesting.

"Phyllida: A Life Drama," by Florence Marryat (Mrs. Francis Lean) (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is much less attractive and not interesting at all, while it is without so much purpose as Mrs. Lean usually puts into her novels, namely, that of showing up those infamous specimens of inhumanity called husbands. Her husband, in the present case, is so exceptional as to be actually amiable: but then he is a simpleton, which no doubt accounts, in Mrs. Lean's opinion, for the existence of a husband who is not also a scoundrel. The wife, and heroine, though she makes her first appearance drunk and incapable—a decidedly original and altogether unnecessary form of introduction to the sympathy of the reader—is a mere puppet in petticoats whose one claim to interest is a mistaken notion that she had married two men at once when she had really only married one. The situation renders her liable to swoon off at any moment, especially when a little common sense and common honesty would have made things as straight as, for no sufficient reason, they afterwards became. The story differs from the ordinary examples of penny and halfpenny romance for the worse in so far as the tone is by no means wholesome. Unhealthy topics are introduced in a particularly disagreeable way. Oddly enough, it is almost always ladies who, when they attempt fiction, err in this way—no doubt because they are imperfectly acquainted with what men, as a rule, understand well enough to keep out of view. This, and a mistaken idea of what constitutes strength, are the only ways of accounting for what would otherwise be an inexplicable phenomenon. Why does not Mrs. Lean read over again those earlier works of hers which made her literary reputation? She might at least aim at producing her own best—which is anything but such feeble and sickly stuff as "Phyllida."

"Jack Urquhart's Daughter," a novel, by Pamela Sneyd (2 vols. Bentley and Son), is the story of a pure-natured girl brought up among blacklegs and *roués*. Once more a lady writer, without necessity, and of course with exceedingly insufficient knowledge, attempts to describe phases of life, for which the exceedingly black ink of the latest French realism is required. Miss Sneyd writes with a highly honourable incapacity for giving life, or semblance of life, to the circle in which *Cosy* moves. The men are little better than a row of sticks with labels. And yet, in many respects, that sort of power, not wholly devoid of humour, appears which proves that the authoress could write a novel about good women very well indeed. She does not, like most of her sister novelists, go out of her way to find scenes and incidents, for the sake of giving what they mistake for strength to an otherwise feeble story; hers belong to her story by nature, and it is her misfortune that she is under the necessity of introducing them. And therefore the novel is neither unwholesome nor unhealthy. But it is eminently disagreeable; and why people should, without Mr. Wingfield's all-sufficient and imperative reason, try to please readers by displeasing them, is one of the oddest things about the fiction of the last few months in general. It is to be hoped that, say by next week, the fashion will change.



W. CZERNY.—As a rule imitations are disappointing. "Too Late in the Market," a drawing-room ditty, written and composed by W. Czerny and Franz Abt, is no exception to the rule. "The Three Young Maids of Lee" was an original idea, and for that reason made a hit, but this tale of three bachelors lacks the charm of originality, both as to theme and music.—"Thine" is a fairly good song of medium compass, written and composed by Margaret Thomas and Phoebe Otway.—"All My Heart I Gave to Thee" ("Hast Du mich Liebt?") is a song of more than ordinary merit, music by Carl Bohm, poetry translated from the German of F. Osten by W. Czerny; it is published in C and E flat.—A graceful after-dinner piece is "Gold-Röschen," composed by W. Meissner.—The same may be said of "Barcarole," by Barthold Tours, arranged for the pianoforte, flute, or violoncello, and violin, and of "Reverie," by Arthur Hervey, for the same instruments. The two latter are cleverly written and very melodious.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A very original and charming operetta in one act, music by Blanche Gore, entitled "The Invisible Maiden," is well worthy the attention not only of amateurs but of professional managers. It will make an excellent *lever de rideau*; but three characters are required, a soprano, tenor, and bass. The libretto is adapted from the German by the composer. There is but one scene; the stage is divided. On the right is the larger room in which a glass globe is suspended, out of which the invisible one is supposed to speak. On the left is a smaller apartment. A tube attached to the globe passes into the small room. The plot is very slight, but the dialogue is witty and amusing. A theatrical lamplighter and his pretty young wife quarrel, and the latter runs away and engages herself to a "Natural Philosopher," who makes a good living by causing her to personate an invisible maiden who tells people's fortunes, &c.; womanlike she soon tires of seeing and not being seen, so she returns to her husband and the visible world. The music is bright and tuneful from beginning to end. If this is the first attempt of the fair composer, a bright future may be anticipated for her in the musical world.—"Welcome Spring," a duet for soprano and baritone, is clever but somewhat heavy; the music is by A. Schliebner, the words are freely translated from the Dutch. This duet gained the first prize from the Society of Arts at the Hague, Netherlands.—Six songs by our old favourite, Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, are well written and clever, as are all her compositions; she has chosen for her themes popular and ancient poems. Nearly all would have been better as part songs, a style of music for which she has a special gift. No. 1, "Crabbed Age and Youth" (Shakespeare); No. 2, "Fair and True" (Charles Mackay, LL.D.); No. 3, "Wedded Love" (Bishop Heber); No. 4, "The Bells" (Edgar A. Poe); No. 5, "Parting" (Thomas Hood); No. 6, "Queen Mab's Song" from "The Percy Reliques."—Touching words by Mary Mark Lemon, and pleasing music by Alfred Redhead, are combined in "A Story of the Past," a simple ballad for a soprano.—Very quaint and dainty is "Two Doves," a song of medium compass, written and composed by Christina Rossetti and Robert B. Addison.—There is quite a madrigalian ring in "Hesperus," a canonet adapted by Edwin Arnold, M.A., from the Greek of Sappho, and set to appropriate music by C. A. Macrone.—A sentimental song for a tenor or baritone is "Memories," words from the German by J. G. Bailey, M.A., music by Riccardo Rasori; it is published in C and E flat.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd of February, at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, the wife of SYDNEY ALBERT AYRE, of Bristol, Gloucestershire, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 23rd ult., at Brighton, EDITH, Wife of JOHN HARGREAVES, of Leckhampton Court, Cheltenham, and only child of the late JAMES PLATT, M.P. for Oldham. Aged 33 years.

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used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Light House, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stornoway, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

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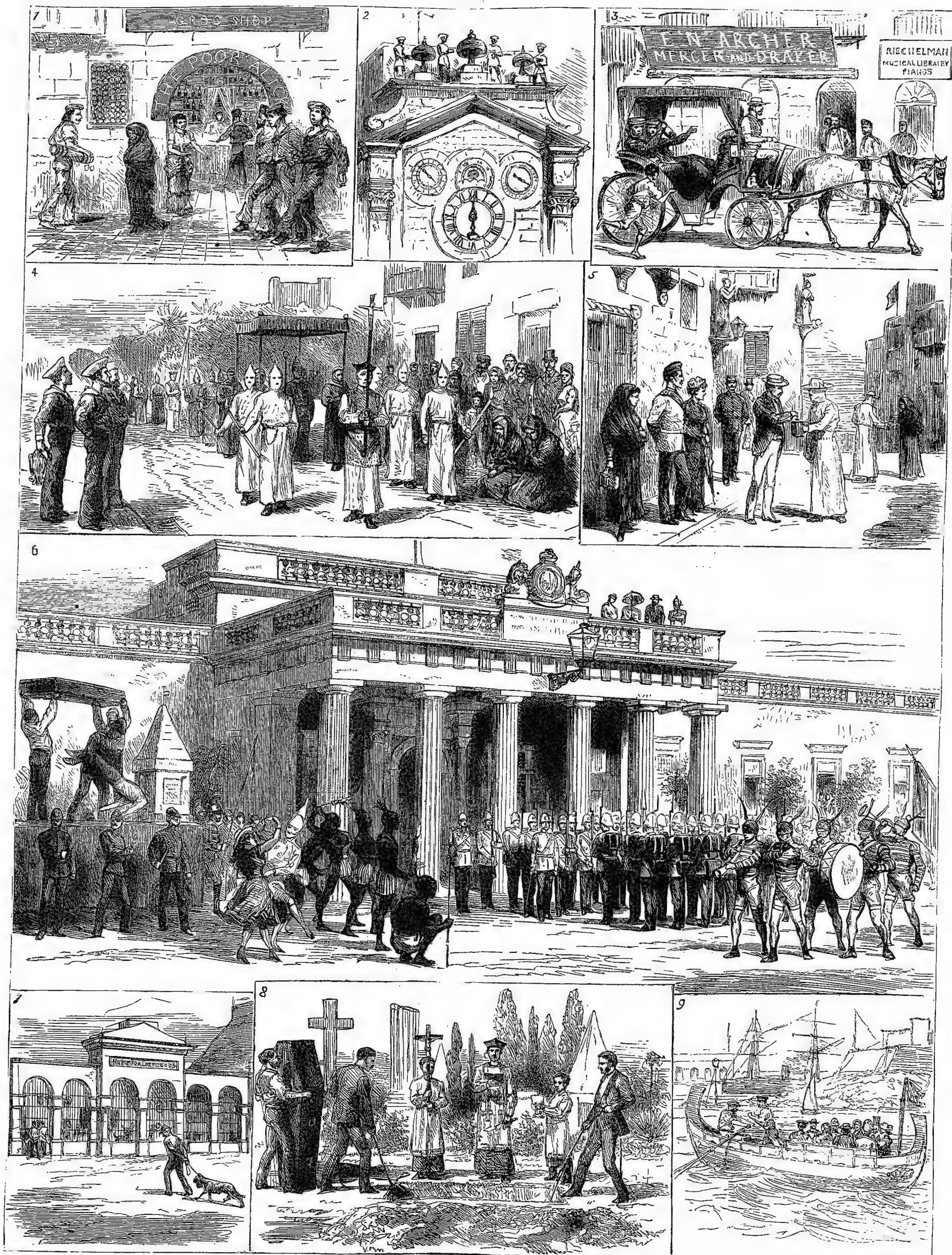
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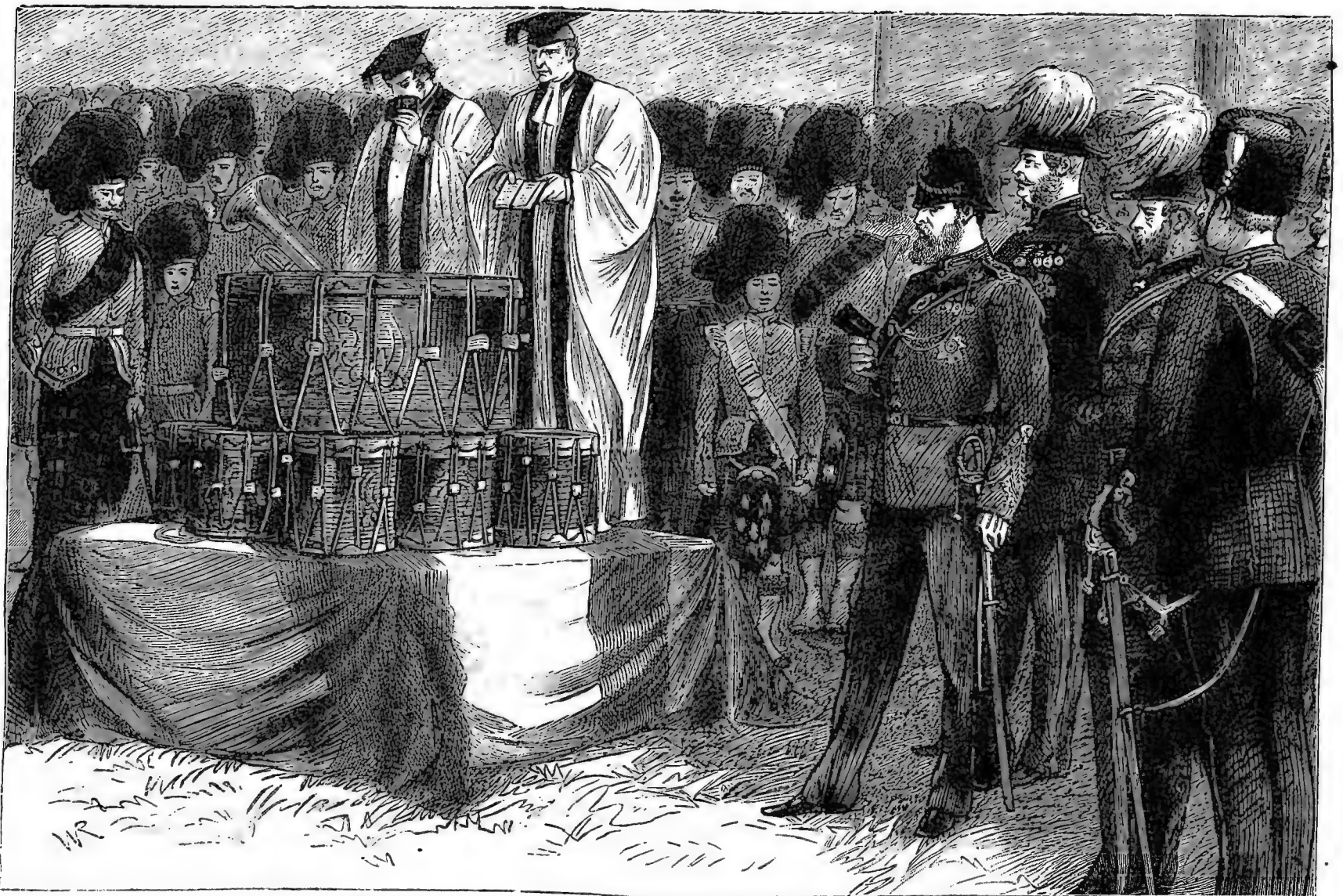


1. A Maltese Grog-Shop—The Siren and Her Prey.—2. The Grand Master's Clock at the Governor's Palace.—3. How Jack Spends His Money Ashore.—4. A Religious Procession on a Saint's Day.—5. Collecting Alms for Masses for the Repose of the Soul of a Condemned Criminal.—6. Carnival Time: Mummers Going Through the Ceremony of a Burial Without Coffin.—7. The Home for Lost Dogs.—8. Burying Without a Coffin.—9. Dghasia, or Native Ferry Boat.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AT MALTA



THE CONCERT OF THE MINNESINGERS' CLUB IN THE PORTLAND HALL



THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDING CHURCH PARADE ON SOUTHSEA COMMON
THE VOLUNTEERS AT PORTSMOUTH

THE Volunteers at Portsmouth

"THE GENERAL IDEA"

It has been taken for granted by all recent purveyors of alarmist military literature, from the author of "The Battle of Dorking" to Captain Barrington in "England on the Defensive," that if our fleet were either destroyed by torpedoes or decoyed away, a foreign foe would most probably choose to effect a landing on the coast near Worthing or Brighton. That an invader would seize Cork as well as make a descent on the Suffolk coast seems also to be decided; but London itself, the prize which would be most eagerly grasped at, is more easily assailed from the south coast than from any other quarter. Landing near Worthing or Brighton, the invading force would push on for the metropolis *via* Horsham, Reigate, and Croydon. One authority fixes on Dorking as the site of the deciding battle; Captain Barrington, we believe, chooses Guildford. For an army, however, to advance direct on London with such strongholds as Portsmouth and Dover on either flank would be highly dangerous, and forces would have to be sent to occupy or mask these positions. On these obvious considerations was based the "general idea" of the operations of last Monday. Instead of again choosing Brighton for the usual Easter Volunteer Field-day, and placing in direct opposition the main body bent on seizing London and the opposing force planted in its way, the authorities of the War Office transferred the scene of the struggle to the left flank of the enemy. Most of those concerned felt pleased at the change, since it gave many extra opportunities for becoming acquainted with those parts of the soldiers' duties which cannot be practised on the drill-ground, and all the critics are agreed that, with certain exceptions to be alluded to hereafter, the plans were excellently carried out.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

In this game of war, however, the necessities of the case make it imperative to fix on certain rules beforehand for the guidance of the players. On the Portsdown heights stand a frowning row of fortresses commanding the Portsmouth and Langston Harbours, but intended especially to repel any attack on Portsmouth from the land side. These powerful fortresses dominate a wide stretch of country to the north, west, and east; their earthworks are massive; their moats wide and deep; their magazines capacious; their accommodation ample. At present they lack only guns and men. With guns and men to serve them Portsmouth would, it may be safely said, be impregnable from the land side; and any enemy approaching it from the north-east would find in Forts Purbrook, Widley, Southwick, and Nelson a second Plevna. But on a large Volunteer field-day the men must have quarters, and they must assemble at some central point easy of access by railway. It has long, too, been taken for granted that every Volunteer field-day must end with that tedious ceremony—a march-past. To conceive a fight taking place along both slopes of the Portsdown heights, it was necessary, then, to discharge from our consciousness those very solid entities, the Portsdown forts, and with a march-past timed to take place at four P.M., and a sham fight beginning at twelve A.M., it was obvious that the tide of battle could not roll far without taking the men away to such a distance that their return to the parade ground in time for the march-past was a matter of impossibility. These rules, however, must be adopted if the game is to be played at all.

HOW THE GAME WAS BEGUN

THE Easter Holidays were utilised by most Volunteer Corps for four days' hard work. Good Friday, and in some cases the day before, saw Volunteers hastening to their rendezvous. We will for a little follow the fortunes of the advance-guard of that force, which, on the first alarm of invasion, was pushed southwards from Aldershot to reinforce the garrison of Portsmouth, and we cannot do better than attach ourselves to the Artists' (20th Middlesex). This corps has since its first establishment (and it was one of the earliest started) been one of the popular favourites. It is an open secret that it is not, as its name would seem to imply, composed solely of men engaged in artistic work, but the majority of the members may fairly claim the name by which their corps is known. Many of the officers, from Colonel Sir Frederick Leighton downwards, are men who have earned honourable places in the Republic of the Arts, and in the ranks the proportion of professional artists—painters, architects, musicians—is large. The word "artists" is, however, sufficiently elastic to cover members of the London University and journalists; and instances are reported in which privates in the ranks have "slated" energetically books written by their superior officers, or have bestowed genial praise upon the pictures of some non-commissioned officer, who may, the next day, be initiating their critics into the practices of the manual exercise, or introducing them to the laborious symmetry of the goose-step. But on parade independence and Bohemianism are both abandoned. A more obedient and smarter body of men it would be difficult to find. The uniform—"a harmony in grey and silver" as one of them called it—is pretty, and at the same time is excellently adapted for wear and work. The crossed straps of the haversack and water-bottle have an excellent effect, and the over-coat worn in a well-rolled coil over the left shoulder gives a most workmanlike finish to the corps. The "general idea" presupposed that the enemy detached his force for masking Portsmouth only when he had made himself master of the line of Midhurst, Petworth, and Horsham; hence Petersfield was the point at which operations actually commenced. In this ordinarily sleepy town the main body of the Artists', some five hundred strong, arrived shortly after eleven, having "entrained" and "detrained" (to use the words now consecrated by the authority of the War Office) with the most commendable despatch and regularity. In the Market Place were drawn up some fifty of their comrades, who had marched down all the way from London, leaving on the previous Tuesday, and a small contingent of the Inns of Court. Little time was lost in clearing Petersfield, and soon the whole battalion was on the march along the dusty roads.

THE ADVANCE GUARD AT WORK

The force for the reinforcement of Portsmouth was now rapidly gathering at Petersfield, and it became necessary to protect it by

outposts pushed as far to the front as possible. These outposts were not only to observe the enemy's movements, but were to fall back fighting upon Petersfield if any considerable number of the enemy were encountered. Butser Hill was the point chosen for the first line of outposts. The breasting of this historic hill, where Julius Caesar built a camp, and where the English troops rested on their way to the Peninsular campaign, was the first tough piece of work encountered by the Artists' and their brothers in arms, the members of the Inns of Court. It was no easy task to climb the slippery grassy slopes of Butser Hill weighed down by twenty-five pounds' weight of baggage, for that is the weight of the accoutrements of a private in marching order. With a couple of halts and a steady pull the various companies, extended now to right and left, gained the summit, and planted pickets and posted sentries on the neighbouring heights to observe the movements of the enemy. Arms being piled, there was leisure to open haversacks, and enjoy the fair scene spread below. The sun was warm in the valleys, and the day was cloudless, but on Butser Hill there was a wind as keen as that which Charles Lamb encountered on the summit of Skiddaw. In front the country stretched beyond Clanfield and the Forest of Bere to the Portsdown ridge; behind lay the sunny pastures and woods of Hampshire and Surrey, which the Artists' determined should never, if they could help it, fall into the hands of the (purely imaginary) enemy. By and by appeared Colonel Clive, galloping from post to post, and well pleased on the whole with the disposition of the pickets. True, here and there sentries were patrolling without any visible means of support, their picket being hidden from them by intervening cover, and in other cases the lines of sentries were heaped together; but these were faults that experience would easily correct, and the line taken up was excellent. By this time the main body had formed in the gorge below, and red coats, ambulance waggons, and glittering rifle-barrels extended far back along the winding road to Petersfield. The Artists' had done their work. No enemy was yet in sight. It was safe for the main body to advance. The southern slope of Butser Hill was descended steadily, and the companies closed in upon the road below, and with swinging stride continued the march towards Purbrook. Theoretically they were supposed to still lead the advance into what might be the enemy's country; practically they left all further outpost duty to the regiments following on behind, who practised similar evolutions in turn as they reached suitable posts of observation.

THE DAILY ROUND AT FORT PURBROOK

THE adaptability of man to his circumstances seldom receives more striking illustration than on those occasions when the Volunteer is abroad. Men who at home are accustomed to the usual comforts and luxuries of the English middle-class household voluntarily embrace hardships which the regular soldier is not called upon to undergo except in time of actual warfare. Within a quarter of an hour after their arrival in Fort Purbrook the Artists' had shaken into their places with all the regularity of soldiers of the line. Ample quarters had been allotted to the different companies, and each captain marched his men off to their respective rooms without any hitch whatever. The kits had arrived by train, and soon every one was engaged in the washing-room and at the water-taps in removing the traces of the dusty march. Meanwhile orderlies had been appointed for each room, and these were shortly on their way to the kitchens, where stalwart cooks of the Regulars had prepared the dinner. This consisted simply of meat, potatoes, and bread; the meat and potatoes being issued in large nets. Everything was wholesome, and very tolerably cooked; and, though some of the more fastidious seemed inclined at first to turn up their noses at the fare provided for them, the conditions of barrack life were soon accepted as inevitable, and it was determined on all hands to enter into the spirit of the thing with as much relish as possible. A canteen was open in the Fort, and there could be purchased beer, wine, spirits, and all sorts of luxuries. By each man in a room subscribing a shilling or two at the beginning the orderlies were able to keep their messes supplied with jam, marmalade, sardines, and other tinned dainties throughout the whole four days' occupation of the Fort. While the men were accommodating themselves to their quarters, the officers had been looking after the safety of the Fort. Guard was mounted, sentries began their rounds, and pickets were appointed to enforce discipline, if necessary. A dismal cell marked "Prisoners" was curiously inspected, and pronounced to be an uncomfortable sort of place, and it is needless to say that while the Artists' were in Fort Purbrook it remained without a tenant. After dinner the men strolled on the ramparts, and made themselves acquainted with their new place of residence. "First post" found every one well disposed for bed. The traces of dinner had been entirely removed by the active orderlies, the straw mattresses and blankets ranged round the whitewashed walls were unrolled, and soon the floor was covered with weary men. When "lights out" sounded the sergeants had little difficulty in enforcing quiet. Silence fell upon the rooms, broken only by occasional snores, and now and then by weird exclamations uttered in their sleep by men whose limbs indeed were tired, but whose brains were yet active.

THE WORK OF SATURDAY

THE early bugle call was cheerily responded to. No one yielded to the temptation for "just another five minutes." All sprang out of their blankets with a readiness which showed that the work of the day before had not been exhausting, and a crowd of eager men, soap and towels in hand, presently besieged the rooms labelled "Ablutions." "Nothing like a good cold bath to pull a man together," said some; and the ordinary shower-bath or hip-bath not being obtainable, they resorted to rougher but equally effective methods. It was a not uncommon sight to see a man in a state of nature with a couple of companions vigorously dashing buckets of cold water against his tingling flesh; while one brave fellow stood beneath some stairs while his friends poured on his head bucket after bucket of the coldest water. And all this in the open air at 6.30 A.M. ! The interval up to breakfast time was none too long for the blacking of boots, the brushing of uniforms, and the cleaning of rifles. Beds and blankets were neatly rolled, and every one sat down with a splendid appetite to the breakfast of bread, butter, and very weak coffee, which was provided by the authorities. Shortly after nine the battalion moved out of the Fort to recommence the active operations of the day. It was still assumed that there

was an enemy in the direction of Brighton, whose movements it was necessary to watch with the greatest care in order to protect the line of march of the battalions still coming from Petersfield to Portsmouth. Accordingly the Artists' moved out in the direction of the little village of Waterloo, sending scouts ahead, and soon distributing outposts over a wide stretch of country. In the country lanes, and in beautiful woods carpeted with pale primroses and violets dim, the Artists' established their pickets with sentries pushed well to the front, and patrols communicating on either side with the sentries from the other pickets. No enemy was observed, though careful watch was kept, and presently the positions were inspected by a staff-officer. Again there were certain slight faults to be found in the disposition of some outposts, but on the whole the work was carried out with great intelligence. A march followed to Waterloo, in and around which village quite an army of Volunteers was encamped along the roadsides. Here a prolonged halt was made, and the vendors of "English champagne, a penny a glass," did a roaring trade. A roundabout march brought the Artists' back to their Fort, and after luncheon of sausages and rolls every man who was not on guard, picket, or fatigue duty was allowed out of quarters by leave till 9.30. Many availed themselves of the privilege to visit Portsmouth and Southsea, now almost at the height of their gaiety. Some drifted as far as Ryde on visits to friends, and many took the opportunity of dining in the ordinary civilised fashion instead of returning to the Fort for the regulation dinner at 5.30. It is not necessary to say over again here what has been said by all the daily papers in praise of the bearing of the Volunteers in the streets, and when released from active duty. It is enough simply to repeat that it was all that could be desired. In the matter of saluting, in which in former years Volunteers were notoriously lax, a vast improvement has been made; and it was rare indeed to see any Volunteer pass an officer without giving the salute which etiquette and the regulations of the service demand. So eager indeed were the men to pay the proper compliments that they often exceeded their duty, and saluted sergeants, mistaking them for commissioned officers. There were even cases in which privates of crack corps so far impressed their rarer comrades by their neatness and general "pride of bearing" as to extort salutes from these latter in the streets. In all such cases, we need hardly say, the salutes were gravely returned.

SUNDAY IN CAMP

SUNDAY was a comparatively easy day for the Artists', though much excitement was naturally caused by the visit of the Prince of Wales to their quarters. An early church parade at Christ Church, near Fort Purbrook, opened the day. The small church was entirely reserved for the Artists' Corps, who filled the building from the altar rails to the door. On returning to fort there was a general tidying-up of the quarters, the different rooms vying with each other in neatness of arrangement. The men then dispersed to write letters or lie placidly on their faces on the grassy ramparts and make themselves familiar with the country round them, which the next day was to be alive with troops and echoing the fire of field batteries. After luncheon the whole battalion assembled on the parade-ground in full marching order to receive the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness drove up from Portsmouth in plain clothes, accompanied by Sir Frederick Leighton and several staff officers. He inspected the men, visited some of their quarters, and expressed himself much pleased with the bearing and discipline of the corps.

THE BATTLE

WHEN the signal gun fired for the battle to begin, the troops were all accurately posted in the positions assigned to them; the enemy, under Major-General Higginson, having one flank resting on Farlington, and the other on Littlewood Park, with the centre at Bedhampton to the east of Fort Purbrook; the defenders being posted around Fort Nelson and having also two thousand men within the Hilsa lines. The battle may be described in general terms as consisting in a brilliant series of rushes by the enemy, each of which were successfully repulsed by the strongly-posted defenders, and then in a cautious, but determined and victorious advance along the whole defending line. No sooner was the signal gun fired than the artillery of both forces was on the move, and General Higginson's batteries posted near Fort Purbrook opened a lively fire upon General Pakenham's opposite. Under the cover of the artillery fire the infantry rapidly advanced on the north side of the ridge; but on the southern side, where the whole slope of the hill lay open to the fire from the Hilsa lines and the gunboats, the advance was necessarily more cautious. So rapid were the forward movements on both sides that a very short time elapsed before a bickering rifle-fire was heard, and the skirmishers were to be seen advancing across the ground in open order and availing themselves of every possible inch of cover. At first the tide of battle seemed fiercest close up in the neighbourhood of the forts, but soon it drifted towards General Higginson's right, where that officer was evidently attempting a flanking movement in great force. His red-coats advanced with reckless bravery under a withering fire, and seized the Pigeon House Farm in excellent style. But Pakenham's guns soon made the position untenable, and the gallant red-coats retired at a run harassed by a galling fire from the rear, and at one moment were in imminent danger of being shot down by their own supports, who mistook them at first for the advancing enemy. The flank attack became more and more developed, and the battle round Pigeon House Farm grew fiercer and fiercer, and to each energetic attack of Higginson, Pakenham replied by sending more and more reinforcements, till at last the ground was covered by his swarming battalions, who at length abandoned the defensive, and fairly drove back General Higginson's attack.

During the whole of these manœuvres the conduct of the men in the ranks was exemplary in the highest degree. They executed their movements readily, and with fidelity and intelligence, firing regularly by sections at the word of command when the enemy was partially under cover, and receiving him with well-timed volleys when he ventured to advance over the open. On the opposite and southern slope of the Portsdown Heights the battle had raged less furiously, but still the firing had been brisk enough. Pakenham's communications with Hilsa were weak, and Higginson attempted to break them up by despatching troops over the crest of the hill, and descending upon him in force. But Pakenham detected the device, and pushed forward reinforcements, and the Hilsa garrison

making a sortie in force General Higginson was hurled back. So at least it seemed when the "Cease Firing" sounded; but how the fortune of war would have gone had the battle continued a little longer, it would not be wise to predict. To the Volunteers engaged the affair seemed to cease just as it was beginning to get interesting, and only that the troops might be massed for a march-past, a ceremony all would willingly have foregone for the sake of further practice in the field.

THE MARCH-PAST

OF the march-past itself little need be said, save that it was fairly well executed over very rough ground. Certain corps always distinguish themselves on these occasions. The London Scottish, with their pipers and smart buglers, were loudly cheered, as were also the fine Hampshire Brigade, Lord Ranelagh's Brigade, and the Artists', who went by almost last, and won hearty applause by their fine marching.

GOING HOME

THE majority of the Volunteers returned to town on Monday evening, though many stayed till Tuesday. The arrangements for "entraining" were excellent, and if the Volunteer Reviews did no more than practice the railway companies in the transporting of large bodies of men, they would do much. The journey to town was accomplished at a wonderful rate of speed, considering the number of trains which were despatched at such short intervals from one another, and there were few Volunteers who did not reach their homes before midnight.

LESSONS OF THE REVIEW

NOW that opinion has had time to express itself, it is on all hands admitted that the Volunteers acquitted themselves excellently. They improve year by year, and this Eastertime they have probably learnt more than at any previous review. The outpost duty was instructive in the highest degree; and since the Volunteers show such a desire and fitness for hard work, they should be indulged by the authorities. The Easter Monday Field-day should be looked upon less as a spectacle and more as an opportunity for instructing men in the actual business of war. The tactics of the sham-fight should not all be arranged with an eye to the final march-past, and the Brigadiers should handle their men with as much care as if engaged in real, and not mimic warfare. Unless they are perfect themselves they cannot demand perfection of the regimental and battalion commanders.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE Concert of the Minnesingers' Glee Club took place in the Portland Hall, Portsmouth, last Saturday evening, and was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales and a host of distinguished guests, among them being many of the commanding officers of Volunteer regiments. An excellent programme was prepared, and the singing in chorus of "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was extremely impressive.

Church Parade on Southsea Common was a regular military function. The drums were arranged on a platform draped with the Union Jack, while the Gordon Highlanders and the 3rd Middlesex Artillery formed a picturesque background for the distinguished group around the officiating clergymen. Behind the Prince of Wales stood Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir Evelyn Wood, Major-General Higginson, and others.

Our engravings on pages 380-381 show that part of the battle-field which lay to the south of the Portsdown Heights. In No. 1 Fort Southwick is on the extreme left, and in front is a small farmhouse, and some cattle peacefully grazing—the only uninterested spectators of the day's proceedings. No. 2 shows the gunboats in action, and aiding to repulse General Higginson's attack. No. 3 is a continuation of the heights shown in No. 1. The village before us is Cosham, and the fort behind it is Fort Widley, set apart for spectators on Monday last. No. 4 is a view of Major Higginson's left attack on Cosham, as seen from Portsdown Heights. Cosham is on the left and General Pakenham's skirmishers are advancing across the plain. In the distance is the Isle of Wight.

On page 384 is shown the march down of one of the London Corps. No. 2 represents the Prince of Wales and the Staff passing under the triumphal arch in the village of Cosham. No. 3 is a staff-officer signalling with his white flag. No. 4 is the march-past of the London Scottish.

Our artist wishes to thank Colonel Dormer, and an officer at Hulse Barracks, whose name he did not learn, and the Wendover family at Cosham for great kindness and facilities afforded him throughout the operations. C. N. W.



AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—A correspondent writes us from Nottingham, "The high drying easterly winds have reduced the stony clays into a case-hardened state; hence it has been a very difficult task, and an extremely irksome proceeding, to obtain anything like a suitable seed-bed. The wheat plant on sandy soils still leaves something to be desired, but on the stony wet clays the plant now presents a very unhealthy and yellow appearance." The majority of counties report less unfavourably of wheat, and many farmers have expressed their opinion that no such favourable season as the present has been known for several years. Beans and peas are now showing themselves above the surface in early-sown fields. Early-sown oats look healthy and well, and so do tares. Seeds look strong and well-set. In Kent hops have been shot up if anything too rapidly. Poling is in active progress. Early potatoes are being planted, and the land is being prepared for mangels. The lambing season in Scotland is about over in the Lowlands, where the farmers seem fairly satisfied. In the Highlands stock are spoken of as being in good condition, and lambing is going on under favourable auspices. At Aberdeen some lamb was on sale at a butcher's before the end of March, and this was stated by a local paper to be an exceptionally "early appearance."

THE WEATHER.—The hedges are now quite green, young elms and larches are coming into leaf, and the season is early, despite the east-wind. The month of March was rich with many pecks of dust, and the total rainfall was moderate. Our own record gives

1'50 inch, that of a Dorsetshire correspondent 1'42, that of a friend in Warwickshire 1'60. Since the beginning of the year the rainfall in all but the wettest districts of the West has been about six inches or rather less in parts. The temperature of March was high.

ARTHUR YOUNG was the subject of a most interesting address by Mr. Pell, M.P., at the April meeting of the Farmers' Club just held. Although more appreciative than we had expected, Mr. Pell in his address showed careful study and preparation for his task, rather than enthusiasm for a pioneer of agricultural progress, who to deep knowledge and keen observation added a power of literary expression such as is given to few to possess. Arthur Young has been highly appreciated in France, but in England he is all too little known. "Surely," says the *Land Agent's Record*, "a couple of shilling volumes containing a selection from his works and a good portrait would not be a ruinous speculation." Such volumes ought to be in every village library.

THE CORN AVERAGES.—The complaints made against the Government returns may be thus summarised: the diminution of markets from 400 to 150 is said to be prejudicial to the tithe-payer, as the selected markets are the leading ones of their counties, where a large proportion of the corn is bought by dealers, and the average price quoted represents farmer's price, plus dealer's profit, plus railway or long road carriage. Furthermore, the light and damaged grain is consumed on the land, and does not appear at market at all, albeit the farmers' real average returns are diminished thereby. It has been suggested that farmers should make their own returns; but against this it is said that farmers are too-interested parties, and that the inquisitiveness of the system would be objected to.

THE WARWICKSHIRE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE, at their last meeting, discussed the spread of foot-and-mouth disease in Mid-England. The President, Lord Dormer, said there were ten areas declared infected in the district of the Chamber. Approval was accorded to the Local Government Bill, introduced by Lord E. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Pell, and the Chamber regretted the postponement of the County Government Bill in consequence of time lost in discussing *clôture*.

DISTRESS FOR RENT.—Mr. Waugh, M.P., in giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on this subject, said he should not like to see distress abolished, but would advocate the following reforms:—1. The reduction of the term for which rent might be claimed from six years to a twelvemonth; 2. That the property of third persons, subject to certain provisions, should be relieved from liability; 3. That the costs of distress should be strictly regulated; 4. That teams, and what he called "the motive power" of a farm, should be exempt. He thought that to pay a quarter's rent in advance would be a far more serious matter for the tenant than was the existing law.

THE CHEAPNESS OF WOOL has not probably been perceived by those who have been recently perusing their tailors' bills. It is a fact, nevertheless, and a very awkward one for the grazing farmer. One shilling per pound may be taken as a fair average price, but today's currencies rarely exceed tenpence, while for wool of 1880 the top value is 9½d. Lambs' fleeces are sold at 7d. and 8d. From Kent we hear of farmers being very depressed by the low rates, and from Leicester a correspondent writes:—"Distrust and want of confidence are so strong in the wool trade that speculative transactions are entirely suspended. Staplers are indifferent as to sales, and are increasing their stocks."

THE TITHE AGITATION.—We have not hitherto made any particular reference to the Anti-tithe Organisation existing mostly in the Home Counties; but when the stage of threats and assaults has been reached, it is almost time to make a plain-worded protest. In the first place, to refuse to pay tithes is to be guilty of lawlessness and folly combined. Of lawlessness, because a tithe is a rent-charge established by law and known to be so by every man who takes a farm; and of folly, because the law in England can easily overpower individual resistance, and moreover, does so in a manner which is effectual, but not calculated to enable the offender to pose very readily as a martyr. To resist a sheriff's officer is no new act, and any halo of romance that may once have surrounded it has long ago completely departed. As to threats to blow the distaining clergyman's brains out, we need say nothing with respect to the general view taken of such action, at least on this side of the Channel.

TURNIPS are very abundant, so much so that in many districts spring sowing has been delayed by the difficulty of disposing of the turnip crop already on the ground. Sheep have too frequently been overfed with turnips this early spring, and where this has been the case the number of fatalities in lambing has generally been increased.

HORSES.—It is to be feared that the breeding and rearing of hunters or carriage-horses is seldom a profitable undertaking owing to the long period of four or five years during which keep and care have to be bestowed on an animal which after all may turn out to be of but little value. Cart-horses pay better as a rule, for they are fit for light work at three years old, and with well-selected parents should be worth seventy to eighty pounds on entering their fourth year.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Isle of Man Agricultural Society and the Manx Agricultural Society have amalgamated after a very lively discussion of offices and terms.—It is estimated that the "arrears" of Irish agricultural rents amounts in the aggregate to over six million pounds sterling.—The Winter Session of the Downton College of Agriculture closed just before Easter, when the prizes were distributed by Earl Nelson.—The Norfolk Spring Horse Show was not a great success, only thirty-four animals being exhibited.—The show of horses at Odiham was poor, and a couple of Yorkshire Shows have also been partial failures.—We have to record disastrous farm fires at Lambourne, Chard, Blekoe, Gosforth, and three or four other places.—A well-attended and satisfactory show sale of shorthorn and Galloway stock has just been held at Carlisle.



II.

IN *Blackwood* "Bilochistan; Our Latest Acquisition," presents a somewhat prepossessing picture—raids, massacres, and frequent wife murders by provoked husbands notwithstanding—of the frank, good humoured Biloches tribes, so different morally from the surly and revengeful Afghan, though equal, if not superior, in courage and endurance. "The Borders and their Ballads" take us back in fancy to the last time we opened Sir Walter's "Border Minstrelsy."—In "Fenianism; Its Force and Feebleness," an ex-Member of the Directory writes warningly of the trouble the Brotherhood abroad could give us if it decided to concentrate 6,000 drilled, or even half-drilled, Republicans in any one Irish county.

Macmillan and *Time* both turn the Channel Tunnel question to account with picturesque fiction of future invasion, a little in the "Battle of Dorking" style—the invader in *Macmillan* being bravely foiled by the heroism of an engine driver, in *Time* moving on from victory to victory till the poor island is reduced for good to the condition of a third-rate Power.—In *Fraser*, under the title of "French Privateers, II.," Mr. Laughton records the valorous deeds of Du Guay-Trouin, the luckiest and boldest man of all the captains, not excepting even Suffren, whom France produced since she

possessed a navy; and Mr. Conder has an able article—"M. Léon Say and the Prosperity of France"—on the advantage which our neighbours will acquire when all the railway lines revert to the Government, and merchants will travel and goods be transported for about half the rate which it will cost in England.—In *Harper*, "Spanish Vistas" and "Silver San Juan" vie with each other in admirable illustrations. Mr. Black begins a new novel, "Shandon Bells," for once abandoning the lispng Hebridean Gael to follow the fortunes of the Irish Celt; and Mr. Lloyd contributes, under the title of "Ogla-Moga," a farcical tale of an æsthetic sympathiser in the wrongs of the Red Man and her very objectionable *protegé*, which has at least the merit of being excessively amusing.—In the *Century* Mr. R. G. White continues his interesting reminiscences, enriched with equally interesting portraits, of past celebrities of the "Opera at New York." Mr. Andrew Lang sends a good critical memoir to match a fine portrait of Matthew Arnold; and Madame Ragozin, in "Russian Jews and Gentiles," brings many curious and novel arguments to palliate, if she cannot justify, her countrymen's recent attack upon their Hebrew fellow-citizens.

Readers of the *North American* will perceive with pleasure the re-appearance of M. Desiré Charnay in its pages. The indefatigable explorer of the "Ruins of Central America" announces this month an exceptional discovery—the representation of a horse and cuirassed rider among the decorations of the palace of the Caciques of Kabah. This fixes, of course, the date at the period of the Spanish Conquest, and, as all the ruins of Yucatan are of the same order of architecture, the date of one approximately decides the date of all the rest. Theorists who have set the buildings of old Mexico thousands of years before the Christian era, and traced imaginary heads of mastodons among their ornaments, must now recant. From the earliest Toltec (A.D. 650) to the latest Aztec (A.D. 1521), eight centuries and a half will probably cover all the lines of successive dynasties in Central America.

In the *Month* Father Morris has an interesting paper, "English Relics, IV.," on the history of "Queen Mary's Holy Thorn"—a relic brought by Mary, Queen of Scots, from France, and by her presented to the "martyred" Earl of Northumberland. Its last possessor, Jane Wiseman, seems to have divided it into two parts, and placed these in two precisely similar reliquaries, now owned, after some curious vicissitudes, by a Confraternity at Ghent and by the College at Stonyhurst. The "duality of the relic" was entirely unsuspected, and had not Father Morris succeeded in tracing its history, might have been set down to error or imposture.—Colonel Chichester contributes a Catholic view of a "Salvation Army" meeting; and Mr. Bellingham a paper on "Irish Emigration," the first half of which will not, we hope, prevent the reader from passing to the second. Nothing can be wiser than to systematise emigration and plant colonies in States like Minnesota, as the "Irish-American Colonisation Company" proposes. But why begin by quoting rubbish about the capacity of the Green Isle to maintain forty-eight millions—on potatoes?

"A Winter Evening," a fine etching by Mr. Slocombe, of a country road fringed by leafless trees; some pretty illustrations of Fountains Abbey; and a further chapter of the "Life of Botticelli," are among the good things offered by the *Portfolio* to its purchasers.—In Mr. Comyn Carr's "Magazine of Art and Letters" are some notes of the early days of Henri Regnault, and the first part of what promises to be an attractive history of "Masterpieces of Tapestry." We wonder what the old dyers would have said to M. Chevreul of the dyeing department of the Gobelins, who "has composed a chromatic prism containing 14,420 different tones." Or would they have shrugged their shoulders and replied that tapestry-weavers should not be painters?—To Cassell's *Magazine of Art* Miss Paget sends a pleasant memoir of "Old Crome." It seems strange to hear that forty years ago Christie and Manson told a seller there was not an "Old Crome" anywhere "which could fetch a hundred pounds." Mr. Haws discourses learnedly about "Bells;" and Mr. H. V. Barnett, in a review of "A Treatise on Wood-Engraving," skillfully explains the essential difference between the style of Bewick—technically known as "tint-engraving"—and the mechanical "fac-simile engraving," where the cutter does little more than make a copy of the drawing.

An opportune notice of Wagner's *Master-singers of Nürnberg*, soon to be performed for the first time in this country at Drury Lane, is the chief article of special note in the new *Theatre*.

From the *Antiquarian, Tinsley, London Society*, and the *St. James's* we must content ourselves with selecting from the first-named a good description of "Coventry Cross," taken down as a nuisance in 1771, but now, we hear, to be re-erected; from the three last a short but noteworthy paper on the cruelties practised in "American Packets under the Union Jack," a more ambitious article on "The Queen in Contemporary Literature," and a further instalment of Mr. Francillon's "Wicked Woman."

ON FOOT IN THE PYRENEES

I.

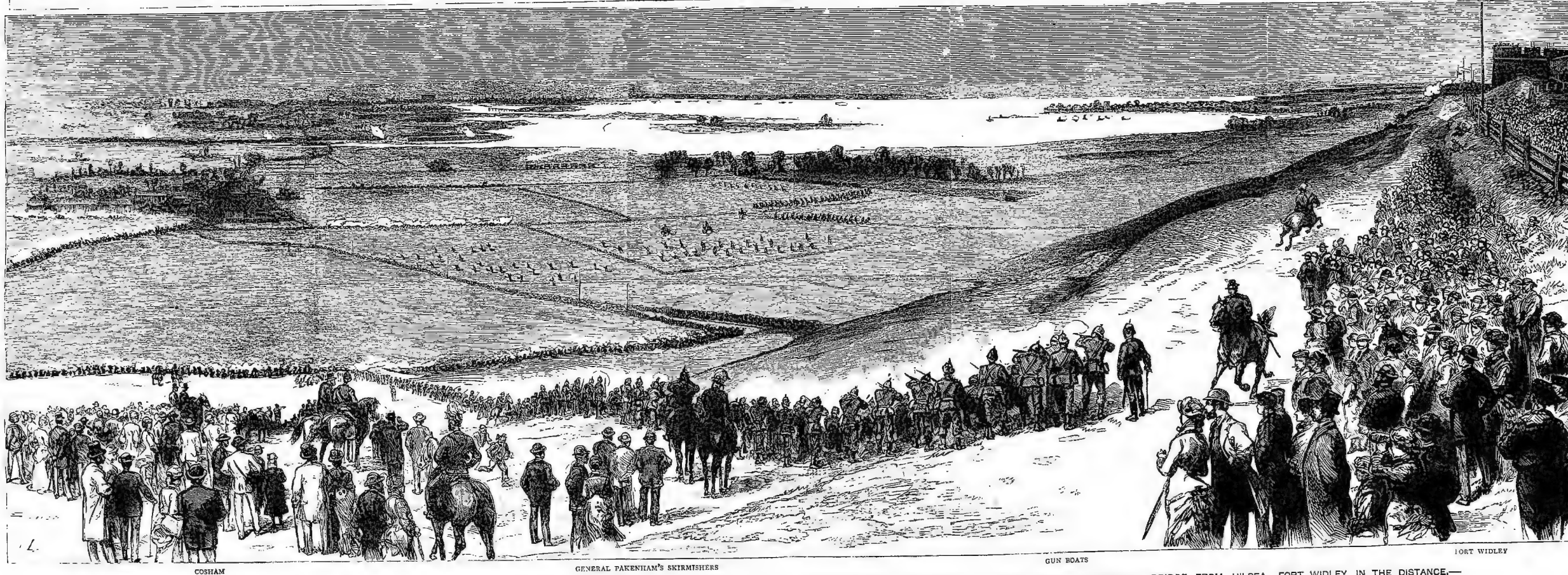
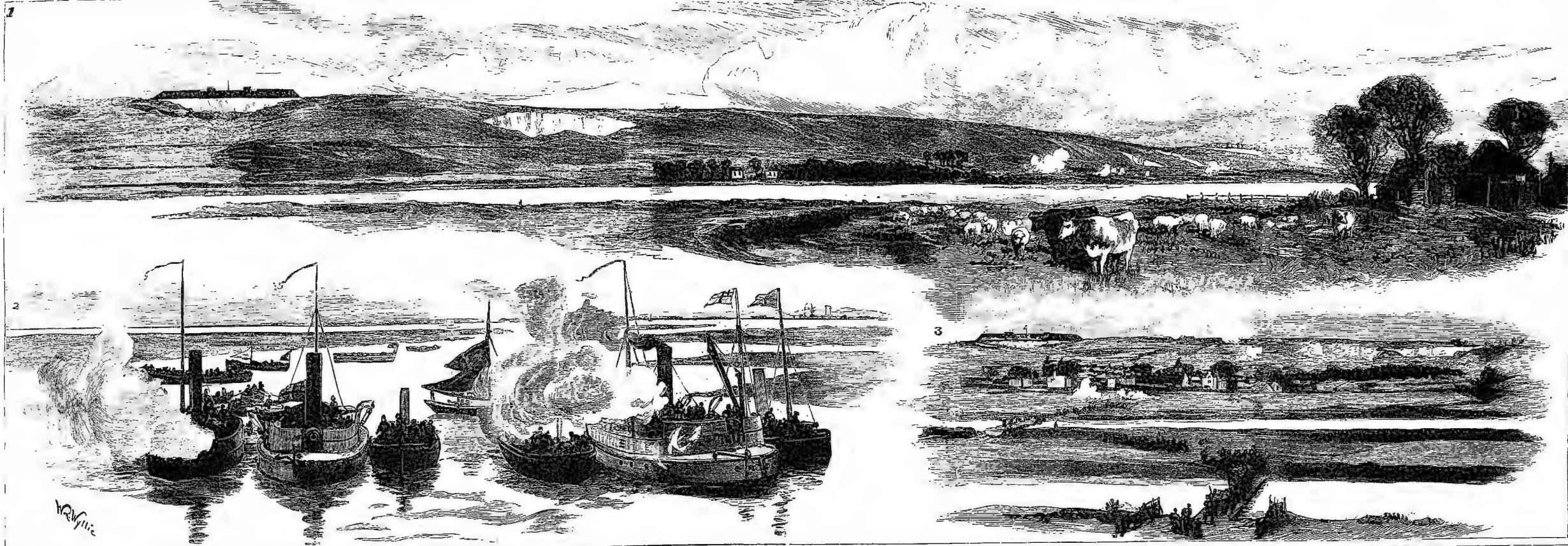
AT no time am I altogether a believer in the pedestrian tour pure and simple. I have known some ardent pedestrians who have refused to avail themselves of a lift over a long stretch of barren and uninteresting country. In the Pyrenees at least, in order to see the country thoroughly, the walking tour must be combined with the diligence and the railway. But there are many places where the horseman can go but not the carriage, and many more where the pedestrian can go but not the horseman. Some of the French national roads on the Pyrenees are so remarkable that one really loses a great deal of fine scenery by taking the short cut over the Cols instead of following the zigzag road.

To those whose travelling is somewhat of the tortoise kind, more slow and sure than speedy, the zigzag saves breath and muscle. A remarkable road from Eaux Bonnes to Argèzes may be taken as an example. This road was constructed by order of the Emperor Napoleon III., and is a wonderful example of French engineering. It may compete with the finest roads in Switzerland, such as those over the Simplon or the Splügen. But the misfortune is that hardly anybody goes by it. It rises to an immense height, and is twenty-seven miles long. To go from Argèzes to Eaux Bonnes it is practically found easier to take the railway to Pau and thence the gentler ascent.

The guide-books—even Mr. Murray's admirable Handbook—talk of a diligence over the Pass, or say that you can hire a *voiture* for fifty francs. This is all legend. No diligence has run for years, it is such ever ran at all, and the *voiture* costs a hundred francs slightly more or less. Early one summer morning I started on this long solitary road from the gay, bright, cheerful watering-place of Eaux Bonnes. I should have been sorry to have hurried in a carriage through such delightful shady scenery as the Empress's Promenade and by the waterfalls. In such paths it is wisdom to linger and watch. Although it was a still summer day, the breeze at the top of the Col was like an ocean wind. It shows the solitariness of this forsaken highway that, unlike all other roads, not a single beggar was to be found in the whole of it. I met one carriage-party, and not a single tourist besides. But once and again a flock of goats came by, when a glass of warm delicious milk might be had for the asking, or lads led donkeys up the mountains to bring back hay or produce; some labourers set to mend the road were slumbering peacefully beneath the trees; the vast eagles were leisurely soaring across the abyss which man had taken such laborious care circuitously to span; then came the bay of a ferocious dog—they are famed on these hills for their fierceness—which the shepherd held

FORT SOUTHWICK

FORT WIDLEY



COSHAM

GENERAL PAKENIAM'S SKIRMISHERS

GUN BOATS

FORT WIDLEY

1. THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE PORTSDOWN HEIGHTS FROM THE HILSEA LINES.—2. THE GUN BOATS TAKING PART IN THE DEFENCE.—3. THE REGULARS ADVANCING ON COSHAM OVER THE PONTOON BRIDGE FROM HILSEA, FORT WIDLEY IN THE DISTANCE.—
4. MAJOR-GENERAL HIGGINSON'S LEFT ATTACK ON COSHAM AS SEEN FROM THE PORTSDOWN HEIGHTS.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT PORTSMOUTH

back; then one met a herd of patient meek-eyed cattle, so huddled together on the narrow path that it was a matter of difficulty to steer one's way among them.

On the more dangerous parts of the precipices the parapets were broken down, and these were left unrepaired, through no carelessness, but because it is impossible to resist the storms and avalanches of winter. Then the road rose in sharper curves and beneath a fiery sun. Then a bridge crossed a waterfall, and the road passed into an oasis of shade. Then once more the zigzags came, but it was possible to take a pleasant stroll through pasture land to save some of them. As you ascended higher the heat was great in the unobscured glare of the sun. But the sense of this was exquisitely relieved by the freshening breeze and the immense prospects opened up of deep valleys and snow-capped heights.

At a little distance from the summit there is a mountain *cafi*, where I came unexpectedly on a carriage with English people. In a most kind and courteous way they offered me a seat for the next dozen miles. The great principle of pedestrianism, however sternly upheld, gave way to the temptation of a pleasant rest and cheerful companionship. At Arrens, famous for its trout, there was a rest, and we pedestrianised by the side of pleasant streams to a curious old church, with battlemented walls, and its floor the native rock. Argélez is very pretty, and is commemorated in one of Lord Houghton's pretty poems. The next day I was so degenerate as to join with my friends in a carriage to Cautelets. The scene has greatly changed since the time the Laureate commemorates in his "Lines written in the Valley of Cautelets"—

All along the valley thence and thirty years ago.

A stiff pull to the Lac de Gaube and back to Cautelets restored me to the peaceful enjoyment of my pedestrianism conscience. I strolled very leisurely along the bridge path by the Gave until I came to the Pont d'Espagne, where the two roads diverged. It was now a considerable pull through what was very like a Norwegian forest, only that beyond the belt of pines you have the serrated peaks of granite. It was not very easy walking. The pathway was exceedingly steep, and sometimes there were beds of bog and the gnarled roots of trunks of trees, and also the *débris* of rock and stone. A heavy mist had by this time begun to settle down. The cloud broke up, and wandered strangely through the stems of the firs. There was something very curious about this cloud. I could just dimly discern the white masses of the falling cascades of the river which thundered quite close to the path. The cloud approached as within an exactly measurable distance. It was so many yards off, then almost within arm's length; presently you entered into the cloud. You were wet, and could barely see your hand before you, but there was just enough light to enable you to keep to the distinguishable pathway. As one gained the lonely sheet of water, I could only just see the beach line lapped by little waves, and a white glimmer of a marble monument above the water. It was disappointing, for I looked for prospects, beyond the abstract pleasures of pedestrianism. There was nothing for it but to turn my attention to the trout for which this mountain lake is justly celebrated. The fisherman's hut of which I had heard had given way to a homely restaurant. Suddenly I heard an exclamation of delight from people outside the door. The mist had suddenly lifted, and there was a brief burst of sunshine. It revealed the white snowy mass of the Vignemale mountain with its eternal glacier that fed the lake that fed the stream. It showed the monument of the young pair who perished in their honeymoon, trusting themselves to an unsafe boat above these deep waters, or probably careless or unskilful in the management. There is this monument to them here, and also, I believe, in the churchyard of their English home. Presently the mist blotted out the prospect once more with the suddenness of a transformation scene. It was dense darkness before I came within the range of the lights of Cautelets, where the music was clashing in the broad space opposite the *Établissement des Bains*, and the gay children of pleasure were doing their best to turn the mountain watering-place into a miniature Paris.

Gabas I found an excellent point for making excursions. The road from Laurans to Gabas is extremely easy for pedestrians, and leads through some of the finest scenery of the Pyrenees. I turned aside from it to visit the famous Grotto, three miles distance from Eaux Chaudes through the forest clothing the mountain side. It was incomparably finer than any of the other grottos shown to travellers, rather of the same kind as the Castleton Caves, but finer. A subterranean river flowed through it, and a Bengal light showed the cavern sides, which, to a great extent, are of marble. The favourite expedition from Gabas is to three platforms of Bious Artigues. There is a good road for a considerable distance by the side of the Gave. If you choose to cross the stream at Gabas you can just find your way through the trees. The profusion and wealth of wild flowers and of trees is most extraordinary. At such a place as this you fully recognise the peculiar beauty of Pyrenean scenery. At heights where at Switzerland you would have eternal snow there are broad lawn-like spaces, and park-like scenery, oaks and beech, birch, hazel, and alder, streams of the coldest water bursting from the rock, and at some points the vast snowy brow of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau is suddenly revealed. To make any progress, however, we must cross the stream and regain the bridge path. Within a couple of hours it brought us to the succession of plateaux. Here we have a most magnificent view of the Pic. I have noted this valley as the finest which I had visited in the Pyrenees, and it seemed to have a decided resemblance to Martin's picture of "The Plains of Heaven." The effect was one of marvellous beauty, and as we followed the stream the scenery became wilder and wilder.

Another favourite expedition from Gabas is to follow the Gave de Brousset, and to cross the Col d'Anco into Aragon. This is a somewhat serious matter. A friend of mine took a mule and guide, but neither really appeared necessary. That Brousset road is very attractive. Here again we passed the stream and scaled the height, but the Spanish expedition is quite sufficient, without tiring oneself by anything of the sort. One August morning, about six, we started from the little inn at Gabas. After a pull we rested to recruit. We fraternised with a party of French labourers, the last Frenchmen in the South of France. They were very pleasant fellows, mere labourers, but full of the natural grace and politeness of Frenchmen. I happened to have a packet of tea with me, and I made them a brew of tea in their *pot au feu*, over a wood fire. They had no lid for their pot, and a slab of stone served their purpose. They added their *jambon* to my fowl, and we had a very refreshing meal. If one fraternises with English labourers in such a manner, they are pretty sure to ask you for something to drink. My friend and I had light hand-bags with us, and thin overcoats, and we entrusted them to an old man with a donkey who came past us on our road. To our great consternation the old man presently disappeared. It is the worst of this borderland that a native of the country can most easily pass from France to Spain and from Spain to France, from which fact most young men of spirit in these high regions know a little, more or less, of smuggling. It would be impossible for us to track our man in these mountains and ravines, and there would be a conflict of jurisdiction. We spoke of the missing man to one or two people whom we met, and raised something like a hue and cry. By and by we saw our old man approaching from a deep valley *minus* his donkey, but carrying our belongings on his arm. The circumstances seemed a little doubtful, but we gave him the benefit of the doubt. As we came nearer the frontier we fraternised with a friendly woodcutter, or something of that sort. He told us that instead of following the mule path he could show us a cut across the mountains that would save us a considerable *débour*, and would bring us to the little Spanish town of Sallent. It was a very

severe climb, necessitating the use of hands and knees. Towards the summit he showed us a point from which we had a most magnificent view of the Pic du Midi, and then took us to a rock beneath which welled a fountain of the purest and coldest water which I have ever tasted. I am sure that it is always well to condescend to men of low estate. Once on Dartmoor, one chill autumn day, I fell into conversation with a tramp who gave me the impression of being a ticket-of-leave man. Presently the moorland mist came down, and I could not see my hand before me. There have been many who have perished on Dartmoor in such perilous mists, but my friendly tramp conveyed me all right to Princeton. Under somewhat similar guidance we passed the watershed of the mountain, came to the Spanish custom-house, and at dusk found ourselves at Sallent. We were certainly tired when we entered the *posada*. The ground floor was full of pigs, peasants, and poultry, but passing through the kitchen, upstairs we entered a pleasant and spacious sitting-room. In pedestrianising in the Spanish Pyrenees it is always as well to have a clear understanding. The host offered us a dinner at six francs a-piece—French money is taken freely in the Spanish Highlands—but as we murmured he hastened to observe that the price of a bedroom was included in the charge. This was reasonable enough, and the dinner was very much better than we expected from the look of things. All the best inns and roads are on the French side of the Pyrenees, but the wider and grander ranges are on the Spanish side, and the pedestrian has better opportunities of making the best of things.

F. ARNOLD

THE PROVERBS OF SCOTLAND

RICH as Scotch song and story are in the national characteristics of pathos and sly humour, the quintessence of Scotland's wit and caution may be found crystallised in her proverbs. Sir W. Stirling Maxwell published a catalogue of books on proverbs which formed a considerable portion of his library at Keir, by which an inquirer will be guided to the best literature on the subject; but Fergusson's "Collection of Nine Hundred Scotch Proverbs," published at Edinburgh about the middle of the seventeenth century (now a rare book), and Kelly and Hislop's large assortments pretty well exhaust the nation's proverbs. Any of these books will furnish a perennial feast to a lover of Scotch good things. But multitudes of capital proverbs can be picked up at the lone farm-houses of the Scotch moors, or from gillies, fishermen, and the like, which have not been swept into any collection. Scotch humour naturally flies to proverbial utterances, as every reader of Sir W. Scott's novels will remember. We can "mind" an old lady, long laid to her rest, from whose mouth fell proverbs as thickly, and we may add as valuable, too, as the pearls and diamonds which dropped from the girl's tongue in the fairy tale. "Dominies" and elders of the kirk are generally fond of proverbs. Indeed, there is a Rev. Mr. Blattergowl, a Mause Headrigg, or a Maggie Mucklebackit in every Scotch village, who is sure to preach, scold, or chaffer in proverbs. Italy and Spain themselves are not richer in proverbial sayings than the Scotch vernacular. Some of these, like not a few proverbs in all languages, are cosmopolitan, the common heritage of every civilised people; but most are the direct outcome of the stern, cautious, yet "pawky" Scotch character. Some, too, have descended from their Celtic forefathers (as the reader may see by consulting sage Donald Mackintosh's collection of Gaelic proverbs of the date 1720); but more concentrate in one brief fardel the wit and wisdom of Scotch hillsides, and the shepherds and keepers who inhabit them. As with their liquor, their proverbs are most often the products of Scotchmen's own soil.

Like most nations' proverbs those of Scotland press hardly upon wives and widows. "Ne'er marry a widow," says one very sensibly, "unless her first man was hanged;" while as for a wife, "Wae's the wife that wants the tongue, but weel's the man that gets her;" and again, "I'm but beginning yet, quoth the wife when she run wud" (mad). Worse still, "A dish o' married love sune grows cauld." With regard to children, "Waly, waly! bairns are bonny; ane's enough, and twa's ower mony." Let us hope this is only if they be Falkirk bairns, for "Falkirk bairns mind naething but mischief," and "dee ere they thrive." Among tradesmen millers are, as usual in proverbs, perhaps the best abused. Weavers come next; "sorrow gars them spin," i.e., hunger alone compels them to work; while "souters" (cobblers) are never complimented. The "almighty dollar" of the Americans has its Scotch *doppelgänger* in "nae friend like the penny."

Almost all the proverbs relating to fishing (and they are many) refer only to sea-fishing. This is easily understood, if we call to mind that the trout or salmon fisher is like the heron, mostly a solitary, whereas fishing communities everywhere stud the Scotch coast, and everywhere lead a social and piscatorial existence of their own, frequently standing proudly apart from the "fremit" (strange) folk of the interior. This accounts for such fisherman's proverbs as the following:—

"A fisherman's walk, twa steps and overboard."

"Dinna gut your fish till ye get them."

"He can wile the flounders out o' the sea."

"It's gude fish when it's gripped."

"Let ilka herring hing by its ain head."

The sport in modern times most identified with the moors possesses few or no proverbs. Perhaps the Southron has it too much to himself. One saying relates to deerstalking, "Where the deer's slain the bluid will lie," but there are naturally several Gaelic proverbs on this favourite topic, "The deer carries his head high on the mountain;" and again, with reference to stolen venison, "Woe to him whose main support is the white cow of Macgilony." It is very characteristic of the gloomy climate and stern Calvinistic divinity of the country that the "puir deil" makes his appearance, and that frequently (from extremes meeting), in more festive guise in Scottish proverbial lore than in the proverbs of any other country. The Cornish proverb says that he is unknown in Cornwall, owing to the number of its saints, but, he seems so well known in Scotland that her natives have lost all awe of him. A lengthy biography of the deil might be written in Scottish proverbs; he "Aye drives his hogs to an ill market," he "Doesna aye show his cloven cloots," he "Ne'er sent a wind out o' Hell but he sailed wi' it." The deil again "Is aye gude to his ain;" "He's no sae black as he's called;" while ecclesiastically, "The deil's a busy bishop in his ain diocese;" and "The deil and the dean begin wi' ae letter; when the deil gets the dean, the kirk will be better." This last is surely the utterance of some stout opponent of the Established Church, and should be dear to a Scotch liberationist. But we have not half done with the deil, "They rin fast that deils and lasses drive;" and most ungallantly, "Ye may ding the deil into a wife, but ye'll ne'er ding him oot o' her;" "Mair than the deil wear a black mantle" (mantle), and "Muckle din about ane, as the deil said when he stole the collier." Very sage advice is this to all, "Raise nae mair deils than ye are able to lay;" and again, for those who are very unlikely to do what they boast of, "Ye look like a rinner, quoth the deil to the lobster." Unwelcome truth comes out at times in—

"If the deil be laird, ye'll be tenant."

"If the deil find ye idle, he'll set ye to wark."

"Man's twal is no sae gude as the deil's dizen" (i.e., thirteen).

"An idle brain is the deil's workshop."

"Jock's a mislaid imp, but ye're a run deil."

The process by which familiarity breeds contempt is seen in many of these, especially in the proverb "Change of deils is lightsome," which contains a whole sermon in itself; while it is hard to believe

that there is not a reminiscence of some nocturnal adventure, after too many cups at Luckie Macleary's, in "Saft's your horn, my friend," quoth the man when he gripped his cuddy's lug" (donkey's ear). The long spoon which, according to a cosmopolitan proverb, he must use who would sup broth with the devil, reminds us of yet another proverb of thorough Scottish parentage—"As gude eat the devil as sup the kail he's boiled in." Many of the great mediæval preachers would have scrupled not to use these proverbs with telling effect in their sermons.

If a quasi-proverb affirms that it requires a surgical operation to enable a Scotchman to see wit, no one will deny to the Scottish nation a large share of humour. This is faithfully reflected in many proverbs. "A nod frae a lord is a breakfast for a fool;" "A poll parrot thinks weel o' itself;" "A hungry man has aye a lazy cook;" "A gude calf is better than a calf o' a gude kind;" "A cuddy's gallop's sune done;" "A' Stuarts are na sib to the King" (related to him); "A wise lawyer ne'er gangs to law himself;" "Hang a thief when he is young and he'll no steal when he's auld;" "He's a proud horse that winna cary his ain corn;" "He's awfu' big ahind the door;" "It's a poor tongue that canna tell its ain name" (we feel sure this was a favourite with Mrs. Poyser); "Toom (empty) barrels make maist din," and "Twa heads are better than ane, though they're but sheeps' anes"—are of this kind.

Many more proverbs are cast in a peculiarly poetical form. Such are, for instance, "An auld horse may dee ere the grass grow;" "The green turf is a good mother-in-law" (this, by the way, is a Gaelic proverb); "Let aye the bell-wether break the snaw;" "He that thinks in his bed has a day without a night;" "A loving heart and a leal within, are better than gowd or gentle kin" (the Laureate's "Kind hearts are more than coronets"); "The day has een, the night has lugs" (ears); "Sorrow's sib to a' body" (visits all in time); and, prettiest of all, "True love's the waft o' life, but it whiles comes through a sorrowfu' shuttle." Pathetic and loyal sentiments form the very backbone of Scottish proverbs. The moralist may term them vacant common-places, but all experience proves that they have a value and a consoling power of their own. The grave side of the Scottish character is seldom satisfied with less than a bold generalisation from the actual facts of life, and native shrewdness soon embalms the fly in the amber of a proverb.

Numerous proverbs, as might be expected, relate to farm life. Here is one for farmers who have found a good many Job's comforters of late; "He's unco fond o' farmin' that wad harrow wi' the cat;" "Take a man by his word and a cow by her horn;" "Red brackens bring milk and butter;" "If ae sheep loup the dyke, a' the rest will follow;" "Little may an auld horse do if he maunna nicher" (neigh); "When ye ca' the dog oot o' yer ain kail-yard, dinna ca' into mine," are characteristic specimens of bucolic proverbs. Haggis of course is not forgotten, "The first squirt o' a haggis is hottest," and many more. Porridge, bannocks, bagpipes, and fiddles are well represented in Scotch proverbial lore. The cat of the ingle-side neuk appears in "Ye're like a singed cat, better than ye're bonny;" and in "what the cat did to the haggis,—first ate it and then crept into the bag;" while the noisy collies which bark at the stranger from a safe point of vantage behind a cottage are well painted in "The dogs o' Dunraggit—they winna bark unless they hae their hinder end to the wa'."

The wild birds and beasts of the moor give point to many a proverb dear to all country-folk. "There is nae smoke in the lark's house;" "Nae wonder if the heron's seen at the water's side;" "It is not for naething that the glade whistles," are some of these. Folk lore largely colours Scotch proverbs; "She has gien them green stockings;" "Where the scythe cuts and the rock rives, hae done wi' fairies and bee-bykes" (ploughing banishes bees and fairies); "Yellow's forsaken and green's forsworn; blue and red ought to be worn" are a few worth mentioning. Of dress, "A new pair o' brecks will cast down an auld coat" is as great a truism as the homely, if inelegant, "He sits fu' close that has riven brecks," although the apophthegm once did not misbecome the mouth of the Earl of Douglas.

Many proverbs defy classification, as in all languages; one may be noted as a characteristic Gaelic saying, "Sooty-coloured lads may serve ash-coloured lasses." The "pawky" proverb is totally different from the merely humorous saying, though it is difficult to define it. Perhaps it might be described as humour *plus* the cautious Scotch method of living and judging. Here are a few specimens: "Three failures and a fire make a Scotsman's fortune;" "It's ill getting het water frae 'neath cauld ice;" "Muckle-mou'd (large mouthed) folk are happy at their meat;" "The loudest bummer's no the best bee;" "Them wha gae jumpin' awa' aft come limpin' hame;" "Mair belongs to a ploughman than whistling;" "The smith's mear and the souter's (cobblers) wife are aye warst shod;" "They're queer folk that hae nae failings;" "Ye may tak a drink out o' the burn when ye canna tak a bite out o' the brae;" and one which only a foul detractor of the nation must have invented, "Beds are best, quo' the man to his guest" (to evade supplying supper); "If it can be nae better, it's weel it's nae waur," which is no bad reflection of Scotch philosophical resignation. A moment's thought will show that if the proverbial lore of Scotland were abstracted from the national language, a distinct loss in humour as well as in gravity would ensue, a loss which no other Western language, unless it be Spanish, would equally suffer.

But it is time to stop. "The e'en brings a' hame." If we ride our hobby any further, the good-natured Northern reader might only tell us, "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar;" but a testy one would undoubtedly murmur, "If ye tak your wife frae hell, she will see you to her ain hame at last."

M. G. WATKINS

AJAX DEFYING THE WEATHER

THERE is nothing pleasanter than being, through your own foresight, on the right side of the hedge. The bull may bellow and snort, and run at the unfortunates who carelessly cross the dangerous meadow, but it does not hurt you, who can calmly shout to those in danger to run here or there to save themselves from horns or hoof. In the same way how satisfactory to float at your ease when the flood comes, and to see your neighbours floundering and splashing as they struggle to bank or tree, hardly saving themselves, while you, armed as you are with that pocket Noah's Ark of a safety-belt, philosophically think what a pity it is that people will not take precautions against the inevitable.

I take this roundabout way of approaching that most popular though slightly threadbare subject, the weather; and as I do so I cannot help, in my self-satisfied way, feeling a kind of contemptuous compassion for those who, being agriculturally or horticulturally disposed, go out metaphorically without macintosh, umbrella, or goloshes. It is in this spirit that I feel but small pity for unfortunate Pat who, knowing that Erin is so green on account of its heavy rainfall, will persist in making the staple of his growth the highly satisfactory but tropical potato—that child of the sun which blights and rots and dies away in a humid atmosphere the consequence of our heavy downpours of rain. "But we must have potatoes," say both Pat, and John Bull. True: then do as I, Ajax, the weather defier, have done: grow early sorts, which flourish, ripen, and can be housed before the setting in of the heavy autumnal rains.

But it is not *apropos* of tubers that I indulge this spring in a pleasant warm feeling of self-satisfaction, but on account of wall-fruit—the delicious plum, a bag of golden saccharine pulp, or a violet bloomed, purple-skinned mass of deliciously flavoured amber; the downy-skinned peach, with a ruddy tint like that of a bonny English maiden's cheek; the fiery stoned luscious nectarine—that

vinous ambrosial fruit that ought to be eaten with the eyes closed that the soul may dream and be transported into transports of mundane bliss; item, the apricot, that bivalve of fruits which will daintily split into two halves, to enable you to drop the stone before partaking of its juicy joys. Come good season or bad season your Londoner sees the pick of these princes of the fruit world reposing in perfect trim in the market or window; but in such an autumn as the past it was melancholy to walk round one's friends' gardens—say with Tompkins or Smith or Robinson, each of whom spends a little fortune upon his grounds, over which Macduff or Macbeth or Macfarlane, or some other "gairdner fra' the North," tyrannically presides. The plums upon the most favoured walls were cracked, and dropped spoiled from the trees; the peaches looked white and sickly, and were spotted with decomposition; the nectarines that consented to stay on the twigs were hard and green, and where one that approached the appearance of ripeness was tasted, it was watery, flavourless, and poor.

It is impossible to help triumphing in one's pity while one reasonably says, "Why attempt to grow out-of-doors the tender fruits of a warmer clime in such a precarious country as ours? Or, if you must grow them, why not metaphorically provide your peaches, nectarines, apricots, and choice plums with goloshes, macintoshes, and, above all, with an umbrella?" I do, and I egotistically take my friends to see the result. Their trees are drenched, desolate, and the saturated ground beneath is strewn with rotting fruit. My trees, on the contrary, have their toes nice and warm; their bodies are surrounded by a comfortable great coat; and, above all, their delicate leaves and still more delicate blossoms are sheltered by a spreading umbrella of glass. In other words I grow them in an orchard house, and the result is that they are laden with luscious fruit.

"Oh, but," the reader will exclaim, "this is the luxury of the rich: glass houses are a great expense."

By no means. If gorgeous glass palaces and Paxtonian splendour are desired, of course I have nothing to say; but the man of modest mind who likes to exercise his own ingenuity to slope some rafters from the top of a garden wall to a few posts and boards in front, and cover in the slope with the cheapest glass, may provide himself at a very trifling expense with a glazed shed, within whose artificial climate he may grow as many choice plants as he chooses. He may begin with five pounds, or go up to five hundred, as he pleases: the fruit would be the same, all that is required is shelter, ventilation, and abundance of light. The heat is provided by Nature, none other is needed—no furnaces, boilers, hot-water pipes, flues, or expensive apparatus of any kind; finally, comprehensively, nothing is needed but a glass-roofed shed with brick or boarded sides, and I repeat, the roughest structure will give as good fruit, perhaps as much satisfaction as the grandest house.

There is no secret about the matter. The delicate fruits of the peach family, and even choicer plums, are most abundant bearers; all they want is a suitable climate to provide their stores. That climate, save, say, once in seven or eight years, England does not afford. The troubles of these aristocrats of the garden begin very early in the year, when, according to their habit, every twig puts forth a wondrous display of crimson, pink, and delicately-tinted white bloom, just at a time when our nipping frosts of early spring are rife. The consequence is that in a few short hours the hopes of a season are blighted. In sheltered positions often, by chance, a few blossoms, as a gardener would say, set their fruit, which run the gauntlet of our fickle clime, and perhaps ripen, but more likely drop from the trees in various stages of their approach to maturity, the whole process being so disheartening that, in a season like the past, many gardeners declared that it was a hopeless effort to attempt to grow peaches and nectarines out of doors.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela—the nous being the wise ones—the Ajaxes of the fruit-garden. We build our orchard house handsome or plain, according to our means, and in that shelter we have an artificial climate, such as made some gentlemen from the South of France exclaim, when visiting the gardens of the late Mr. Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, the introducer of the system, "*Ah! Monsieur Rivers, voici notre climat!*" In fact the above gentleman, in his interesting work, says: "An orchard house in the South of England will give as nearly as possible the summer climate of Toulouse." And this, mind, from sun heat and earth heat alone—heat which, so far from needing increase, has to be modified by abundant ventilation.

Given the matter of the orchard-house, then what next? Presuming that you have taken advantage of the possession of a south or south-west wall already covered with trees, and against which you have placed glass roof and simple front and ends, all else necessary is to plant the space unoccupied by nailed-up trees moderately full of little bushes and standards.

"Peaches and nectarines or apricots as bushes or standards!" exclaims some one. "Why they have to be nailed up against a wall!" Yes; if you like to torture them into that position; but they will grow and bear better like ordinary apple-trees or pears, only asking for abundant pruning, plenty of water, and freedom from insect plagues. If you prefer so doing, you may grow them in large pots, the same as you would camellias, and ornament your dining-table with a beautiful little eighteen-inch or two-feet high Early Louise peach, an Elrue nectarine, or Moor Park apricot, bearing its dozen or so of perfectly-shaped fruit. And to the man of frugal mind this has its advantages, for every one exclaims, "Oh, it would be a pity to pick them!" and the dessert is saved.

Such a structure as an orchard house for a long period of the year is "a thing of beauty," and a walk down the central avenue, with the little trees blooming, leafing, and fruiting, is "a joy, for ever" so long. There is a large sound about that "central avenue," but, believe me, there is great pleasure to be derived if the little path be only six feet long, and this is a pleasure that can be enjoyed by the man of very humble means, who may make it profitable if he has the heart to sell his pets. Even in the simplest structure there is infinite variety to be obtained.

Some of the choicest plums are lovely objects when grown under glass; so are the dwarf cherries, trees which are clusters of coral from root to top, while those who have not partaken of that wonderfully beautiful fruit, the apple, when a choice American kind is grown in an orchard house, have a new sensation before them in the way of taste. The modern Continental mode of growing fruit on *cordons*, as they are termed, a simple stick, so to speak, without an extraneous branch, all being fruit spurs, enables the lover of such a form of horticulture to place an enormous number of trees beneath its glass in a very small space, as they will flourish well at a distance of two feet apart all along the back and sides, and three feet apart in the centre, while as to expense, the choicest of young trees can be purchased for from eighteenpence to half-a-crown each. In fact, if I wanted an orchard house, I would start with quite a small one, erected and stocked for a five-pound note, and if I could not raise so large a sum, I would do it for half the money with old sashes from some house-wrecker's stock, and grow it to a better by and by.

Ajax, if he builds himself such a structure, can defy the weather—the much-abused weather which, in spite of all that has been said, seems much the same as ever, people forgetting that they ask it to perform the same miracles of growth that it does in Eastern and Southern climes. Nature meant England to grow sloes, blackberries, and crabs, and we ask her to grow the pomegranate, the orange, and the date. She definitely says she won't, though she does accord the fig, but in a very insipid trashy way. Put up the glass umbrella however, and shut out her freezing winds, and she will perform wonders at our call. Our grandfathers thought they had

done everything when they had planted their trees against a sheltering wall. Our fathers went farther, and gave us the idea of growing grapes and pines in a house of glass. But the pine and grape were luxurious affairs, not to be approached by the meek, to whom these ideas are presented as facts that will add another pleasure to their lives.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN

ENNUI

"AXIOMATIC witticisms and acute remarks," says Dr. Johnson, "fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it is the fashion to make famous." Of these orphan children of the intellect is the sententious adage, "There is no condition of life wholly free from the pangs of solitude." There is always some little speck in the garnered fruit, which by and by will render it rotten. It is small but effectual. It was nothing but a simple scarab, says the fable, which destroyed the hopes of the eagle, the thunder-bearer of Jove. The big fat bull wallowing in abundant pastures of grass and flowers becomes troubled and ill at ease from the sting of a small insect. The unhappiness of the happy is *ennui*. *Ennui* is one of the chief resultant ills of the leisure produced by civilisation. It is the daughter of Idleness, and like Death, in Milton's famous allegory, is the perpetual punishment of its own parent. The old meaning of the word in the land of its birth was solely pain, sorrow, or affliction, it had not attached to it that idea of moral fatigue, of indifference to the ordinary pleasures of existence, which it bears at the present day. The tragic heroes of Corneille and Racine continually complain of their *ennui* in the old sense of the term, and in their long harangues succeed too often in making their readers fully experience it in the new. Said Madame de Sévigné, it is more detestable than death, *je hais l'ennui plus que la mort*. Something must doubtless be allowed here to feminine license of expression, but equally without doubt it is that *ennui* is a cruel mental disease. Intimately connected in some mysterious manner with our physical being, it comes upon us suddenly in all its force as a storm in April, as unexpected as a cold winter day in early October. Then, like the Lady Mariana in the South, Tennyson's poetic incarnation of religious melancholy and amorous despair, we moan "Ave Mary, Madonna, sad is night and morn!" In such a state of extreme suffering and prostration the dinner bell becomes, indeed, the tocsin of the soul, a casual visitor is as the balm of Gilead, and a dog-fight in the street an ark of salvation. It is in this dark hour, when even the favourite pipe is without its wonted solace, that youthful male humanity (*ennui*'s most common victim) finds it not good for man to be alone. In such a time as this the approaches of the crafty spinster are most terrible. It is then her victim succumbs an easy prey. Without sufficient energy left in him to suppress a yawn, what resistance can he offer, save the most feeble, to battalions of beauty, to all the marshalled charms of feminine attack? And yet, alas, the pity of it! The poor man fallen into such a state meets with little or no compassion from the world at large. Society, save and except that ministering angel of a spinster, flouts him. Nay, it flies from him, lifting up its heel in his face, as though it feared some contagious communication of his disease.

It is this *ennui* that mulcted the Prince of Denmark of all his mirth, that made the wide world seem to him but a sterile promontory, and the majestic firmament, fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. This it is that made it go so heavily with his disposition that man delighted him not, nor woman either. Nor does Shakespeare show his poetic power more in this admirable description of what Warburton is pleased to call a rooted melancholy sprung from thickness of blood, than his knowledge of human nature in making his hero declare himself ignorant of its cause. This main feature in Hamlet's character, the first effect of which is that indecision of purpose with which he is chiefly charged by Shakesperian critics, has been reproduced by Goethe in *Werther*, by Ugo Foscolo in *Jacopo Ortis*, and in the well-known romance of "Chateaubriand" by René, that melancholy young man, full of indefinite longings, who fled at last to America in a desperate search for happiness which he failed to find elsewhere. All these troubled beings are imaginary, but their counterparts are common enough in actual life. Byron, for example, is a familiar example of a man who appears to have passed the greater portion of his life in conjugating in all its moods and tenses and persons the verb *ennuyer*. His idea of Society is expressed with succinct terseness in "Don Juan":—

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Boreds and Bored.

None, perhaps, had better authority than himself for asserting that *ennui* is a growth of English root, though without an English name. Child Harold is *ennui* personified, and we know how obstinate the British public was in its determination not to perceive the line of distinction which the illustrious author imagined he had drawn between his dyspeptic pilgrim and himself. But the grandest instance of that languor of spirit and satiety of earthly concerns which afflicts articulately-speaking men, is to be found in the Preacher who wrote the book which bears his name: "Vanity of Vanities," said that Preacher as the net result of his mundane experience, "All is vanity."

The remedy for *ennui* it is not easy to find. Hard work is of course out of the question, as a remedy worse than the disease. Next to one of Cocker's Antibilious Pills, Hope has been considered the best antidote. The belief in a chimerical future of felicity, may, in some constitutions, do away with a present sensation of weariness and disgust. To the want of interest in to-day, the discount of tomorrow's delight may possibly serve as a *succedaneum*. Pleasure, as distinguished from its expectation, rarely comes to a man like a recovered umbrella while he waits for it. If it did 'twere an excellent cure of listlessness. Still, however excellent, it is but temporary. Let a man ride away from his tedium on any hobby horse he will in his passions' stables, let him ride fast as the dead ride in Bürger's "Lenore," his horse will tire at last, the novelty of exercise will cease, and then shall Black Care surely overtake him, and Chagrin clamber up behind. In fine, it is with *ennui* as it is with love. You can get quit of it but in three ways. First there is Hunger; if that fails, Time; and if that fails also, why then nothing remains for you but the Rope.

JAMES MEW

LONDON HOSPITALS have lately held their annual meetings, and stated the progress of the past year. Thus the Dental Hospital of London, Leicester Square, finds its funds in a fairly flourishing condition, owing to the public becoming aware of the necessity for such an institution, but if further contributions were forthcoming the hospital could increase its usefulness. Nearly 31,000 cases were relieved during 1881. The National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street, is not so prosperous pecuniarily speaking, as, whilst the patients increased, the receipts decreased during the past year, and assistance is sorely needed to pay off a loan of 250*l.* contracted for necessary building alterations. Last year 20,653 patients were treated, making a total of 148,807 since the foundation of the hospital.—The Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, which kept its sixty-eighth anniversary lately, also happily found a slight increase in receipts during the year, but is as yet unable to enlarge the building. Much needed as the extension is, the Council will not commence it until three-fourths of the estimated cost are subscribed. During 1881, the new in-patients admitted were 245, and of these 214 were discharged as cured or relieved, and thirty-one died, while the out-patients numbered 25,095.



AUSTRIAN TOADS are largely imported into England for killing insects, &c., in gardens. They fetch from 3*l.* to 4*l.* a hundred, and are sent over in wooden boxes stuffed with moss.

PRINCE BISMARCK has founded two patrimonies for his sons. The one consisting of his large possessions in Lauenburg, with the title of Prince, will go to Count Herbert; while Count "Bill" will inherit the Pomeranian domains.

THE PARIS ELYSÉE, now the residence of the head of the French Republic, was a mere gaming-house and pleasure-garden in the time of the Directory. Booths, theatrical shows, grottoes, and dancing stages occupied the gardens, and the place was styled the "Chantilly hamlet."

WINE-MAKING IN CASHMERE is proving a success, according to the Indian journals. The Maharajah greatly favours the vine-cultivation in his provinces, which was begun six years ago, and the grapes are said to produce capital claret and white wine, resembling Chablis.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE is trying to turn the tables on his employers in California. A large number of Celestials have formed a company, bought 2,900 acres of good timber-land, and are starting a large lumber manufacturing business, hiring the Americans to superintend matters.

POTATO PULP BILLIARD BALLS, COLLARS, COMES, and a variety of other small articles from the same material, are now manufactured across the Atlantic. The potatoes are macerated in a solution of sulphuric acid, and the pulp, after being dried in blotting-paper and firmly pressed, becomes hard and brilliantly white.

JAPANESE CORPSES in the Province of Riukiu are disinterred on the third anniversary of the death, and the skeletons carefully washed. As, however, most of the bodies whose turn it is during the coming summer fell victims to the cholera epidemic of 1879, the Japanese authorities dread lest the disinterment should produce a second epidemic. They dare not prohibit the custom for fear of a riot, and so have sent officials to judiciously advise the people not to observe the usual funeral rites.

"IS SLEEPING IN CHURCH ILLEGAL?" was the knotty point to be solved recently by the members of a provincial Court in Canada, who were appealed to whether a man who rents a pew at church can use it for a sleeping apartment during the hours of service. The Court decided—we learn from the New York *Christian Union*—that the pew is as much the property of the hirer as a berth in a sleeping car, and therefore a man can either listen to the sermon or sleep it out, as he pleases.

NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN are somewhat few for so well educated a nation. Last year there were only 68 journals published, besides 134 periodicals, to a population of 35,000,000 inhabitants. Meanwhile it is curious to note that newspapers are so widely read in Switzerland that the average amounts to one paper to every 4½ inhabitants. Altogether there are 237 journals published in Switzerland, besides 45 magazines. Fifty-three are daily papers, 166 bi-weekly, and 265 of this number are political, 185 being Liberal and 40 Conservative.

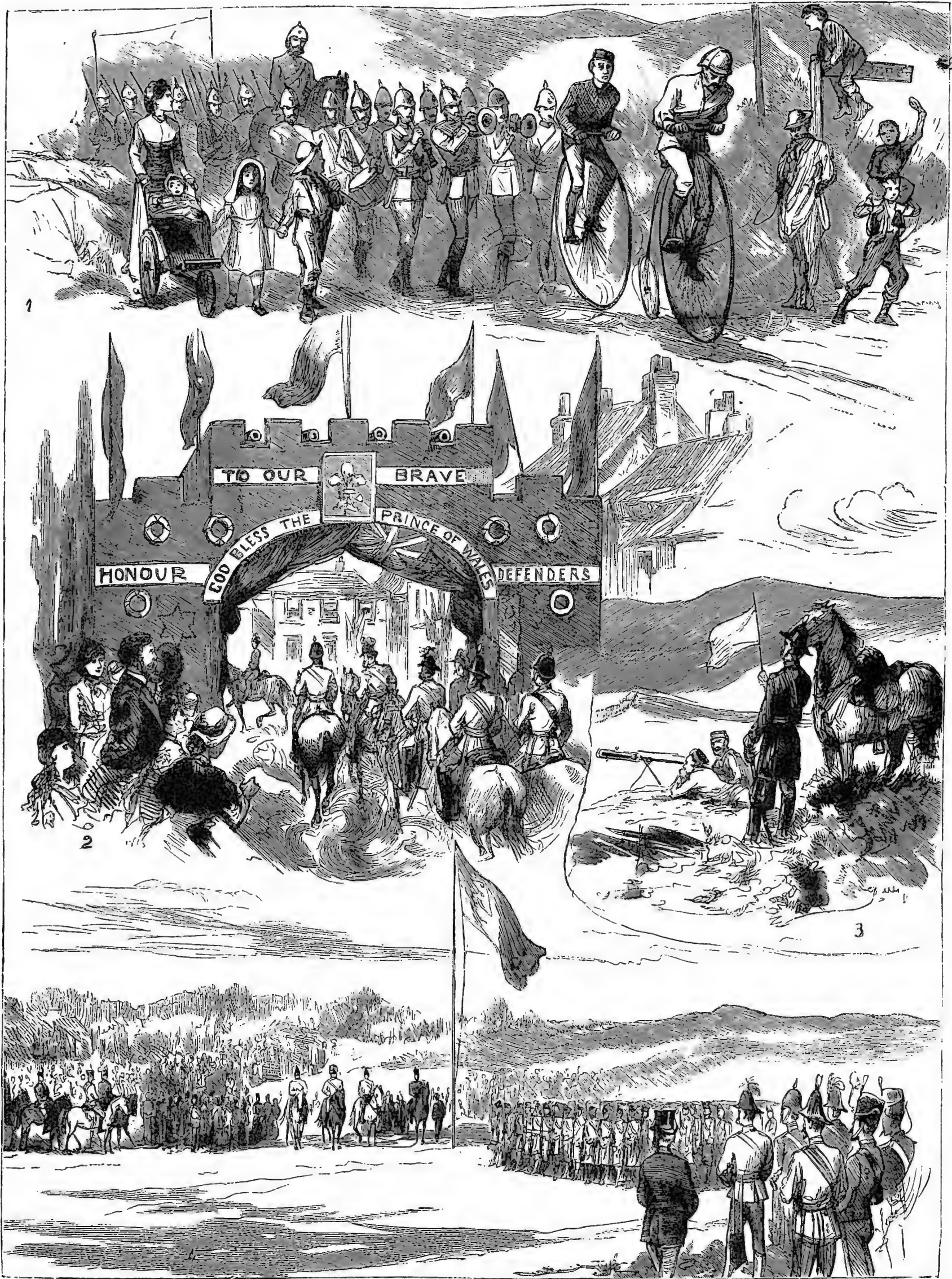
THE FATE OF THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS has at length been decided. The most valuable historical heir-looms are to be preserved, such as the Regent and Mazarin Diamonds, the large Chimera Ruby, the Dey of Algiers' watch and sword, and the pearl and enamel Dragon. Those unmounted stones of any scientific value will be placed either in the Natural History Museum or the School of Mines, while Napoleon III.'s Crown and the swords belonging to Louis XVIII. and the Dauphin will be melted down. The remaining Crown property will be sold by auction.

A NOVEL SCHEME FOR RENDERING THE ARCTIC REGIONS HABITABLE has been advanced by a Transatlantic professor, who proposes to widen Behring's Strait, and remove all obstacles to the entrance of the warm Japanese current, which he considers would then pour down in sufficient quantities to melt the ice of the Polar seas, thus reclaiming a vast empire. Behring's Strait is thirty-six miles wide at the narrowest part, with a depth of from thirty to forty fathoms, but the channel is obstructed by three small islands. These he would remove, and would also get rid of those rocks and reefs along the coast, which offer most impediment to the free access of the current.

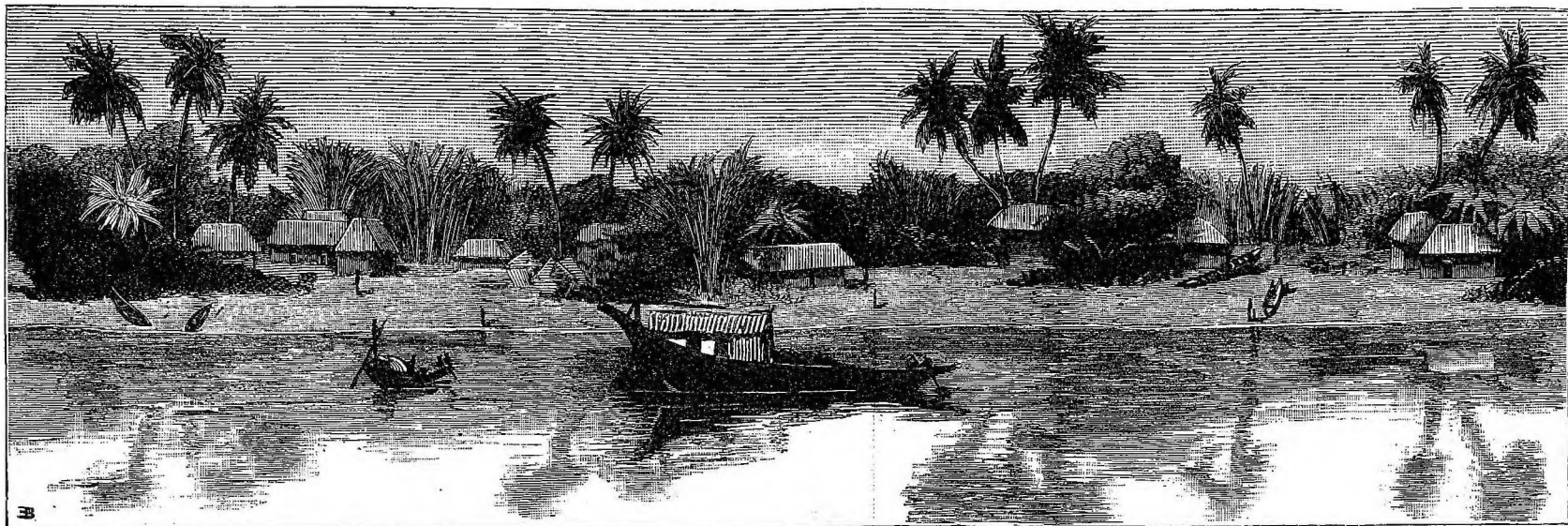
SOME SINGULAR PATENTS have lately been applied for in the United States. One lady wished to patent a hair-crimping pin, which might also be used for a paper-cutter, dress-supporter, a bouquet-holder, a shawl-fastener, or a book-marker. Another application was for a "horse-refresher"—a hollow bit perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his steed a drink without stopping; while a second animal patent related to a peculiar type of weight to be attached to a cow's tail to prevent her switching it while she was being milked. Two patents were of a religious character, one being for the cure of stammering by repeating the Lord's Prayer in a loud voice; the other being the "snorer's friend"—a luxurious contrivance to be attached to the back of pews in church, so that any one might sleep through a dull sermon without disturbing the neighbours.

STUDENTS' DUELS IN GERMANY are losing much of their original character, and are becoming mere horse-play, according to the report of a recent affair at Marburg. The authorities are vainly striving to crush the custom, and on this occasion condemned twelve students who had taken part in the encounter to three months' imprisonment in a fortress, notwithstanding the testimony of a surgeon that he had attended over 3,000 of these combats without one single fatal case occurring. It is a pity that the Teutonic swash-bucklers do not take a hint from their Hungarian contemporaries, who recently introduced a novel mode of satisfying wounded honour. Two young nobles who had quarrelled left the arrangement of the affair to their seconds, and the latter, blindfolding their principals, requested them to draw a black or a white ball placed in a wine-glass. The drawer of the black ball found himself obliged, much to his chagrin, to fast for a fortnight on bread and water—a penance which he honourably performed.

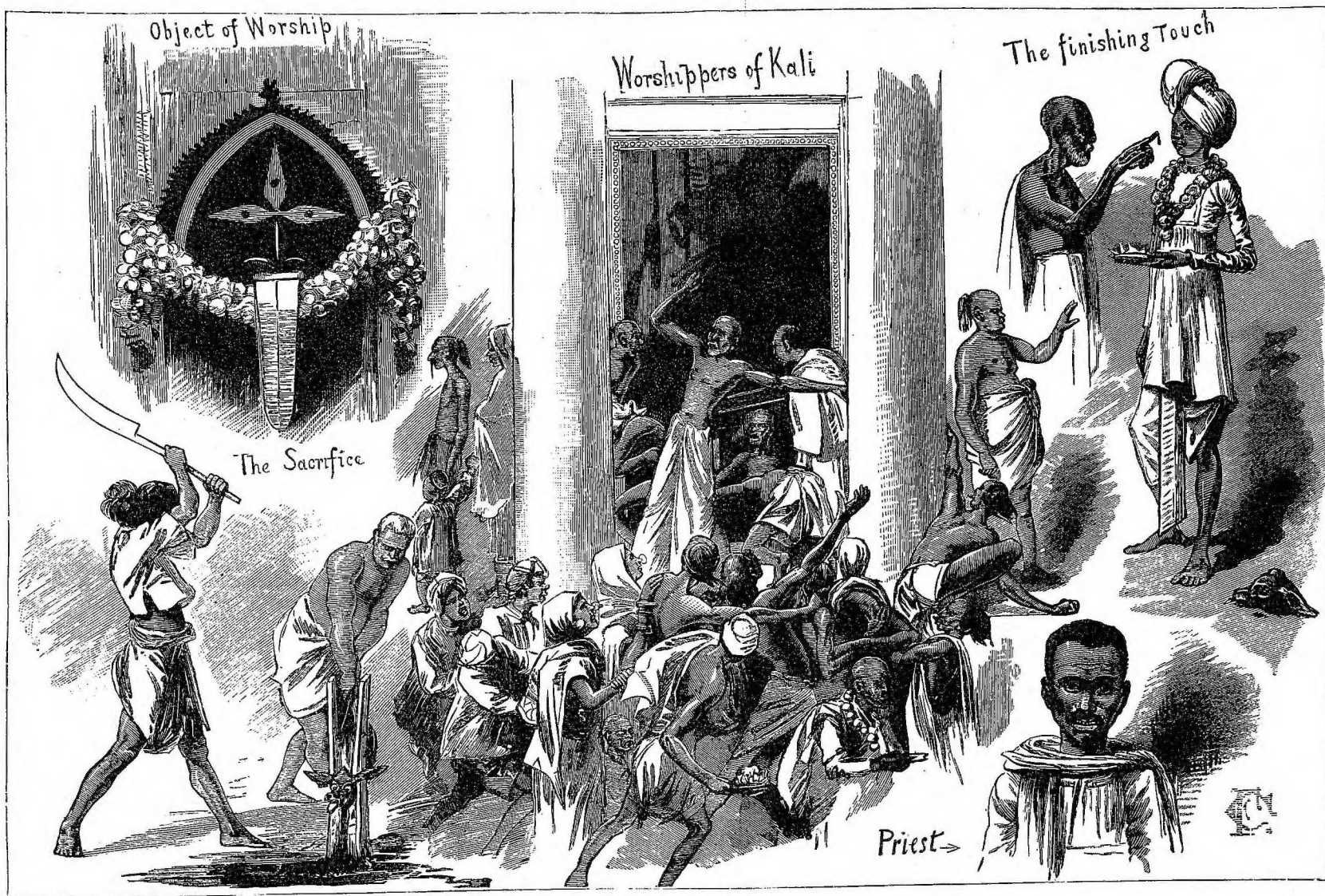
THE USE OF THE TELEPHONE IN GERMANY is increasing at a remarkable rate. When first introduced by the Government in November 1877 the public did not take very kindly to the apparatus, particularly in the large towns, while even Berlin did not establish a Postal Telephone Office until last April. Now, however, there are 1,230 offices throughout the Empire, while in Berlin this style of communication is so appreciated, that the numbers of conversations increase at the rate of 6,000 monthly. At the three Berlin central stations the daily average of connections made was recently about 1,650, the busiest time being 12 to 1 P.M., and from 5 to 7 P.M. The Telephone Chambers in the Exchange have double walls, between which are ashes, clay, or sawdust, the inner walls are then covered with a layer of pasteboard, next with cotton-covered felt on frames, and finally with ordinary wall-paper, this plan, which ensures the speaker not being overheard, being found to answer remarkably well. There are also in Berlin and Hamburg Public Telephone Chambers, where by paying 6*d.* any one may hold five minutes' conversation with any person whose house or office is connected by telephone.



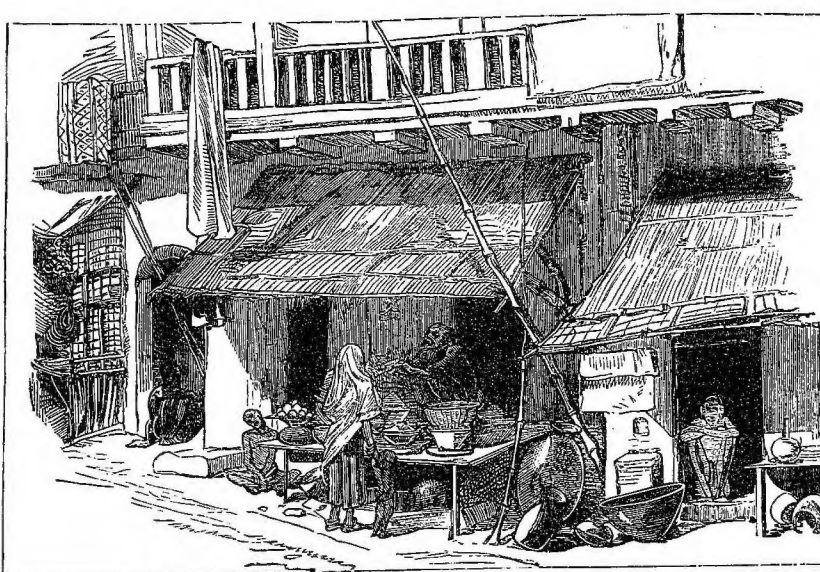
1. On the Way from Petersfield.—2. The Prince of Wales and the Staff Passing through the Triumphal Arch at Cosham.—3. Flag-Signalling.—4. The March-Past of the London Scottish
THE VOLUNTEERS AT PORTSMOUTH



THE BANKS OF THE HOOGLY



WORSHIPPING KALI



A STREET WITH BOOTHS IN CALCUTTA



A HOOGLY BOAT

MAUNDY THURSDAY

THE derivation of the word "Maundy" has been the subject of much dispute among philologists, who range themselves into two opposite camps: the one roundly asserting that the day is so-called in consequence of an associated act of charity—the distribution of food in maunds, or baskets; the other as positively maintaining that the word is a corruption of the Latin *mandatum*, the day having been styled Mandati Dies, from the fact that on the eve of His Passion Our Lord washed His disciples' feet, and gave them the new commandment that they should love one another. Much may be said on both sides. The advocates of the former view can find high authority; for Shakespeare, in "A Lover's Complaint," says of the "fickle maid full pale,"

A thousand favours from a maund she drew;

Hall, in his "Satires," speaks of "a maund charged with household merchandise;" and Herrick, in addition to the lines,

Behold for us the youthful Graces stay,
With maunds of roses for to strew the way,

uses the word "maundie" in the sense of alms:—

All's gone, and Death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundie, thus
The widows stand forsaken.

Neogorgus, as translated by Barnaby Googe, is on their side also, for, in his description of the observance of the day by the religious of the Middle Ages, he says:—

And here the monks their maundies make, with sundry solemn rites,
And signs of great humility, and wondrous pleasant sights.

In opposition to this it may be urged, and with considerable force, that Maundy Thursday was originally Mandate Thursday, "Mandati Dies" being the ecclesiastical name where the Saxon tongue was utterly unknown. Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, towards the close of the tenth century, after giving directions to his clergy as to the ceremonies to be observed in the celebration of Mass on that day, says, "Imple Mandatum Domini. Do on Thursday as Our Lord commands you; wash the feet of the poor, feed and clothe them, and with humility wash your feet among yourselves as Christ did, and commanded us to do." Matthew Paris mentions Maundy money, which would hardly have been distributed from baskets; and the bread given away to the poor on that day received the name of mandate bread (*mandati panes*). The "Benedictional of Rouen," a manuscript of the tenth century, contains a form of blessing entitled, "Benedictio ad Mandatum die ipso;" and Du Cange (Gloss. iv. 399) quotes from a metrical life of St. Brigida by Chilianus:—

Proxima coena fecit Domini, qua sancta solebat
Mandatum Christi calido complere lavacro.

In Catholic times it was the custom for Sovereigns to follow the example of the Great Teacher, and with their own hands to wash the feet of the poor and to serve them at table—a custom still observed by the Pope and by the heads of religious communities. Queen Elizabeth, when in her thirty-ninth year, performed the ceremony at her palace of Greenwich, on which occasion she was attended by thirty-nine ladies. Thirty-nine poor persons being assembled, their feet were first washed by the Yeomen of the Laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the Sub-almoner, and finally by the Queen herself kneeling. After each successive washing it was customary to mark the foot with the sign of the cross and to kiss it, and we learn that the Queen carried out the practice in its entirety. Clothes, provisions, and money were then distributed. This ceremony, in which the highest was for a moment brought below the lowest, was last performed in its full extent in England by James II.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1731, we are told that "His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Lord High Almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of a certain number of poor in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, which was formerly done by the Kings themselves, in imitation of Our Saviour's pattern of humility." Afterwards there was distributed at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men and forty-eight poor women (that number corresponding to the age of the Monarch, George II.), "boiled beef, shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner, and large platters of fish and loaves, one platter to each person." The Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," (p. 276, ed. 1876), says that the custom was continued by the Archbishops of York on behalf of the reigning Sovereign till the middle of the last century.

It fell to the lot of the writer, many years ago, not only to be present at, but to take part in, the ceremony of the "washing of feet," or, as an author with a taste for Latin formations has styled it, "pedal lavation." It could be of no interest to the reader to tell how this came about, nor to indicate the precise locality, save to say that it was in a house of an Order, which is one of the strictest—if not the strictest—in the Roman Obedience:—

The cells—the suffering Son of Man
Is on the walls! the knee-worn floor!
And where they sleep, that wooden bed
Which shall their coffin be when dead!

As a matter of course the whole Lent was a season of penitence and austerity. The food was retrenched, the vigils were lengthened, the ordinary recreations were denied; and from the close of the *Gloria in Excelsis* at the Conventual Mass on Holy Thursday morning till Easter-eve, no bells were rung, the monks being summoned to the church by a fellow-religious, who walked through the corridors breaking the death-like silence with the deafening din of a wooden rattle, similar to those formerly used by the police, except in one respect—that it was much larger, and consequently much more powerful. The Mass on that day is celebrated with an unusual degree of splendour, in honour of the institution of the Christian Passover. When it was finished the monks retired to their cells, and shortly after the lay-brothers brought to each a supply of hot water in order that, by prior ablutions, he might duly prepare for the public ceremony. A little before two o'clock the dismal noise of the rattle was heard echoing through the vacant corridors, and as he opened the door of each cell in succession, and its occupant appeared at the threshold, the messenger gravely bowed and uttered the words "Ad Mandatum." This was the signal for the community to repair to the church, and as they silently and noiselessly passed along the passages leading thereto, they seemed rather visitors from another world than fellow-creatures—"men of like passions with ourselves," who had sought a refuge in that calm retreat from the trials and temptations that beset humanity. As they arrived they took their places in the oaken stalls, where generation after generation of white-robed monks have sat, and at the signal of the Prior the chanting of Vespers began. As one sat in that vast old Gothic church, which seemed as if

The architect
Built his great heart into the sculptured stones,
and looked at the motionless cowed figures on each side,
Sandalled with holiness, and dressed
In garments pure from earthly stain,

it seemed hard to realise that a journey of a few hours would land one in Paris or London, amid all the excitement and turmoil of nineteenth-century life. The Vespers were followed by Compline, and then, the Prior leading, the monks slowly left the church and wended their way to the refectory. Here the tables were ranged as on ordinary occasions, but instead of the usual repast, a cup of wine only was placed before each religious, and all remained standing while the lector of the week ascended the pulpit, and read the story of Our Lord's washing His disciples' feet, as related by St. John. When he

came to the words "*Mandatum novum do vobis*," &c., they left the refectory in the same order as they had entered it, and repaired to the chapter room hard by—a large vaulted chamber, the only ornaments of which were a large crucifix and two statues of heroic size. Here the "washing" took place. The monks seated themselves on each side; the clerics occupying the upper part of the room; then came the lay-brothers, and next to them the guests. Some few minutes were occupied in preparations, and the Prior, attended by his Vicar and the Procurator, commenced. He was girt with an apron, and carried a towel over his left arm. As he came to each in turn he bowed, and the monk, rising, did the same. The Vicar then placed a basin on the ground, and the Prior knelt, holding the foot of the religious in his left hand, while with his right he poured a little warm water over it from a jug presented to him by the Procurator; he then wiped it, signed it with the sign of the Cross, and kissed it. The Prior and the religious whose feet he had washed rose and bowed to each other; and the Superior then passed on to the next. When the circuit of the room had been made, the feet of the Vicar and Procurator were washed, and the ceremony came to an end, and the Prior bowing reverently to the crucifix, left the room. As soon as he had gone the others followed in order of seniority, and went to their lonely cells till the rattle should rouse them, after some few hours' repose, for the midnight Office.

H. S.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A STRIKING volume in its way is "English Work and Song, and the Forests of the South," by "An Englishman" (Sampson Low). The author has lived nearly all his life in the colony of Victoria—of which, by-the-by, he draws rather a gloomy picture—and has obviously studied to good advantage, as well as having much natural talent. Without agreeing with the views upheld in "John Hampden," we may admit that the play has fine passages, such as the speech of Sir Bevil Grenville which opens the fifth act, or Hampden's soliloquy on death; the country scenes also are clever, and contain some good songs,—one of the best is "Let long beards wag." The "Sabine Wedding" is not so much to our taste, but "The Colonist" is smooth and scholarly, somewhat in the style of Goldsmith, and "Old Phil" is a capital ballad. The early poems have merit, but were, perhaps, a trifle too ambitious for success. On the whole, the book is a pleasant one.

By far the best poem in "Songs in Minor Keys," by C. C. Fraser-Tytler (Macmillan) is "Felicitia," a pathetic story in blank verse of an Italian model married to an English sculptor. The passage in which the poor girl tells how she was flouted by the ladies at a party is really fine. The author is seen at her best in the homely pieces, such as "The Gift o' God," and "Jesus, the Carpenter," in which pathos combines with a quaint but very delicate humour; and the highest praise would hardly be too much for "An Intercession" and "Winnowing." The book is one to take up at intervals rather than to read straight through.

We must confess ourselves totally unable to follow the author's plan in "Three Vows, and other Poems," by William Batchelder Greene (Sampson Low). The shorter pieces have no distinguishing merit, whilst the longer are written in such a strange metre that it is difficult at times to see in what it differs from prose. Take one passage as an example:

The Doctor hath undone me in her sight,
Base man—black heart—unhallowed friend!—
Yet—no, 'tis false—I'll not believe—
'Sdeath, 'tis a lie—an awful lie!

If this is poetry, all our preconceived notions on the subject must be wrong.

An elegant little volume is "The Whittier Birthday Book," arranged by Elizabeth S. Owen (Sampson Low), with quotations from the Quaker poet's works, and some particularly delicate woodcuts. The birthdays are noted of sundry celebrities, many of whose names will be strange to British ears, but are doubtless well-known in America.

The notes form nearly the larger part of "The Great Calm!" an English poem by "M. A. Cantab" (Calcutta: Thos. S. Smith), and show considerable erudition. The poem itself is of a religious tendency, written in tolerable heroic, but of no great interest.

Nothing could, in its way, be more sumptuous than the get-up of "My Boy and I; or, On the Road to Slumberland," by Mary D. Brine (Trübner). Perhaps the black-letter type may be a little puzzling to youthful readers, and it is doubtful whether they will appreciate Mrs. Wheeler's designs, which are decidedly "utter," and have partly the appearance of Kunes. But the verses are tender and musical, and are sure to please children when they can understand them.

"Hine Moa, the Maori Maiden," by Joseph Earle Ollivant (A. R. Mowbray), is a poem in the metre of Mr. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," based on a popular legend of New Zealand, which suggests a sort of converse of Hero and Leander, though with a more fortunate ending. The author writes gracefully, and his notes and appendices are full of interesting matter touching Maori customs. "Don Pedro the Cruel: An Historical Tragedy," by James Prior (Hamilton, Adams), was probably intended for stage representation, and might be not ineffective if well acted; from a poetical point of view there is little to be said for it, as the author's blank verse is crude in the extreme, and he is addicted to bewildering metaphors, e.g., "hoarse pinions" and "grinning talons," which baffle ordinary comprehension. At the same time, there are occasional epigrammatic touches which show some perception, such as this:—

Be friendliest where you have most enmity,
Stroke till you strike, and strike not till you slay.

The characters, even that of Pedro, have not much individuality, though Maria de Padilla affords a fine study for a really good drama.

There is little that is new in the mythical dialogue entitled "Hereafter," by A. F. Heaton, B.A. Cantab, Senior Curate of Workop Abbey (Provost). The interlocutors, who are supposed to be in Paradise, discourse rather prosaically on the intermediate state, and the most striking feature of the book is the eccentric manner in which it is printed, which makes it difficult to read with any comfort.

"Poems of English Heroism," by Arthur Compton Auchmuty (Kegan Paul) is a pleasant little anthology, containing many well-known poems, and some less generally familiar. Among these latter may be noted the Poet Laureate's "Battle of Brunanburk," Sir F. H. Doyle's "Loss of the *Birkenhead*," and Lowell's "Cromwell and Hampden."

The Rev. John Sibree, of whose "Fancy, and Other Rhymes" (Trübner) it has already been our pleasant task to speak in terms of warm admiration, has reissued the little volume with some additional poems, of which the best is undoubtedly "Pilgrim and Sojourner;" the stanzas on Death at page 85 have also unusual delicacy and beauty. Mr. Sibree is good enough to "argue friendly" with us as to our former criticism, but whilst fully appreciating his genial courtesy as expressed in the end of the present volume, we are not convinced.

It is impossible to say much in favour of "Poems," by Mrs. C. B. Langton (F. V. White). The verses are of average merit, but no more, and the author has not been invariably happy in her choice of a metre. The section of the work entitled "Lyrics and Poems in Blank Verse" does not contain a single lyric, and does contain some singularly "blank" verse. As for the stanzas on "Capital Punishment," they suggest the old epigram *Que messieurs les assassins commencent*.



HOLIDAY CHARGES.—The cases heard at the various Metropolitan Police Courts on the days following Good Friday and Easter Monday were not more numerous than on ordinary days, and most of them were charges of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, gambling, or other petty offences, which were disposed of by the infliction of small fines. There were, however, two exceptional instances of righteous severity at Marylebone, where a young rough of nineteen who had been previously convicted of assault was sentenced to two months' hard labour for kicking a constable who had interfered to prevent his disorderly conduct and bad language; and a couple of mischievous fools who had amused themselves by knocking the tops off a number of iron railings received a similar punishment, Mr. Cooke declining to let them off on paying the damage because of the gross wantonness of the act.

A BRAVE POLICEMAN.—Police-constable Bartels, 637 T, has just received the sum of 10*l.* from the Bow Street Police Reward Fund for an act of gallantry which deserves to be recorded. On the night of the 22nd ult., while patrolling his beat, he discovered a house on fire, and being unable otherwise to arouse the inmates, he broke open the door, and, twice ascending the stairs through volumes of thick smoke, succeeded in saving the lives of six persons, four of whom, an old lady and three children, he actually carried out in his arms; the staircase giving way with a crash almost immediately afterwards.

MR. BRADLAUGH has announced his intention to commence a civil action against Mr. Newdegate, to recover the loss and expenditure to which he has been put since July, 1880.

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY are we fear often subject to cruel treatment because of the impression which exists in the minds of many people that the law takes no cognisance of them for their protection. This, however, is a mistake, as is proved by a case recently taken up by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which two Frenchmen, who had been previously fined at Kingston for a similar offence, were fined by the Greenwich magistrate for beating and goading a performing bear until blood ran from its nose, and its shoulders presented a mass of wheals.—Mr. Bushby, the Worship Street magistrate, has declined to grant a warrant, but has issued a summons against a man recently employed at the East London Aquarium for maliciously injuring a lion and lioness in the collection, the latter animal having died of her wounds. The legal questions whether a lion can be the subject of "larceny," or if it is an animal "ordinarily" kept in confinement or for a "domestic" purpose, were reserved until the hearing of the case.

THE CONVICT LAMSON.—The Rev. W. O. Lamson, father of the convict in whose favour a respite has been granted, has written a long letter to the daily papers, insisting upon his son's insanity. He states that the plea is not an afterthought, and that the only reason it was not urged at the trial was that he yielded to the judgment of his son's legal advisers, which was that the defence on other grounds, legal and scientific, could be maintained, and the fearful consequences of the alternative plea thus averted.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT'S FRIENDS have not even yet given up the hope of convincing a sceptical world that their *protegé* is the true heir to the estates. On Monday they held a meeting on Clerkenwell Green, and passed resolutions calling on the Government to institute a fresh inquiry into the case; and pledging themselves to support the intended visit of Charles Orton to Australia for the purpose of seeing the man now confined in Paramatta Lunatic Asylum under the name of Charles Cresswell, but who is alleged to be the real Arthur Orton.

STREET RUFFIANISM IN LONDON.—Though the general behaviour of the holiday crowd was good, the police reports of the week furnish far too many instances of ruffianly violence perpetrated by organised gangs from motives of sheer wanton brutality or with the ultimate object of robbery. The complainants come from all parts of London, the most busy places, such as London Bridge, Long Acre, and Drury Lane, as well as the less frequented thoroughfares in the suburbs. The police know of the evil (indeed in some instances they have themselves been maltreated), but are powerless to suppress it, because the offenders scatter themselves directly they approach, and thus elude pursuit, whilst the companions of those whom they do succeed in arresting are always ready to come forward and commit perjury in order to get them off. If London life is to be made tolerable for honest and respectable people something must be done, and that quickly, to check the growth of this spirit of lawlessness.

SOME PROVINCIAL TOWNS are it seems also afflicted with this epidemic of unprovoked street outrage, Liverpool "corner men" and Manchester "scuttlers" having achieved a bad pre-eminence in the records of such crimes. In the last-mentioned place on Tuesday it was stated that on the night of the 25th ult. a lad named Callaghan was set upon in German Street, Ancoats, by a gang of fifty boys who were the terror of the neighbourhood, and who ill-used him in a dreadful way, stabbing him in four places in such a dangerous fashion as to necessitate his admission to the hospital. A few of the young miscreants who fell into the hands of the police are still in custody under remand.

DEAD BODIES IN THE THAMES continue to be found in very unpleasant numbers. On one day last week no fewer than four separate inquests were held on bodies recovered from the river. One was that of a boy who had been accidentally drowned from a boat in which he and some companions had ventured out without being able to row; and the other three may turn out to be suicides, although at present there is little evidence pointing in that direction. Taken in connection with what we have recently heard and read concerning the organised system of street terrorism, the facts are of a very disagreeably suggestive character.

MYSTERIOUS MURDERS succeed each other with alarming rapidity. Not to mention the number of dead bodies found in the Thames of late (which we have already alluded to), the Wimbledon Mystery can hardly be said to be yet disposed of, whilst little light is thrown on the Yalding Mystery by the confession, false or truthful, of the soldier who has given himself into custody at Kildare for complicity in the crime. And now to this we have to add the Ramsgate Mystery, the victim being a lad named Wagner, son of a butcher at Canning Town, who appears to have absconded on Saturday with 150*l.* of his father's money, and whose lifeless body was found next morning at the foot of the East Cliff, Ramsgate. A man named Walters, who was in the employ of Mr. Wagner, and who is supposed to have accompanied the youth in his flight, has been arrested, but no trace of the money has yet been found.

A VERY JUVENILE OFFENDER.—The other day a child only five years old was charged, at the Westminster Police Court, with having broken a window with a stone, and as the mother could not pay the fine and costs (five shillings) which were imposed the baby was removed in custody; when the mother, whose offer to pay the damage had been declined, forcibly interfered, and she was ultimately allowed to take away the child on promise of payment within fourteen days.

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2. The Covent Garden Opera House, the Floral Hall adjoining, and the buildings in Hart Street (which together cover an area of about 58,000 feet) are held on lease direct from His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G., for a term of which about 60 years are unexpired, at a ground rent of £1,216 12s. per annum, or the rate of about 5d. per square foot, the present value of land being at least 1s. 6d. per square foot; and these leases, including all the boxes and seats, except the boxes and seats hereafter specified, together with the goodwill of the business, and the entire stock of music, scenery, dresses, armour, furniture, properties, and other plant for the mounting of the repertoire, which now comprises more than fifty operas, will be made over to the Company by the Executors of the late Mr. Frederick Gye as a going concern.

3. A lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing in last year (1881), was granted to the Executors by the present Crown Lessees, for the whole of their unexpired term under the Crown, viz., 30½ years, at an annual rental of £5,000, free from any existing rights, except the reservation of two boxes by the lessor. The average rents for which this theatre lets for the various periods of the year would be sufficient to pay the above annual rental, and insurance, taxes, &c., even should the Company merely sublet the theatre, instead of using it themselves for any of the various entertainments for which such a theatre is suitable.

The above lease is based upon the decision of the High Court of Justice in the action of Quilter v. Mapleson; but should that decision be reversed on appeal, the old lease held by Mr. Mapleson, which has about ten years to run upon which a ground rent only of £1,934 6s. is payable, will be handed over to the Company, subject to its property boxes and 26 stalls, reserved from the lease.

The arrangements now published with regard to Her Majesty's Theatre will be carried on by the Company upon its formation.

4. The following is a description of the buildings and property and interests acquired by the Company, by which will be seen the independent security which the Shareholders have for their subscribed capital, irrespective of the annual profits of the business.

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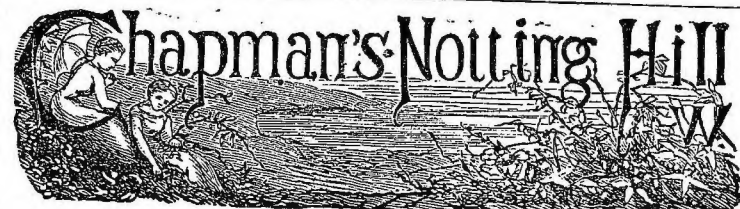
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